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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

A HUMOROUS poet bent on satirizing the crudeness of American life, once wrote a series of poems to the familiar streets of New York, in the manner of the poems that have been written to the localities of the Old World. One laughs with a good will at ballads to Fourteenth Street, and to Thirty-fourth Street. Any suggestion of illusion breaks down grotesquely amid associations that are so new, so crude, so much a matter of bread and butter.

I

WE assume that it does at least, but does it? And if it does, must it always do so? Our life may be crude, grotesque, if you will, but is not this only because happily it has not yet become conventional? It is formless, no doubt, but for that very reason it may be all the more alluring to an artist bent on divining new forms of beauty. It is an old and pathetic weakness of human nature, this disposition to find one's nearest surroundings immitigably ugly. Even the inhabitants of patriarchal London are as a rule disposed to find that their city is grimy, chill, and squalid—"a hell-hole shut in by a roof of soot supported on columns of chimney smoke," as one gloomy spirit called it. But along came Mr. Henry James, fresh from the sparkling air and the lofty clouds of America, and found in the neutral tints of the London air a kindred spirit to his neutral-tinted genius; and now the Londoner who has read Mr. James discourses of the richness and the color of the atmosphere about him. What our American cities most need to render them beautiful is an artist who will body forth to our duller eyes the beauties already there.

Surely—if this is a virtue!—New York in its moods (or during a strike in the anthracite coal-fields) can be as sombre as London. And if when a fine mist blows up from the Lower Bay, it sometimes lacks the sulphurous yellow of half consumed bitumen, it yet brings compensation. The clean dull grays are a joy in themselves as they merge with infinite gradations into profound darkness at the end of side streets, or leap into porcelain whiteness around the twin arc-lights on Fifth Avenue. The most casual eye may find delight in noting how softly building fades into building in the heart of the town, and with what rich variety of tone the smoke of steamers and factories on the water-front merge into the surrounding gray. There are dull days in summer, that take a tinge of color from green trees and vines, and there are dull days in winter that catch up a sheen of white from a mantle of snow. Most beautiful of all are the flurries of snow-flakes, in which the commonest city sights loom vague and mysterious. The postman making his rounds in a muffler, or the bus-driver swinging his arms to keep warm, dilate upon the view and take on an air of the

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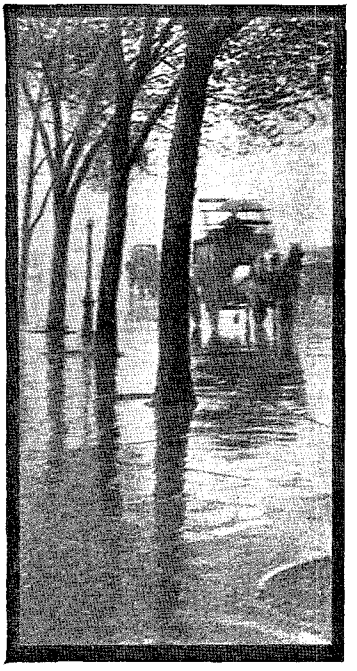
unaccustomed in which the dullest eye must find delight. And the best charm of these gray moods is the element of surprise that comes from their brevity and their rarity !

The characteristic American sky is clear and pure. The genius of light prevails. The earth is inundated in midsummer with floods of blazing heat, and the coldest days of midwinter are cheered by sunlight that sparkles with the chill brilliancy of diamonds. In mid-day, tumbling masses of opaque white add an incandescent splendor to the soaring blue. In the late afternoon purple shadows gather in the street vistas at the foot of the tall buildings, while the light of the declining sun glows warmly on the cornices. At sunset clouds of clear gold and crimson, at the ends of the cross streets, for the moment cast a spell of primeval awe and mystery into the central highway of the metropolis.



Spring Showers—The Stage.

If we fail in our daily walks to be always conscious of the beauty about us, it is because we are the children of this high-spirited, shadowless sky, and as yet are too much a part of it to be able to see in perspective its just values. Let the true-born American once be exiled abroad and his eyes are opened. In the sudden chill of a London winter there are days and weeks when the soul of the salamander in each of us goes out in longing for the stuporous heat, the glittering brilliance of our midsummers. In the eternal gray-green of Paris there are days when the memory of tingling frost and the jingle of sleigh-bells bring a passion of homesickness. Something of this glamour of perspective the interpreting artist, and only he, can bring home to all of us.

II

WHICH of the poets that have sung the praises of Venice or of Edinburgh will devote his muse to the modern city of elevator buildings? The venture would tax the hardihood of a Columbus of rhyme. Hideous it assuredly is to the rhythm-loving eyes of an architect, and all its details are incongruous—the front of a Grecian temple surmounting a rocket-like office building, or the exquisitely proportioned Gothic lace-work of the Cas D'Oro racked out through nine stories. Yet the eye that delights in varieties of light and shadow, in the surprises of perspective and in the picturesque juxtaposition of masses, will find endless subjects of interest. Who was it called the steel construction a sky-scraper? The very phrase convicts him of having eyes that see not. From the depths of the canyons between these cliff-like structures the skies are loftier than from the boundless prairie, bluer, more ethereal, more infinitely serene. At sunset the towering cornices take a radiance scarcely less beautiful in itself than the glow that suffuses a snow-capped Alp. Would Wordsworth, who found as much beauty in the thronging bridge at Westminster as in the classic High Street of Oxford, indite a sonnet to lower Broadway? And if he did, would the sonnet deserve to stand beside the "Intimations," or beside "The Idiot Boy"? Only time and experience can answer. Yet the popular imagination is already at work —or is it the popular humor ?

One observer, with his eye on the keen northward edge of the Flat-iron Building, called it an ocean steamer with all Broadway in tow. Another, the flights of whose

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Waiting for a Fare—Madison Square.

fancy were a trifle less giddy, compared it to a mediæval campanile. Granting the subject and the proportions—the terms of the problem set to the architect—is it not true that the treatment is fine? Note the happy use of the shallow bays that break the sides, otherwise intolerably flat and monotonous, into lines that rest the eye as they carry it upward, and also the just emphasis of the cornice overhanging the street. Because precisely this problem was never treated by a European architect, does it follow that the problem is impossible or the solution bad? Every observer has a mind of his own on the subject, and one is lucky if he has not two or three different minds. There are times when the building seems no more than what it is called, a flat-iron, or, if a choice might be allowed in domestic implements, a clothes-pin that served to fix Fifth Avenue and Broadway on the line of Twenty-third Street. But there are times when it seems one of the most striking monuments of modern civic architecture—a column of smoke by day, and by night, when the interior is lighted, a pillar of fires. And what an accent it gives to the two great highways of the metropolis! Yes, but what shall we say when these fires are used to advertise electrically a patent remedy for weak backs and sore feet? And as for the accent—whisper it low—has it not something of the stridence and the nasality of greater America?

The retort courteous is to point to a

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tower that confronts the new elevator building across the tops of the trees in Madison Square. There is nothing about this that could possibly offend the eye, even of those who keep most zealously to the highway of approved taste, for it is an intelligent variation upon the far-famed campanile of Seville. The imagination would certainly be dead that did not kindle at the sight of the exquisitely varied surface of its buff-colored sides, the airy sprightliness of the gray stone belfry, or the lithe grace of the Diana of Saint-Gaudens that strides into the wind. Yet what has a campanile to do with our past, our present, or our future? If it expresses anything in our life it expresses a pseudo-æsthetic desire to have pretty things to look at. Its best virtue is the virtue of bric-à-brac. It is an eternal monument to the fact that those who made it were not able to work out the life of their own time and place into new forms of beauty. Compared with this exquisite exotic from the Old World, no doubt, the rough young stripling of the New is crude and assertive—painfully disquieting to any sensitive consciousness. Yet the Spanish tower belongs to an alien people and a vanished age. This twentieth century giant, whether ugly or beautiful, stands on the threshold of vigorous new life and of vast architectural possibilities.

III

THE crudeness and the potentialities of our architecture afford a fit symbol of the universal life of the city of the twentieth century. If any man wishes to see it all, he has only to walk with his eyes open through the centres of modern life. Forget for a moment the quarters which the novelist most delights to study—Stuyvesant Square, Gramercy Park, Washington Square, and the adjacent stretch of old Fifth Avenue; these are but shallows beside the great stream—pools that dimple perhaps with a smile of quiet beauty, and catch the radiance of the mellow sky above; yet the essence of their charm is of the Old World; it lies in the fact that action and progress—the world of the present—has passed them by.

Fifth Avenue, During a Blizzard.

Stroll rather from Madison Square up Fifth Avenue and along Central Park. At the outset one may pick out, if the fancy strikes him, the house in which Flora McFlimsey was abashed in the discovery that (in spite of very considerable ef-

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forts on the part of the Parisian dressmaker) she had nothing to wear. How gay and worldly Flora once seemed, how truly urban and sophisticated! Yet, as the modern observer pauses beneath the trees of the square, and looks at the simple brown-stone houses in one of which she lived, she seems to be the heroine of an ancient pastoral, ingenuous and primitive. Our mother Eve, when she first dimly conceived the possibilities of modistery, seems scarcely more remote from the manners of to-day. The young woman who lives at the other end of the avenue is of but one generation later, yet she is the embodiment of sophistication and self-command. You can't catch her without the critical frock for the critical moment, or if you chanced to, with how cool a self-possession she would confront the exposure!

In a leisurely stroll between Madison Square and the Park, one may see scores of young ladies ranging between these two engaging types of womanhood. Yet each of them could reckon, if she only would, the brief space between the marvellous hat she wears upon her marvellous head and the ancestral truck-farm or gold mine. Some of them, to be sure, are of the ancient leaven of the Knickerbockers. But have they forgotten how few are the decades since their parents outlawed Washington Irving for his gentle satire upon the manner in which their forefathers took possession of Manhattan? Have they forgotten, moreover, that in all that makes for worldly splendor and position the saplings of a later growth have overshadowed them? Let them cherish their ancient traditions, as indeed we all do. Yet, Ichabod! their glory has departed. They have been eclipsed by newer men—by the daughters of newer men. And these daughters in their brief turn will be eclipsed by the daughters of a man who has made a syndicate of the manufacturers of motor-cars. In all the great cities of the world there are interesting and beautiful things, but they are things of a past, of manifold tradition, or things of a present that is scarcely distinguishable from such a past. The life here is the life of a present that looks

Spring Showers—The Street Cleaner. Madison Square, near Twenty-third Street.

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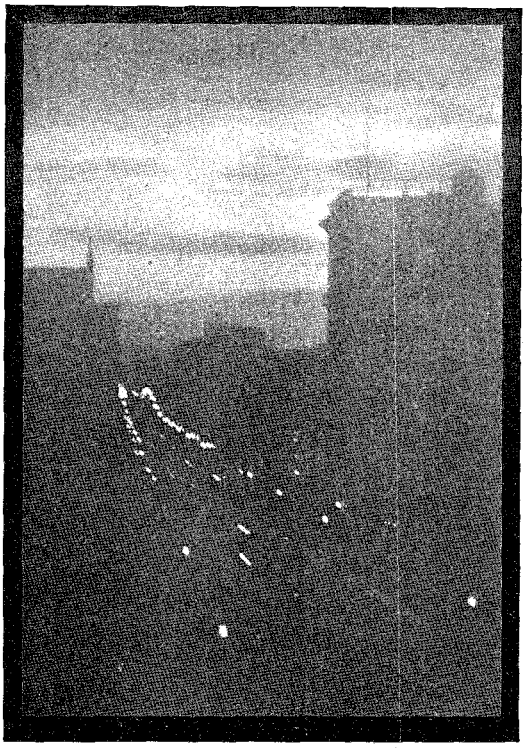

Evening Impression. From my window—Madison Avenue and Eighty-third Street.

out to a future, infinite in the variety of its possibilities.

It is small wonder if this life is versatile and gay. Everywhere is new wealth, that brings the exultant sense of power; everywhere are beautiful things, to buy which is the most concrete expression of this sense; everywhere is a world of people who live in an endless intoxication of gayety, to take part in which is the obvious end of having money and of spending it.

IV

On either side of the street at brief intervals are shops—old mansions made over into show-rooms—in which the modern goddesses of liberty find raiment to make their natural loveliness adorable. In these shops are the gowns and the hats that will open the most desirable doors in this most desirable world; that will make one presentable with each advancing season, almost with each succeeding hour. It is no selfish thing, this pleasing the eyes of others! The philosopher will see at a glance that these shops are pure temples of Altruism. This, and only this, can explain the fact that all the women, as they alight from their carriages before the doors are so radiant.

Here as elsewhere, however, the way of the beneficent is hard. The same women as they pass out are not always so radiant. In the more sumptuous establishments assistants are employed—at stipends pitifully small—to walk up and down in the model gowns, across and roundabout. They are chosen for an exquisitely slender waist, a lithe and erect carriage; and on their forms the gowns are the perfection of elegance. When the same pattern of gown is adapted to the person of the purchaser the disappointment is often beyond the power of philosophy to console. And as for the power of wealth, in such a crisis it is the hollowest of mockeries. Women there are in whose hearts the sight of a model

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trailing complacent clouds of glory in the gown they are destined to wear raises dark and dangerous passions. For in some respects this matter of dressing well is not altogether altruistic. There is a story (with a moral) of one young woman who was enabled by a stroke of good fortune to array herself at these shops—to buy all that ambition can crave or fancy invent. When she put on her gowns at home for the first time and looked at herself in the pier-glass, she burst into bitter tears, for she realized that she could never on earth be more beautiful than—that.

The Astoria in the Background—A Winter Day.

If the gowns can lose in the fitting, they can also gain. Stroll along the Avenue in the morning at the hour of shopping, or in the afternoon at the hour of the duty call, and you will see how each of them has borrowed an air of affability or of stateliness, of modesty or of pride, a Titania-like sprightliness or a Junonian

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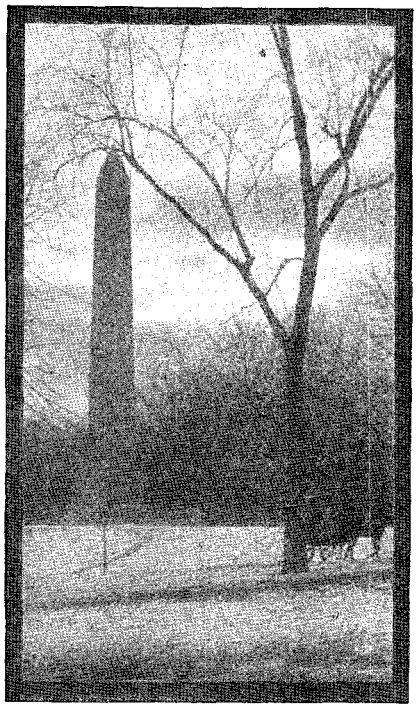
majesty—the *je ne sais quoi* one knows so well—from the incomparable she who has deigned to wear it. For, arrayed in all her glory, she is incomparable. The woman who shops in Old Bond Street and does her duty calls in Mayfair sometimes lacks the ultimate sense of color, the most scrupulous nicety as to cut, the finer grace in bearing and in manner; while she who shops in the Avenue de l'Opéra and lives in the Champs Elysées is sometimes addicted to extremities of design and of color, to frills and furbelows. But the young woman of Fifth Avenue, with all her newness, or perhaps because she feels obliged to offset her newness by her wit, shows at her best a more admirable fancy than the Englishwoman, a more admirable restraint than the Parisian. From the simplest golf skirt to the most elaborate ball costume, each gown exhausts the possibilities of art. To find her just counterpart you will have to go to the Kohlmarkt and the Ring-strasse. In Vienna the life is similarly shifting and cosmopolitan, there is a similar lack of indigenous style, and a similar willingness to take the best, wherever it is to be found. It is one of the many marvels of this metropolis of the new democracy, that its women, bred as they are upon the shifting quicksands of democratic society, are already meeting on equal terms the women of the oldest aristocracies.



The Obelisk, Central Park.

Quite as important as the something to wear is the some-place to live in. The show windows of others of these converted mansions are splendid with all that goes to make a house beautiful to the eye. There are great oaken chests with mediæval gothic carvings, and stately chairs and sideboards covered with florid Flemish or Italian designs; fragile Chippendales and Sheraton, so unlike the ungainly furniture of modern England; elegant and superelegant drawing-room sets of the later Louis and the Empire—in short the most beautiful examples of the most beautiful styles of all ages are grouped here to attract the eye of the new millionnaire who is bent on gaining a foothold in this wonderful world of the metropolis. Here a pair of sculptured lions guard the shop entrance. There the capital of an antique column, hollowed out to make room for plants or flowers, stands before a shop window. Both are real art treasures caught up from the ruins of the Old World to lend a touch of stately beauty to some newly fashioned garden in the New. There are wall papers of the newest and most beautiful patterns, embroideries and tapestries of all countries and all ages. Here a white Romish chasuble and stole richly embroidered with blue and crimson and gold, which has been worn through who knows how many solemn and magnificent masses, are displayed for sale against a curtain of dull red ancient velvet brought from a ruinous castle in Spain. Some day both the chasuble and the velvet will lend their stately richness to a New World interior. Everywhere are old vases, trays, and trinkets, and all the enticing flotsam and jetsam of the onward flowing centuries. The time was when a private collector could pick up here and there an unconsidered trifle in Little Britain or on

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Fifth Avenue, Sixty-first Street, Central Park.

the Quai Voltaire, but the buyers for these and similar shops have changed all that. It is as much as one can do to find a treasure in the remote interior towns. The best of everything is spread out here for the newest houses in the newest world.

The proprietors of these old furniture shops could, if they would, tell many an instructive tale of the bargains they make with their affluent customers. The possession of new riches sometimes fails to develop knowledge and taste as rapidly as it develops the desire for splendor. In no place in the world, perhaps is it as easy for shopkeepers to work the old trick of exalting the buyer's desire by the easy expedient of exalting the price. As a rule it is well to make any extensive purchases through a professional furnisher, who takes a fee from both buyer and seller, to be sure, but as a rule does honest service to his client. It will not do, however, for the dealer to assume that an unprotected purchaser is an ignoramus. It takes brains to become rich, and when one has wealth and intelligence it needs no great amount of experience to develop considerable knowledge, and even taste. There have been cases in which bargain finds have been made at the expense of the proprietors of these very shops. And not all the buyers belong to the very rich. This stretch of Fifth Avenue is the haunt of engaged and married folk of all sorts and conditions; and there are many to whom, in the fulness of hope, it is the pleasantest of all excitement to exceed their means in the matter of a carved Italian chest for the drawing-room firewood, a Chippendale sideboard in San Domingo mahogany, or a Sheraton chest of drawers. What better memorial could there be to the season of blossoming hope? A few such things bring a more enduring sense of affluence than many figures in the bank-book.

Of all the shops on Fifth Avenue the most eternally beautiful are those of the dealers in Oriental rugs. What is more pleasing to the eye than rich color, and what colors are more enchanting than these greens and browns and crimsons?

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Here are silken rugs, so brilliant that the sheen seems actually to emit light, the prices of which are reckoned in thousands of dollars. Yet somehow they fail to hold the eye and satisfy it as do the woollen fabrics with their duller colors. In many American cities the rugs are shown only in darkened rooms, crumpled artfully beneath the deceptive rays of a shaded light. In a way this is a fairer test of the fabrics, for they were woven to hang in the half-lights of Mohammedan tents, and they show more varied shades and a greater depth of color when they are gathered in folds. But here, as in an Oriental bazaar, rugs from Tabreez and Senna, Khiva and Bokhara, are hung up before the shops, and spread out in the areas to the very sidewalk. If what one is after is a brilliance of rich color, it is nowhere to be had in such ravishing fulness. On the shady side of the avenue the Bokharas and Khivas lie smouldering at your feet, woodland pools that catch the afterglow of sunset. On the sunny side they burst upon the senses in floods of noontide glory.

The Armenian dealer in rugs is probably the craftiest of all the shopkeepers, and his emissaries have so thoroughly ransacked the Orient that the traveller is frequently advised in Persia and Afghanistan to look for the rarest and the best specimens in London, and especially in New York. Yet even here the experienced purchaser can find notable bargains. A gentleman who has, in Chicago, a very notable collection of Bokharas, and who has travelled throughout the Orient in search of the rarest and the most perfect fabrics, lately found three new specimens hanging before a Fifth Avenue shop, and bought them for prices which, allowing of course for the duty, would have been cheap in the tent of a Persian.

Prosperity.

Every shop on the Avenue and in the side streets adjacent tells the same tale of luxuriant taste. In the picture-shops are masterpieces, the sale of which will be chronicled in all the cities of the world. The book-shops are rich in old engravings, in rare quartos and folios of the great poets, and in the products of world-renowned presses, from Caxton to Will-

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iam Morris. A veritable flood of pictures and books is flowing in increasing volume from the Old World to the New; and this is a never-failing cause of wrath to the European connoisseur—though he sometimes shifts the object of his wrath. When it all began, he loftily scolded the dangerous vanity of pork-packers that made them covet things they could not possibly value except in vulgar dollars. Then he likened America to ancient Rome, in that both indulged a craving for exotic luxury by despoiling the treasuries of more artistic countries. Now he is beginning to see that the American collectors are not only the richest, but also the most public-spirited, intelligent, and original. To-day the European connoisseur scolds his countrymen for being less enlightened and less thoughtful of future ages than his American competitor.

Asphalters.

In this reaching out for the obvious splendor, this ransacking of all ages and all countries in order to convert new wealth into immediate luxury, there is no doubt a suggestion of the way of the barbarian. But even for the barbarian there is hope. Already we are profiting wisely by these exotic splendors. Our dressmakers are learning to make their own styles and to make them well; our manufacturers of furniture have forsaken the old gods of Victorian ugliness and are tentatively seeking new forms of fitness and beauty; our carpet-makers are experimenting with matters of design and of dye. English house interiors, at their best, are simple and solid, but apt to be cold and bare; French interiors are brilliant and harmonious, but apt not to be comfortably livable. The American is in a way to excel the Englishman in all the appliances of health and comfort, and to rival the Frenchman in the matter of mere ornament. As regards decoration, portrait work, and sculpture the best of our artists are men of international reputation.

V

THE new-comers make up a large part of the life that throngs upon Fifth Avenue, and it is astonishing how quickly they put on the externals of splendor. They fix cockades in the hats of their footmen, and emblazon coats of arms on their carriage-doors. Their devotion to motor-cars and carriages may be judged in the fact that the restaurants that exist by their patronage do not deign of a winter evening to clear away the snow upon their sidewalks, or to shovel clear their gutters, so that the residents of the city on their way from the street-cars to their homes or their clubs are sometimes obliged to wade ankle-deep in slush. This is an affront not easily forgiven. Yet a philo-

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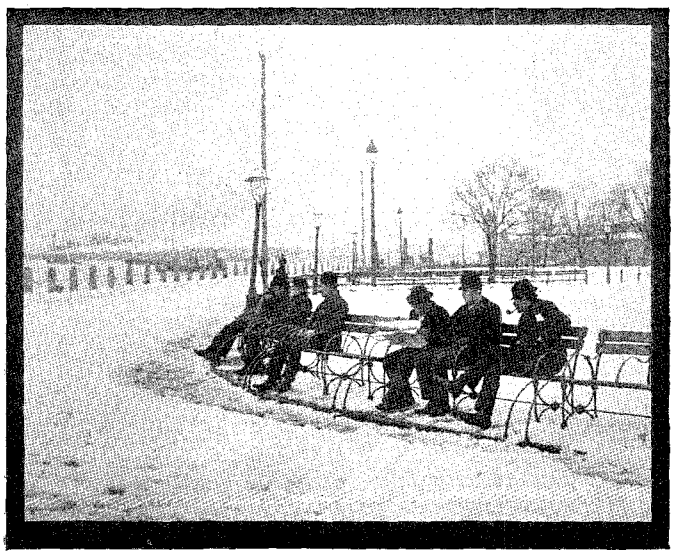
sophic mind will find consolation in the fact that when he has need of a restaurant he has at hand, thanks to these new-comers, a greater variety of food cooked with a finer art than is to be had in any other city the world over. An American living in Europe, who was lately obliged to travel to Australia, chose the less desirable western route in order to taste again what he called Christian cooking in his favorite Fifth Avenue restaurant.



Battery Park—A Winter Morning.

The new-comers do not always have the weakness of wishing to stay permanently in the East. After the first fling of delight in new luxury is past, the atmosphere is likely to choke them. Yet they keep coming out of the West in never-failing numbers, like comets that swim into our ken for a time, to add variety and life to the firmament of the metropolis.

Some of them fall under the spell of Eastern life, or are detained by business necessities, and build palaces of hope overlooking Central Park or the Hudson. The hope of the palace is not always realized. In spite of popular opinion, something more than wealth is necessary in order to become a part of this world. The palaces of the new millionnaires are often the abodes of a more than royal isolation. There are families who have houses filled with all the luxury and all the beauty wealth can buy, and who yet look back toward the rough inland town where they made their money with heart-breaking home-sickness. Their daughters are refused admission, perhaps, at the fashionable girls' schools, in which it is necessary to register a child's application almost as soon as it is born. Their sons go to Yale or to Harvard, and unless they have the happiest of knacks for making friends, live a life as isolated as that of their parents in the metropolis. It may not take three generations to make a gentleman, but it often takes more than that to give one the position in the world adequate to his ambition and his means.

VI

More often than not, however, those who have the means and the desire do end by becoming a part of the life of the metropolis. How the women manage it would not be easy to say, and besides, their stalking-ground is not the city: they prosper best in health-resorts and in foreign travel. The man, if he stands for anything of interest in life, finds his way very naturally into relationships with other men

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The Hand of Man.

by means of the clubs that are so prominent a feature of the Avenue. Whatever his politics, there are others of his stripe in close affiliation, and if he has no politics, but is a reformer, here is a club of fellow-reformers. Engineers, officers of the army and the navy, railwaymen, lawyers, authors, painters, actors, bookmen, yachtsmen, athletes—all have special clubs, admission to which is easily obtained by the eligible. If one is merely a millionnaire or a society man, there are still clubs frequented exclusively by his kind. As soon as a fellow graduates from Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton, he is admissible to the Harvard Club, the Yale Club, or the Princeton Club, where he will renew old college friendships and make new ones. And then there is the University Club for all, which has lately erected one of the most splendid club edifices in the country. The clubs of Fifth Avenue are even more beautiful and more comfortable than the corresponding clubs in London, and never suffer from overcrowding. But, perhaps because New York is still relatively provincial, they lack the atmosphere of important activity that marks the clubs of Piccadilly.

It would not be easy, nevertheless, to overestimate their importance to the community. Rightly regarded, this well-developed club-life is one of the most valuable assets of a metropolis, a sort of loadstone that attracts men of means from all parts of the country. Western cities, in which business absorbs every man's time and energy to the exclusion of leisure and cultivation, will do well to take note of this. When their citizens are content with the money they have made, they are apt to disappear, to live in some place in which the normal amenities of life are tolerated. The communities they leave do not, of course, regret them, and are not aware of missing them ; but occasions are not infrequent on which their presence is much needed by individuals. Someone, for example, with a rapidly expanding business wants to borrow money on perfectly good security ; but his wealthy fellow-townsmen have left for the East, or for Europe, and he is unable to find capital that is free for investment. During the past ten years in Chicago many men have failed because they were not able to make immediately loans amply warranted by

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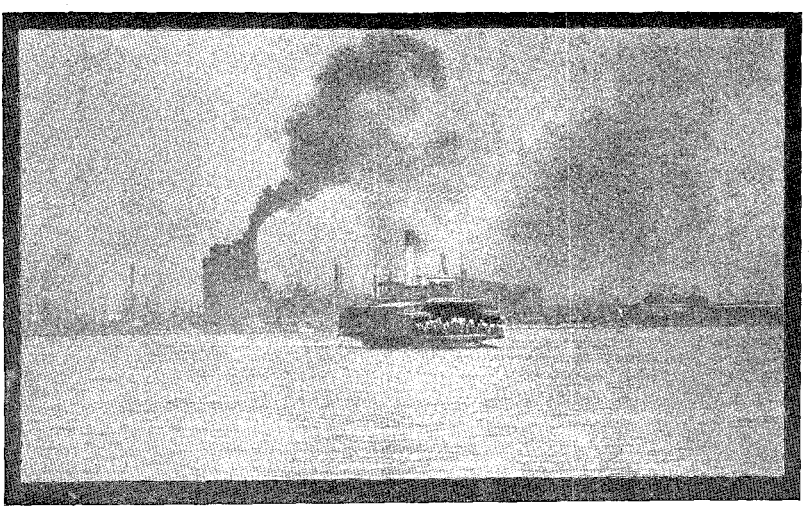
a rapidly growing business; and some others, who have seen the way of wisdom in time, have transferred their business to New York, where any sudden crisis does not find them without an anchor to windward. If Chicago wishes to become the great centre of American life, it can do nothing wiser than to make leisure agreeable to those of its citizens who are quitting business. Until they have something that corresponds to the gay and varied life of Fifth Avenue, New York is likely to hold its position as the Metropolis, and its life is as likely to grow almost daily in the richness and variety, as in the harmony and proportion.

VII

Those who are inclined to despise the manners and the art of their own day will not do ill to consider what so intelligent a critic as Sir Philip Sidney thought of the drama of his generation. "Ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a Garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwracke, in the same place, and then we are to blame, if we accept it not for a Rock. . . . While in the mean-time two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched fielde? . . . How absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught and all ancient examples justified." It was indeed a crude and disproportioned art of the drama that the lad Shakespeare found when he came up to London—crude as a city of elevator buildings. Yet within a quarter of a century he and his fellow-workers had made of this despised material the greatest dramatic form of all times.



The Ferry—Thirty-fourth Street, East.

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THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

BY DAVID J. BREWER

Associate Justice

THOUGHTFUL men, the world over, have not been lacking in praise of our Constitution and system of government. As the years go by it becomes more apparent that the distinctive feature of the Constitution is its judicial system, with the Supreme Court at its head. Not in the mere fact of a judicial system, for courts were a part of our Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Indeed, long before the settlement of this country executive, legislative, and judicial departments and functions were in existence. But the significance is in the powers given to the Supreme Court, and given in a Republic formed by a union of States, which, though surrendering some of the absolute supremacy of a nation, were continued in the possession of a large amount of independent authority.

We call ours a Federal system of government. It is Federal because there is a Nation and States within and a part of that Nation—a Nation supreme in national affairs and in foreign relations, and yet powerless to control the purely local interests of the separate States. We rightfully speak of the republic as a nation possessed in its relation to the nations of the world of all the essential attributes of nationality, yet we know that the nation, that Congress as the legislative body of the nation, is impotent to regulate the police affairs of the smallest village in any State. Over local affairs the States are as supreme as though they were not integral parts of the republic.

This creation of a new nation with all the elements of nationality, with absolute control over national affairs and foreign relations, and yet composed of States having a like absolute control over the local affairs of the communities within their limits, would, in the nature of things, result in controversies between the nation and the States as to their relative control in many matters. That such disputes might be settled peaceably required an independent tribunal, and so the Constitution provided the Supreme Court, and to that court were given vast powers. By virtue of the Constitution and the statutes enacted in pursuance thereof all judicial proceedings in the courts of the States may be brought before it. The States themselves may be summoned to its bar.

Article III. of the Constitution is devoted to the Judicial Department, and reads:

> Section 1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the Supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Thus, the judicial powers of the United States are defined. A Supreme Court is provided for and Congress is authorized to create inferior tribunals.

> Section 2. The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State or the citizens thereof and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.
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> In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

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It will be noticed that the Supreme Court is a constitutional court. Its original jurisdiction cannot be taken away by Congress, although doubtless that body may in many respects prescribe the modes of procedure. But its appellate jurisdiction, both in extent and procedure, is subject to congressional control, and has in fact often been changed. The inferior courts, in number, name, and powers, are creatures of congressional action.

At the first session of Congress provision was made for the Supreme Court, to consist of a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices. Since then the number of Associates has been changed, and is now eight. Like all tribunals, it adjudges personal disputes. Often those disputes present only matters of private right, in no manner affecting the public, but sometimes they involve questions of public interest, the decision of which affects the action of State or nation, and these are the cases which attract attention and give to it its great importance.

Two or three things must be borne in mind.

First, there is no direct appeal from the legislature to the court. The Executive may veto a bill passed by Congress, but the Court has no veto or other right to restrain the action of the legislative department; nor will it recognize any made-up case by which the validity of a legislative act is sought to be tested. Thus, in Chicago, etc., Railway Company *v.* Wellman, 143 U. S., 339, it was apparent that the case was a friendly one, with all facts agreed upon, to test the validity of an act passed by the Michigan legislature, reducing the rates of fare on the railroads of the State, and in the opinion the court said:

> The theory upon which, apparently, this suit was brought is that parties have an appeal from the legislature to the courts; and that the latter are given an immediate and general supervision of the constitutionality of the acts of the former. Such is not true. Whenever, in pursuance of an honest and actual antagonistic assertion of rights by one individual against another, there is presented a question involving the validity of any act of any legislature, State or Federal, and the decision necessarily rests on the competency of the legislature to so enact, the court must, in the exercise of its solemn duties, determine whether the act be constitutional or not; but such an exercise of power is the ultimate and supreme function of courts. It is legitimate only in the last resort, and as a necessity in the determination of real, earnest, and vital controversy between individuals. It never was thought that, by means of a friendly suit, a party beaten in the legislature could transfer to the courts an inquiry as to the constitutionality of the legislative act.

Second. While there is no direct appeal from the legislature to the court, and while the latter cannot say what questions or cases shall be brought before it, can in fact initiate nothing, yet if in a bona-fide controversy initiated by the parties thereto there is necessarily involved the validity of a legislative act it must decide that question of validity. Thus, in the celebrated income-tax cases certain litigants challenged the income tax and brought suit to restrain its collection. Being unquestionably a bona-fide litigation, the court was compelled to pass upon the question of the validity of the income-tax law. It may neither seek nor shun the decision of any question properly presented. As said by Chief Justice Marshall, in Cohens *v.* Virginia, 6 Wheat., 404:

> It is most true that this court will not take jurisdiction if it should not; but it is equally true that it must take jurisdiction if it should. The judiciary cannot, as the legislature may, avoid a measure because it approaches the confines of the Constitution. We cannot pass it by because it is doubtful. With whatever doubts, with whatever difficulties, a case may be attended, we must decide it if it be brought before us. We have no more right to decline the exercise of jurisdiction which is given, than to usurp that which is not given. The one or the other would be treason to the Constitution. Questions may occur which we would gladly avoid; but we cannot avoid them. All we can do is to exercise our best judgment, and conscientiously to perform our duty.

Because legislation, State or national, can thus be brought into dispute and its validity determined in litigation between private parties, the Supreme Court has been an important factor in the life and growth of the republic.

Before noticing more fully its influence on the public life, there are some personal matters which may be worthy of notice. There have been eight Chief Justices and fifty Associates. They hold office for life. Yet, excluding the present incumbents, the average duration of the official life of the Chief Justices has been thirteen years and five months, and of the Associates fifteen years and nine months. The term of office of the Justices of the

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Court of Appeals of New York is fourteen years, and of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania twenty-one years. Notwithstanding the significance of this comparison the permanence of Federal judicial life has seemed to many an undemocratic and undesirable feature.

Of the eight Chief Justices five came from north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and three from south thereof; yet the latter held the office for sixty-three years and the former only thirty-eight. This may be much increased by the hoped-for long continuance in office of the present Chief Justice. Of the Associates, thirty came from north of that line, and twenty from south thereof. Passing from the matter of latitude to that of longitude five of the Chief Justices came from east of the Alleghany Mountains, and three, they being the last three, from west thereof, although each of the latter was born on the east of those mountains. Thirty-two of the Associates came from east, and eighteen from west of the same mountains. Ohio is the only State to furnish two Chief Justices—Chase and Waite. Of the Associates New York has furnished six, Pennsylvania five, Massachusetts five, and Virginia four. No one of the Chief Justices came from west of the Mississippi, and only five of the Associates, two of those being from west of the Sierras—Field and McKenna of California; and from that vast region between the Mississippi River and the Sierras, a district containing sixteen States and four territories, with a population of over eighteen millions, almost one-fourth of the population of the nation, excluding its island possessions, only three—Miller of Iowa, White of Louisiana, and Brewer of Kansas. The Chief Justice who had the longest term of office was Marshall, who held thirty-four years and five months. The one who held the shortest term was Rutledge, who held less than a year, presiding at only a single term of the court. The Associate who had the longest term was Field, thirty-four years and six months; the shortest term, Thomas Johnson, one year and six months. The average age of the Chief Justices at appointment was fifty-two years and eight months, and of the Associates fifty-one years and five months. The youngest appointee to the bench was Associate Justice Story, thirty-two years and two months, and the oldest was Associate Justice Hunt, sixty-two years and five months.

The Executive is but a single person, the Supreme Court is composed of many; at first of a Chief Justice and five Associates, and never less than that number. At one time there were nine Associates, and for nearly two score years there have been eight. Yet there have been twenty-five Presidents and only fifty-eight Justices, Chief and Associate. It is not strange that we often hear the joking remark that "a Federal judge never resigns and seldom dies."

Again, there is this constitutional difference in the matter of legislative, executive, and judicial salaries: The first may be increased or diminished at any time. That of the President cannot be changed during an existing term of office. That of the Justices may be increased but not reduced during their continuance in office. Why permit increase when none is allowed in case of the President? Obviously, because the President has a fixed term, while the Justices have not. If an increase could be operative only in respect to those justices appointed after the passage of a law making the increase, then those who had been theretofore in office and who by reason of their years and experience were the most valuable would be compelled to work on the old and lower salaries, while the subsequent appointees, younger and of less experience, would be enjoying the new and larger salaries. Nor is there any practical danger in permitting an increase. Experience shows that the American people are not prone to give large judicial salaries, nor to make pecuniary rewards the temptation which induces a lawyer to leave his practice and accept a place on the bench.

Returning from these personal matters to a consideration of those decisions which have affected the history of the country, I notice this important fact: Its decisions have always been in harmony with and sustaining the proposition that this republic is a nation acting directly upon all its citizens, with the attributes and authority of a nation, and not a mere league or confederacy of States. The importance of this cannot be overestimated, and will be appreciated by all who compare the

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weakness of the old confederacy with the strength and vigor of the republic under the present Constitution. A brief reference to some of those decisions is deserving.

In Chisholm *v.* Georgia, 2 Dall., 419, the court held that, by the constitutional grant of judicial power, any State could be brought to its bar as defendant in a suit brought by a citizen of another State. It is true that the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution, subsequently adopted. took away from the court this power, but the decision stands as an early and significant declaration of the unity of the nation, and the fact that the States were but parts of a larger and supreme nation.

In M'Culloch *v.* Maryland, 4 Wheat., 316, it decided that, although the Constitution does not mention corporations, an act of Congress incorporating a national bank may be sustained on the ground that such a bank is a convenient and appropriate aid in the management of the fiscal affairs of the nation; and further, that Congress may pass any act which, not forbidden by the Constitution, is reasonably appropriate and helpful in carrying into execution the powers expressly conferred.

In Brown *v.* Maryland, 12 Wheat., 419, it ruled that the control of commerce with foreign nations was wholly in the general government, and that no State could directly or indirectly place any restrictions thereon, even to the extent of imposing a license upon an importer for selling goods in the package in which they were imported.

In Gibbons *v.* Ogden, 9 Wheat., 1, the decision was that the nation had supreme authority over all navigable waters of the republic, and that no State could give exclusive rights in any such waters, although wholly within its territory.

In Genesee Chief, 12 How., 443, the admiralty jurisdiction which, by the Constitution, is vested in the national courts was declared not limited, as in England, to tide waters, but extended to all navigable waters within the republic.

In Ableman *v.* Booth, 21 How., 506, the court held that one in custody of United States Officers could not be discharged therefrom by process of a State court.

Martin *v.* Hunter, 1 Wheat., 304, and Cohens *v.* Virginia, 6 Wheat., 264, ruled that a party to a litigation in a State court, denied a right claimed by him under the national constitution, could take his case from the State to the United States Supreme Court, and have his claim of right there determined.

These are merely illustrations. To them might be added many other cases of similar import, extending to the present day. The court has uniformly upheld the nationality of the republic, and accorded to it all the rights which attend nationality.

In the light of our marvellous development and the wondrous growth of this republic to the first place in the family of nations, one may well pause to consider what would have been our history if the decisions of the Supreme Court had been adverse to this rule of nationality. Suppose that the court had held that, because the Constitution did not in terms grant the power to charter corporations, Congress could not charter a national bank, where would have been our great financial system? Suppose it had ruled that a State might impose a license on every importer from foreign nations; that it had supreme authority over all the navigable waters within its limits; that its courts could take from the custody of United States officials any person arrested for an alleged violation of Federal law, and that there was no power in the Supreme Court to review the judgments of State courts adverse to rights claimed under the Federal Constitution (and the questions presented in these cases were, under the strict language of the Constitution, debatable), where would have been the vigor and strength which exist in our national government, and which have been among the strongest supports of national progress? Reflections such as these will give some idea of how much the Supreme Court has by its decisions affected the life of the republic.

It must not be supposed that, because it has constantly affirmed our nationality, the court has been steadily undermining and destroying the legitimate power of the States. On the contrary, it has always ruled so as to uphold full governmental action on the part of the States unem-

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barrassed by Federal power. Thus, it held that the nation could not levy an income tax on a salary paid by a State to its officials. Collector *v.* Day, 11 Wall., 113. It has upheld the police power of the States in a multitude of instances. It affirmed the right of a State to grant special privileges, even when the grant resulted (as shown in the Slaughter House Cases, coming from Louisiana) in creating a burdensome monopoly.

It would be an easy and a pleasant task to point out how in many other ways the court has by its decisions affected the life of the republic, but the limits of my paper forbid. This must do for the past. As admitted by all careful students of history, the Supreme Court, whose organization and powers constitute the most striking and distinguishing feature of the Constitution, has been a most potent factor in shaping the course of national events. It stands to-day a quiet but confessedly mighty power, whose action all wait for, and whose decisions all abide. Turning to the future, every thoughtful man wonders what is coming to the republic, and many inquire what the Supreme Court will do in shaping that future, and how its decisions may affect the national life.

The days of prophecy are past, and no man can with certainty foretell what will be. The Weather Bureau gives us its forecast of the weather for the coming twenty-four hours. Yet how often it is mistaken, and not strangely so, because meteorological conditions and forces fluctuate rapidly and easily. Wind currents change their direction; temperature and humidity vary from hour to hour. One of the standard jokes is the unreliability of the Weather Bureau predictions. But meteorological conditions and forces do not change more rapidly or more easily than the social and political conditions and forces which are working out the future of the republic. Who six years ago foresaw all that has come as the seeming result of the Spanish War? I refer not so much to the increase in our territorial possessions as to the changes in our inner life and in the character of the questions which are pressing for consideration. So no matter how carefully one studies present conditions, he hazards much in attempting to predict the questions which will present themselves to the American public or arise for judicial determination. Many matters which are hastening to the courts may, long before they reach the Supreme Court, be settled or superseded by others more important and pressing.

Yet the questions which now seem likely to arise and to be pressed upon judicial attention may be grouped in four classes: First, those growing out of the controversies between labor and capital; second, those that will spring from the manifest efforts to increase and concentrate the power of the nation and to lessen the powers of the States; third, those arising out of our new possessions, separate from us by so long distances and with so large a population, not merely of foreign tongue, but of a civilization essentially different from that of the Anglo-Saxon; and, fourth, those which will come because our relations to all other nations have grown to be so close and will surely increase in intimacy.

Of these in their order. That the present relations of employer and employee differ from those which subsisted when the Constitution was framed is obvious. Three facts stand out in bold relief: First, the changes wrought by the countless inventions of the last half-century; second, the concentration of capital; and, third, the organization of labor. When all business was upon a small scale, when there were no large factories, and when the great volume of labor was hand labor, competition was regarded as a great solvent of all commercial troubles. Now competition has lost much of its force and as a result of the three facts that I have just noticed. I cannot enlarge upon this subject, and yet a few words seem necessary. The industrial field was then occupied by the apprentice, the journeyman, and the employer. The apprentice was taught to do every part of the general work in which he was employed, and when so taught was recognized as a competent workman, a journeyman. The latter, master of his trade, could with a little economy soon establish a shop of his own, and himself become an employer. Take, for illustration, the manufacture of shoes. No one was considered a competent workman or anything more than an apprentice until he could do all the work in the making of a shoe, from

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cutting out the leather to polishing the uppers. The employer often worked with his employee, in the same shop, doing the same work. The number of his employees was few, and one by one the capable and industrious were opening shops of their own and starting in independent business. If the journeyman was dissatisfied with his employer or with the town in which he worked there was little difficulty in finding another shop or another village. The avenues of employment were not crowded, and there was no blacklisting. The employer, if he found his business unprofitable, could easily move to another city and start a like business. If his prices were excessive some new man would start a rival establishment. Thus competition levelled prices and kept them reasonable. Not unnaturally there was a community of interest and at the same time an independence in both employer and employee. But to-day, through the inventive genius of the country, machines have superseded hand labor. The manufactory has taken the place of the shop, and labor finds its chief employment in the handling of machines, each employee doing only a special limited work. Some of the machines are costly and large amounts of capital are invested. For economy's sake the work is centred in large manufacturing establishments, where are gathered multitudes of machines and armies of laborers. The employer has become separated from his employees. They stand to him as meaning little more than the machines upon which they work. One significant and sad feature of not a few of our manufacturing establishments is the large boarding-house, where are gathered a multitude of laborers, like soldiers in barracks. Nor is there simply the large and separate manufacturing establishments; combinations have been formed by which all the factories of a single industry are brought under a single control. Difficult then is the position of the employee, who, familiar with only a particular and narrow work, finds, when discharged from one factory, the doors of all others closed against him. He feels that he must stay and accept the terms which the manufacturer has placed upon his service. So severe and stringent is the pressure upon him that not infrequently we hear his condition called the serfdom of labor. Nor is the pressure simply upon the employee. A combination of employers is often so rich and so powerful that one who would like to carry on an independent business is driven to the wall and has no other alternative than to go out of business or surrender to the combination. This which is true of manufacturing is also true of the mercantile business and of transportation; and combinations, some of them of immense wealth and far-reaching influence, have become the order of the day.

It is not strange, indeed it was the inevitable result of this subdivision of labor and such combinations of employers, that the laborers in the several departments should themselves organize. Labor organizations are as much the natural outgrowth of the economic conditions of the day as combinations of capital. We thus have, on the one hand, a few possessing or controlling immense amounts of capital and large industries, and, on the other hand, multitudes of laborers banded into organizations for self-protection. Self-interest (I will not call it selfishness) has operated to develop a great antagonism between these two factors in industry; each is seeking a greater control, a larger share of the profits resulting from the combined services of both. As organizations of laborers increase the influence and significance of a strike, which is one of their weapons in carrying on what is called the conflict between labor and capital, become greater. The summer of last year we stood face to face with one of immense magnitude, one affecting the business of the nation as none other has yet done. How shall these strikes be avoided? A man can scarcely count the suggestions which have been and are being made with a view of averting them in the future. The coal strike has precipitated more schemes of legislation, more suggestions of the extent of legislative and executive as well as judicial power than any which has preceded it. All legislative bodies, State and national, will be confronted with propositions to prevent or regulate struggles between labor and capital. Is it not reasonably certain that out of these conflicts and out of the legislation which may be enacted by Congress or the several State legislatures there will

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arise a multitude of questions, many of which will finally reach the Supreme Court of the United States?

Let me mention one or two which are frequently mentioned in the newspapers and discussed in private. Compulsory arbitration is thought by many to be necessary, and the only possible solution of these labor troubles. We are referred to New Zealand as furnishing an illustration of the possibility and wisdom of such an enactment. But what does such a scheme imply? On the one hand possibly the compulsion of the employer to pay more than he can afford or else quit business. On the other hand, of the laborer to work for an employer he does not like, and at less wage than he feels himself entitled to. How does such compulsion consist with that freedom of personal action which for more than a hundred years we have believed was the inalienable right of every individual? It is said in support of the proposed enactment that to prescribe the conditions under which an employer may carry on his business, leaving him free to abandon the business and pursue some other, and like compulsion of the laborer to work at a certain wage and place if he continues in a certain kind of employment, does not abridge any constitutional right of either when the larger interests of society demand such compulsion. But if compulsion may be introduced into one employment, why not into all? I cannot spend the time to enlarge upon the arguments of either side, nor would it be proper to express any opinion as to the respective merits of such arguments. It is enough to say that if legislation be enacted looking toward compulsory arbitration it is obvious that there will be much to challenge the most careful consideration of the courts.

Again, we hear it said that the Nation or State should take the coal mines under condemnation proceedings and operate them for the public benefit. The power to do this is denied on the ground that private property can be taken only for public uses, and the furnishing of coal is said to be not a public service, that coal is no more a necessity of life than bread, meats, or clothing; that if the State can enter into the business of supplying coal it can into all these other matters, and for that purpose condemn all places in which such things are grown or manufactured. And it is contended by some that the State can under our constitutional limitations take to itself the control, ownership, and operation of all now known as private industries. On the other hand, and in reply to some of these arguments, it is said that the ordinary products of the soil can be grown or manufactured in many places, but that nature has created a monopoly in anthracite coal by locating it in only one or two portions of the United States; that by reason of the monopoly thus created by nature the power of the public to interfere and take possession is established.

I do not stop to notice the suggestions of government ownership of railroads, telegraph, telephones, electric lines, water and gas works, for as to them, or at least most of them, they are confessedly performing a public service, and the question of governmental possession and control is mainly one of expediency rather than of constitutionality, and the courts have nothing to do with questions of expediency.

Obviously in these and many kindred suggestions there is manifest a spirit of paternalism. The individual is not to be left to make his own contracts, determine his place and kind of work, or use his property in the way he sees fit. The government is to exercise the functions of a guardian, with the individual as its ward, to be in many respects protected, guided, and controlled. This is not wholly the idea that pervaded the old monarchical system, for there the king as a single ruler assumed the wisdom and the right to control the actions of all his subjects, while here the majority are the ruler, yet it is equally an assumption that the majority have the same right to control. It is true the belief is that such control is for the best interests of those controlled or of the general public. Yet it is unlike the thought which possessed the fathers at the foundation of the Republic. Their idea was expressed in the Declaration of Independence, "all men are created equal;" "inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and their purpose was to give the freest scope to individual action. The marvellous mystery which lies folded in the doctrine of the police powers of the government was to them un-

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known. I am not questioning either the necessity or the wisdom of the change. I only notice the fact that the thought of to-day is different from that which then existed, and that the tendency of legislation is in a different direction. Now the Constitution was framed by those who had large notions of individual liberty and a jealousy of governmental power, and the profound question is how far the language and guarantees of the Constitution are, if unchanged, consistent with legislation expressing these changed ideas. That it may be amended so as to be adjustable to any social order is provided by the Constitution itself. Without amendment how far is it adjustable? That many conditions and questions unknown to the fathers have been presented and found capable of solution without any change in the language of the Constitution the history of the past 115 years attests. In the judgment of not a few it is without amendment adjustable to any conditions, social and political, that may arise. Indeed, as one reads some of the propositions which are advanced, he is inclined to believe that the instrument possesses an elasticity which would make the manufacturers of india-rubber choke with envy. Fortunately and wisely, its grants, prohibitions, and guarantees were expressed tersely and yet in general terms, so that it has proved to be no cast-iron instrument applicable only to conditions then existing. But the question remains how far its general and comprehensive terms may be adjusted to the varying situations which the present and future days will present, and this matter of adjustability will bring before the court some of the profoundest and most important questions ever presented to any tribunal.

I pass now to notice some questions which may arise from the manifest effort to concentrate power in the United States and to lessen the powers of the respective States. Ever since the Civil War many have spelled nation with a big N, and there have been constant efforts to enlarge the activity, if not increase the powers, of Congress. The centralizing tendency has been marked. It is not unnatural. It harmonizes with the consolidating spirit of business, the unifying movement in all the activities of life. In matters over which it is manifest that Congress has no power under the Constitution, there is much clamor to so amend that instrument as to invest it with the desired control. Polygamy must be stamped out, and as only national action will reach everywhere in the Republic the Constitution must be amended so as to grant full control to the nation. Uniformity in the matter of marriage and divorce is desirable. The States do not agree in establishing such uniformity, therefore let by constitutional amendment Congress be given power to compel it. Commerce between the States is now subject to Congressional regulation, that within each State under its control, but those two branches of commerce are so interwoven as to produce much confusion and irritation. If all power in respect to commerce were taken away from the States and the entire control both of that between the States and that within the States vested in Congress, a desirable uniformity could be obtained, and in this direction is a clamor for a change in the organic law. The trusts are a dangerous factor in our commercial and political life. The States are not adequate to suppress them, hence the Constitution should be amended and full power over them vested in Congress. And so I might go on enumerating others. I simply mention these, not as suggesting matters for judicial decision, for under the power of amendment reserved in the Constitution the people may, if they see fit, engraft any of them upon the organic law and the courts have nothing to say. However wise or unwise any of these changes may be, if the people will it and amend the Constitution in the appointed way, that is the end of the matter.

But judicial questions may arise from efforts under the Constitution as it is to secure action by Congress in some one or other of these or kindred directions, and action which it is contended the Constitution withholds from the power of Congress and has reserved to the States or the people thereof. And because of the centralizing tendency of the day and the disposition to invoke the efficient action of the National Government there will doubtless be many such efforts. But as Chief Justice Chase said in Texas *v.*

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White, 7 Wall., 725: "The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible union, composed of indestructible States." And the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution provides that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." It is the duty of the Supreme Court, as of all other courts, to enforce that provision of the Constitution as fairly and fully as any other. Any legislation of Congress, however desirable or beneficial it may appear, must, unless it comes within the powers given by the Constitution to that body, be declared invalid. Equally also must any action of a State in attempting to exercise dominion over matters the exclusive control of which is vested in Congress be adjudged unconstitutional. No one can predict the precise legislation coming either from Congress or the State legislatures which will challenge judicial inquiry upon the principles just stated. Both sides have strong adherents. The controversy between National authority and State's rights is as old as the Government. Hamilton and Jefferson have each to-day a large following. State's rights have always been and still are represented in Congress, and there have always been and still are in both Houses some of the ablest lawyers of the land, who will be careful that no legislation of that body trespasses on the powers of the States. Yet when public feeling is deeply aroused and the efficiency of national action is felt, popular pressure may be so great that Congress yields to it and enacts laws beyond its powers. At any rate, it is not only possible but probable that some of its legislation may be so near the boundary of power as to challenge judicial inquiry. Take, for instance, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, which was framed with the view of exercising only those powers which are conferred upon Congress over interstate commerce, and yet its application was invoked in behalf of interference with manufactures wholly under State control. So also a difficult problem is to draw the dividing line between the exclusive control which Congress has over interstate commerce and the police powers which are reserved to the States. The reports of the court are full of cases on one side or the other of such line. In no class of cases has the court been more closely divided. Leisy *v.* Hardin, 135 U. S., 100, in which the power of a State to forbid the sale in the original package of imported liquor was denied is a well-known illustration. Two cases are now pending in which is challenged the power of Congress to restrain the transportation by express companies of lottery tickets from State to State. The great irrigation problem in respect to the arid lands in the West which is just now attracting legislative attention will very likely produce some sharp controversies in respect to the limits of State and National action. And so I might go on in enumeration. It is safe to say that the antagonism between National authority and State's rights which began with the Republic and which has become intensified by the vast interests affected by it, will bring into the Supreme Court an increasing number of important and difficult questions. Where millions are at stake the ingenuity of lawyers may be depended on to find some way of entrance to the court of last resort.

In the third place, questions will arise out of our insular possessions, and questions different from those which have attended previous acquisitions of territory, because unlike them these are densely populated with peoples speaking another tongue, of an essentially different civilization, alien in life and thought to Anglo-Saxon institutions. To what extent the provisions of the Constitution operate in those possessions is yet undetermined. It was held by the court in DeLima *v.* Bidwell, 182 U. S., 1, that by the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain the island of Porto Rico ceased to be a foreign country, within the meaning of the tariff laws. In Downes *v.* Bidwell, *id.*, 244, the court, by five to four, held that Porto Rico was not a part of the United States, within the provision of the Constitution requiring uniformity in duties, imposts, and excises throughout the United States. From that conclusion four of the Justices dissented, and the majority did not agree in the reasoning by which that conclusion was reached. Justice White, one of the majority, speaking for Justices Shiras, Mc-

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Kenna, and himself, laid down these propositions: "Every function of the government being thus derived from the Constitution, it follows that that instrument is everywhere and at all times potential in so far as its provisions are applicable. . . . As Congress in governing the territories is subject to the Constitution, it results that all the limitations of the Constitution which are applicable to Congress in exercising this authority necessarily limit its power on this subject. It follows also that every provision of the Constitution which is applicable to the territories is also controlling therein. . . . In the case of the territories, as in every other instance, when a provision of the Constitution is invoked, the question which arises is, not whether the Constitution is operative, for that is self-evident, but whether the provision relied on is applicable." In construing these declarations of three of the majority along with the views of the four dissenting Justices questions will naturally arise as to the force of the word "applicable." There are several provisions in the early amendments to the Constitution, designed to secure the liberty of the individual, such as that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech; forbidding that any person shall be held to answer for a crime except upon indictment of a grand jury; that he be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, or compelled to be a witness against himself; granting him the right to a speedy public trial by an impartial jury of the district wherein the crime was committed; to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses and to have the assistance of counsel; and the further provision securing in suits at common law the right of trial by jury. Are any or all of these provisions applicable to these insular possessions? They have been applied in other territories having mainly a population as foreign to our language and institutions as that of these recent acquisitions. If some are and others are not, upon what principle is the distinction to be made? and if none are what provisions of the Constitution are applicable? Obviously, as citizens of American birth move into these possessions, acquire property and engage in business, many questions of this nature will arise, and the court will be confronted with problems as difficult as any it has yet met and as important for the well-being of the Republic. An application was recently made for a *certiorari* to bring up a case involving as alleged the applicability in the Philippine Islands of the prohibition against being twice put in jeopardy of life or limb.

Take another illustration: The Fourteenth Amendment provides that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States." In United States *v.* Wong Kim Ark, 169 U. S., 649, it was held that "a child born in the United States of parents of Chinese descent, who at the time of his birth are subjects of the Emperor of China but have a permanent domicile and residence in the United States and are there carrying on business and are not employed in any diplomatic or official capacity under the Emperor of China, becomes at the time of his birth a citizen of the United States." Does the term "United States" as found in that amendment include all these insular possessions, and if so do the future children of all permanently residing there become citizens of the United States by virtue of their birth? I have seen it stated in the papers that Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court, has recently decided that one who was a citizen of Porto Rico at the time of the treaty and still remains such has not become a citizen of the United States, and is to be regarded as an alien until naturalized. But if an alien, are his children born after the treaty aliens or citizens?

But I must not tarry. It is enough to say that the taking of these insular possessions is a new venture, and no one can anticipate all the novel questions which will arise therefrom and be presented to the Supreme Court for its decision. Do I in virtue of these possibilities and the responsibilities which will rest upon the court unduly magnify its office and function in the development of the history of the Republic?

The final class which I suggested is of cases growing out of our relations with other nations, which as all perceive are

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more intimate than in days gone by, and are surely to become much more so. I do not assume that this nation will forget Washington's farewell advice to avoid entangling alliances with foreign nations. But our rapidly extending commerce and our new possessions, especially those in the Orient, place us in close touch with the outer world. We cannot, if we would, live to ourselves alone. We must sit in the council of the nations. The questions which will consequently arise are not all political; many are judicial. And our dealings with foreign nations must be had with a recognition of the fact that here, far more than anywhere else, those questions cannot be finally determined for the nation save by the action of the judicial department. A pertinent illustration is found in the case of Tucker *v.* Alexandroff, recently decided and reported in 183 U. S., 424, 434. We had a treaty with Russia for the surrender of deserters from ships of war and merchant vessels. The Russian Government employed a Philadelphia firm to build a war-ship, the Variag, and when near completion it sent a body of men over to serve as its crew. One deserted, was arrested at the instance of the Russian vice-consul at Philadelphia and committed for surrender to the Russian authorities. He sued out a *habeas corpus* for a discharge from that detention, and the case in due time came to the Supreme Court. The court was divided in opinion, but the majority held that the detention was justifiable and that the deserter should be surrendered to the Russian authorities. The interpretation of that treaty and the defining of the obligations of our Government to Russia were judicial questions, and the Supreme Court prescribed the measure of this nation's duty. The recent Spanish War brought to the court many questions of prize in which the duties and obligations of neutrals were defined. Not merely in the construction of treaties, in matters of extradition and prize will the work of the court be seen, but in all the variety of questions which will grow out of the facts that our people are travelling through all countries of the world, our merchants trading in every city, our ships traversing every ocean and visiting every port. Further, we are contemplating such works outside our territorial limits as the Isthmian Canal for furthering the interests of the world's commerce, our own included, and who can predict all the questions that such enterprises will present to the courts?

Knowledge of international law has thus become a necessity, and the Supreme Court will be called upon to settle for this country what it is and what it requires. Our Federal system will also precipitate a class of questions not arising elsewhere. For instance, when some citizens of Italy were killed by a mob in New Orleans a demand was made by Italy upon this Government for the prosecution and punishment of the offenders, and the reply was in substance that the nation had no power in the matter; that prosecution for such crimes depended on the action of the State of Louisiana, and all that the nation could do was to call the attention of the authorities of that State to it and request action by them. A suggestion was made that Congress enact a law giving Federal courts jurisdiction in such cases, but the constitutionality of such an enactment was seriously challenged and nothing was done.

Another recent case in the Supreme Court, La Albra Silver Mining Company *v.* United States, 175 U. S., 423, though not involving the peculiarities of our Federal system, illustrates the variety of questions which may be brought before it by virtue of our international relations. By a convention with Mexico an arbitration tribunal was selected to adjudicate claims of Mexican citizens against the United States and those of American citizens against Mexico. That tribunal awarded a large sum in favor of the La Albra Silver Mining Company, a corporation of this country, against Mexico. The Mexican Government paid the money so awarded to the United States, but thereafter ascertained that the award was secured by fraud and perjury. The attention of our Government was called to the matter and after some years Congress referred it to the courts, where it was finally adjudged that the award was obtained by fraud and perjury as claimed by Mexico; and the money was returned to that government. So, growing out of our international relations, will be many cases involving questions of constitutional law, of international law, and of general jurisprudence.

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Time forbids any further illustrations of the variety of questions which are likely to come before the Supreme Court. Surely a tribunal called upon to decide such cases and questions must have great weight in shaping the destinies of the Republic. It will continue to be, as it has been, a most important factor in our national life. That its influence has been helpful few will doubt. That it should be shorn of none of its power is generally affirmed by disinterested observers. No specious plea against government by injunction should ever be permitted to take from it that wholesome restraining influence which has been so powerful for good.

May I add in closing that it is of the utmost importance that such a tribunal should be independent, free from partisan bias or political influence. Its members should, if not by constitutional amendment at least by the common action of all, be debarred from political office, so that no temptation of office or popular applause shall ever swerve from the simple path of justice, and the Constitution. In these days of newspaper reputation and oft-times swiftly changing popularity it is well to have some tribunal of stability, one whose judgments do not vary with the varying opinions of the passing hours and do not, as Mr. Dooley says, simply "follow the election returns." The life tenure of its members does not make it an undemocratic factor in the life of the Republic. It does not govern the nation. The people are always the rulers. More than once have they reversed its judgments; but by reason of its stability and independence it has ever stood a check upon all hasty action; a brake on the swiftly moving wheels of popular passion, and holding ever the Republic close to the ways prescribed by the fathers in the Constitution. As it has been, so may it be. Each member of that tribunal should be animated by a noble ambition to be ever loyal to justice and the Constitution, no matter what may be temporary criticisms. He should appropriate in his life the spirit of the memorable words of Lord Mansfield, uttered in the presence of a mob demanding a particular decision: "I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

THE FATAL SISTERS

By Margaret Cooper McGiffert

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

RUTH MARVIN was an only daughter, so she had never enjoyed the benefit of elder-sisterly counsel and direction. But she had five sisters-in-law much older than herself, three maiden cousins, five cousins once removed, five aunts, two great-aunts, and two grandmothers, all living in the same town, and all with ample time and inclination to care for her manners and morals. She had also a mother. Coming into the world so many years after her brothers, Ruth seemed to constitute a generation of her own, and her unique position was set in higher relief by the fact that all the family connections approaching her in age were boys. Her case was not that of the one chicken belonging to the proverbial hen, but the far more absorbing case of the one chicken belonging to a score of hens.

Ruth lived in the Happy Valley, where backyards and orchards slope down to the river; and big garrets, full of antique chests, invite to endless rummages and masquerades; and horses, warranted kind and sound, but also spirited, await one's pleasure; and hard white roads, winding among the hills or wandering up their slopes, tempt to breathless gallops or to enchanting rambles.

Ruth was lightly built and graceful,

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with a fair, wild-rose tinged skin that no energy of wind or sun could burn, freckle, or tan. She had fluffy golden curls that were never either disordered or prim, sunny blue eyes, and a winsome smile.

Up to the age of seventeen Ruth was an atrocious tom-boy. The girls whom she would admit to her companionship were ready for the most daring mischief; the boys were true and tried—in courage and ingenuity. She was the ringleader in all the escapades that kept the mothers in that happy valley on the verge of nervous prostration; but no one could be made to believe that she was anything but an innocent sufferer from the sins of her playmates. When she insisted, as strenuously as her sweet nature permitted, that she was responsible, her self-sacrificing generosity amazed those in authority. Even the most hopelessly subordinate of the ring-led felt that she was trying to divert the blame that belonged to them alone. For will you tell me how it is possible for a slim, mild-mannered, golden-haired girl, with eyes of heaven's own blue, and rose-leaf cheeks, and a smile like a child-angel's, to lead astray shaggy-haired, clumsy, romping, sun-browned destroyers of domestic peace? The child was truth incarnate, but who could believe her self-reproach when she returned spotless from adventures that left her companions in a state for which the garden-hose was the only adequate medium of expression?

Her feminine relatives lamented that more fitting companions could not be found for that sweet child. At such speeches Ruth's father laughed, her mother smiled serenely, and her brothers exchanged knowing glances. But they made no comment. Though they had no faith in the child-angel hypothesis, they tolerated the prejudices of those who had.

The real tribulations of the clan dated from Ruth's seventeenth birthday. At her birthday party her incorrigible, twenty-year-old cousin, Jack, devoted himself to her. Twenty pairs of eyes watched him in fascinated horror. He was putting ideas into that child's head; he was her cousin (insurmountable objection), and (it was whispered) he was wild. The nature of Jack's "wildness" was never definitely stated, but he talked recklessly, he wanted to "see life," he craved experience, he glared defiance at petticoat government. It was not positively known that he drank or gambled; but it was vaguely felt that he would not hesitate at anything to gain excitement or to prove his independence.

Within twenty-four hours Ruth's eyes had been so dazzled with danger-signals hung upon every salient point of Jack's character, that it seemed for a time impossible that she should ever again see anything, look which way she would, but red and blue lights. In the same space of time Jack was so frequently admonished that Ruth was a creature not to be looked upon by a profane mortal, that his last monitress *thought* he swore. "I am not *sure*," she said, conscientiously to a horrified circle of cousins and aunts, "for I did not hear the words; he muttered under his breath. But his tone and the expression of his face were unmistakable."

The next morning Jack and Ruth were off for a gallop among the hills; in the afternoon they played tennis; in the evening they rowed on the river. All that summer they were inseparable. As they rode the hills echoed their free-hearted laughter. They were too young to realize their own cruelty. The placid river told no tales as they endlessly celebrated the possibilities which life holds for the man of open-eyed and open-hearted courage. Comrades-in-arms they might have been but for Ruth's misfortune in being a girl. No thought of sentiment entered their minds, except at the suggestion of solicitous relatives; no word of sentiment fell from their lips, except as a public counter-irritant. In the fall Jack started on a tour round the world. Later he gained distinction for his knowledge of the Oriental character. Later still he entered the East Indian service, and became the hero of one of Kipling's other stories.

But that was after many years. Ruth was rescued from his clutches early in September and sent away to school, by the organized determination of her keepers. That the decision had been made a year before in the parental council did not lessen the self-gratulation of her rescuers, for they never knew it.

The peace of her four years at school

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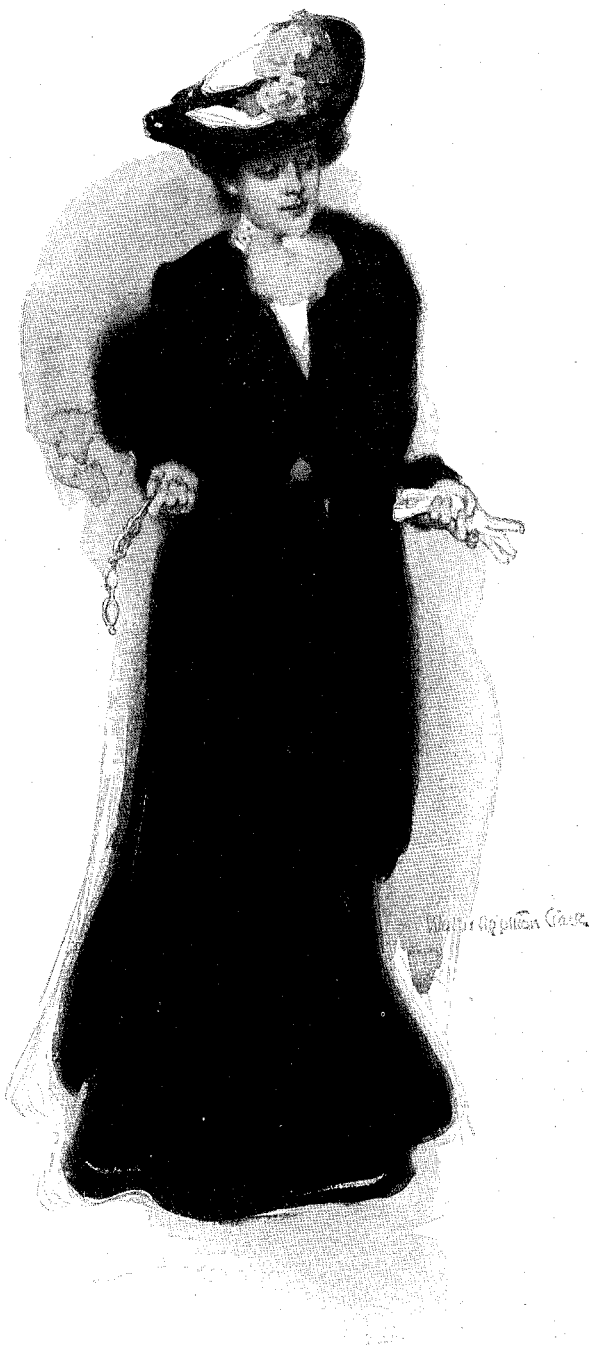

With the joy of the artist "Sister Nan" set about her task.—Page 289.

was broken during her long vacations. There was always a Cause of Apprehension. The zone surrounding her was as systematically frozen for the theological student, destined for the Chinese mission-field, as for the family scapegrace; and the life of a missionary's wife was painted for her in as discordant colors as had formerly served to depict the fate of a drunkard's wife. When at the end of his seminary course the missionary married the girl to whom he had been engaged for seven years, the magic circle that guarded Ruth's happiness agreed that only concerted effort had kept him true to his first love and saved Ruth from a living death. Specifications of the unhappy marriages from which Ruth was delivered would fill a volume. The humor of her rescues began to seem forced as the years went by. The only rescue which she adequately appreciated was the one in which Jack shared the joke.

After her formal entrance into society her weary guardians one by one dropped out of office, leaving all responsibility concentrated in the hands of her five sisters-in-law. They responded nobly to the inspiration of great need. The critical period was just beginning. Serious affairs took the place of preliminary skirmishes. Ruth was attractive, unquestionably, and she attracted all sorts, but among them all no one was fully satisfactory to the five sisters. They surpassed a jury in their genius for disagreement, and without unanimity there could be no favorable verdict. They lost flesh but they gained their point; Ruth reached the age of twenty-four without having made a single mistaken marriage. Then her father died. For two years she devoted herself to her mother; she became also a pertinacious reader and an unobtrusive charitable worker.

The sisters-in-law began to look at each other uneasily. Ruth would soon be twenty-six, and had apparently no thought of marriage. But they reassured each other. She had yielded so tractably to their efforts to prevent mis-matches that she would be easily induced to make a satisfactory marriage. Their action had so far been negative; it

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must now be positive. They talked the situation over with their respective husbands. Ruth's brothers smiled. When they were with their wives they frequently smiled. Sometimes, when they were together, unrestrained by feminine supervision, they laughed uproariously.

The difficulty was to agree, but at last the sisters agreed to differ. The unqualified choice of any one sister would be respected by the other four, pending Ruth's decision. One, with Ruth on her side, would constitute a majority. It was a sad falling back from their early position, but a kind of panic had seized on the five sisters.

"Sister Stella" was literary and progressive. Her choice was a highly cultured anæmic young Unitarian clergyman, who read Browning to the ladies in the morning while they sewed, and preached strenuous sermons in a lady-like voice on the importance of living "a big, rich, full life." Such a life, he soon indicated, was impossible for him without Ruth. The other sisters scoffed, but, mindful of their contract, not in Ruth's presence. "Sister Stella" persevered, until one day, at the mention of the young apostle, Ruth laughed in a manner so like her earlier and less trammelled self that without another word "Sister Stella" laid down her colors.

Ruth smiled at her ardor.—Page 289.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

A distantly polite couple took leave of their host and hostess.—Page 290.

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"Sister Mary" championed the cause of an athletic young High Church clergyman, who preached other-worldliness in a mellow baritone so persuasively that the young ladies who listened to him became convinced that other-worldliness was but another name for the expression of his eyes. Ruth smiled at the enthusiasts with a placidness startlingly like her mother's. Then, fearing that in her seclusion she was to be tempted with specimens from every sect under heaven, she returned to the world and to her place in society.

That was the signal for renewed and concerted action. Since her childhood the Happy Valley had been invaded by manufactures. The immense electric works and locomotive works had brought in swarms of well-connected, successful young men. "Sister Julia," "Sister Kate," and "Sister Nan" were society leaders, and never had they led to such effect as during the winter that followed. Ruth was caught in a three-centred whirl, whose dizzying effect was heightened by the perception that the complicated system was beginning to revolve around her. In the spring she and her mother went abroad. "My sisters-in-law have young hearts," she confided to her mother. "They can stand more than I can."

Her mother smiled. It was her unspoken opinion that their young heads were their safeguard.

The sisters-in-law looked at each other with sinking hearts. Their world, with all its whirl, seemed curiously empty.

"Perhaps she'll meet someone over there," "Sister Kate" ventured; "some one nice and cultured and artistic and—and—*queer!* Girls like that often do."

"But she ought to marry one of our own kind—someone here," "Sister Nan" objected.

"Yes!" was groaned in chorus.

"But there's no one good enough for her; there never has been," "Sister Mary" offered by way of consolation.

"Of course! But to think of her not marrying at all! *Ruth!*"

When she returned she was twenty-eight. Still more attractive young men had come to live in the Happy Valley and the five sisters laid their plans for an effective campaign. But Ruth unexpectedly rebelled.

"I'm tired of the everlasting treadmill," she said. "What does our society amount to? Card-playing, dancing, eating, gossiping. I've been through it all so often. I love my fellow men—and women—but I never respect them so little as when we are going together through the old, inane round. If only we could *do* something together—but we can't even talk intelligently—probably because we don't *do*."

She had brought home innumerable photographs and sketches. She started a working-girls' club. She had ideas about the application of art to common life, which she was bent on working out.

"And when a girl begins to have ideas," "Sister Nan" said, hopelessly, "you may as well give up!"

But they did not give up; and the course of two more years was strewed with their ruined hopes.

At last the award of merit fell to the five sisters. The one man in all the world fitted to be Ruth's husband came to take charge of the locomotive works. He had been a playmate and schoolmate of "Sister Nan's" in Philadelphia. He was brilliant, trustworthy, successful, fascinating. He had wounded "Sister Nan" years before by neglecting to fall in love with her, but she had forgiven him when she married Ruth's brother. He was ten years older than Ruth and was hard to suit; so was Ruth—in consequence of sisterly training. They were made for each other.

After it had been objected by the other four sisters that he was too tall, too thin, too old, too dark, too satirical, they agreed that he was the best that could be had and would have to do in spite of defects.

The initiative was naturally left to "Sister Nan," with the understanding that the other four would reinforce her.

With the joy of the artist "Sister Nan" set about her task. Her character-painting of Paul Chester glowed with true feeling.

Ruth smiled at her ardor. It struck "Sister Nan," even in her absorption, struck her to the heart, that her smile had grown pathetically like her mother's. It was a smile of resignation—the smile which has surrendered all desire for self. It made Nan's heart ache. Was Ruth, their Ruth, to die without ever having lived? Was there, then, someone that Ruth had really cared for among all the men they had

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saved her from? Had they, unwittingly, done her that wrong? Nan's mercurial temperament could not endure painful surmises. If there was a grave in Ruth's heart, that was only all the more reason why flowers should be made to bloom in her life. Flowers accordingly bloomed in Nan's speech of Paul Chester.

As an old friend with his welfare at heart she could attack Paul openly. Though he and Ruth were made for each other, they were both so critical, so self-sufficing, that they would never recognize their fate without the friendly hand on the guide-post. Paul for a time was patient, but——

"See here, Nan," he said at last, "I have troubles of my own. I have three older sisters who have done experimental matchmaking ever since I was twenty-five. I never saw a nice girl but they tried to marry me to her with or without her consent. They have nipped every budding attachment I ever had. Let me tell you once for all, when I marry I'll marry to please myself and nobody else—not even the girl."

"And the girl will find that she has married a selfish tyrant," Nan cried, on the point of tears with vexation.

"Exactly," Paul returned, easily. "I'm glad you understand that. Please mention it to your sister and to all inquiring friends."

"I'll never mention your name again!" Nan retorted. "I'll never *speak* to you again! You are positively too insufferable!"

Then she looked at him and relented. "There's no use in talking," she cautioned herself. "I'll simply *act*."

She invited Ruth and Paul to dinner. They treated each other with distant politeness. The evening was a failure. When Ruth was ready to go home she looked longingly at her brother. Paul regarded him hopefully. The well-trained husband ignored both looks. A distantly polite couple took leave of their host and hostess. Cosey little dinners, Nan saw, must be left out of her plans. But there were other things less pointed: small card-parties; informal musicales—both Paul and Ruth loved music.

"Is Mr. Chester invited?" Ruth fell into the way of asking. "Then count me out. I *will* not be thrown at his supercilious head."

But she need not have denied herself the music. Paul's evenings had come to be occupied. His work was engrossing; the working-day was not long enough for his purposes. The latest and most valued ornament of the Happy Valley had relegated itself to the lumber-room of obscure utility. Disappointment clouded the faces of the society girls. "Mr. Chester was *so* interesting."

It was useless to disguise the fact that Ruth had wilfully dropped out of social life. Her mother needed her in the long winter evenings. She could not sleep early; her eyes were failing; Ruth read to her.

"Hire someone to read to her," Sister Nan suggested. "Plenty of nice girls need a little money."

"She likes to have *me*," Ruth answered.

Nan had no patience with useless self-sacrifice. Ruth would never be young again. Nan freed her mind to her mother-in-law.

"I would not think of keeping her at home," Mrs. Marvin said, gently. "But she insists. She does not care to go out much. It bores her. You know, Nan, quiet as she is, she is very like her father; she will not be driven."

"She *used* to be so easily managed."

"You thought so."

"We *all* thought so."

"Yes; you *all* thought so."

"Mother, do you realize what she is doing?" Nan broke out. "She is ruining her life."

Mrs. Marvin went on evenly with her knitting. "Ruining her life?" she echoed, in the soft voice so curiously contrasted with Nan's.

"Yes! She is deliberately cutting herself off from everything that makes life worth living."

"She is a good girl," Mrs. Marvin suggested. "A most devoted daughter; a helpful neighbor; a loyal friend. She loves books and pictures and her garden and out-of-door life. And there are scores of poor people whose sun would set if Ruth went out of their lives."

Nan shook herself impatiently. "You know what I mean, mother. Those things are all very well as side-issues; but what would your own life have been worth without your husband and children?"

Mrs. Marvin's sweet face grew a shade

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graver. "Very little, I admit. But Ruth is much more of a woman than I ever was."

"It is because she is so much of a woman that I feel it as I do," Nan said, hotly. "Is all she is to be wasted?"

"No."

"But it *is* being wasted," Nan insisted. "You believe just as I do that marriage is a woman's mission. Ruth should be made to understand that."

"She does."

"Have you told her?"

"She knows it. Every woman knows it."

"Then why doesn't she act upon her knowledge?"

"Because the right man has never come her way."

"Oh, mother! think of the chances she has had! You know how we all love you, but we all feel just the same. You uphold Ruth in all her crotchets. You allow her to neglect her real interests. You have simply let her take her own way through life. What would ever have become of her if it had not been for her sisters-in-law?"

Mrs. Marvin went on placidly knitting. Her cheeks were as pink as the lining of a sea-shell. There was not a wrinkle on her face. All the lines on Nan's brow and about her eyes and mouth deepened as she looked at her. "Mother!" she demanded, "have you *no* sense of responsibility?"

Mrs. Marvin seemed to be searching her consciousness for some mislaid burden. "No," she said at last. "I can't seem to feel responsible. I have done the best I knew."

"You have never lifted a hand to help or to hinder Ruth's marriage!"

"It hasn't been necessary."

"Not necessary! What is a girl's mother for?"

"To train her in habits of neatness, and industry, and truthfulness, and kindliness. To set her the best example in her power. To give her a chance to be her best self."

"And then to leave her without guidance in the most important thing of all!"

"She has had guidance—the best guidance in the world."

"I know," Nan answered. "I have done my best." The dimple in Mrs. Marvin's left cheek deepened. "And the other girls have helped. And her cousins and aunts have been most interested. But after all, a girl's own mother counts, and that is what you never seemed to realize. Tell me, mother—I know you never *meant* to neglect her—what did you expect?"

"I expected her to do just what I did, and her father, and her brothers, and you, Nan, and the other girls; to marry the one she loved and no one else."

"Ah, yes!" said Nan, with a sigh. "That is all very well when one has married happily. But the older I grow the more scared I am to think how easy it would have been to make a mistake."

"Not for me," Mrs. Marvin said, quietly. "Nor for Ruth," she added.

Her placid smile, her soft voice, jarred on Nan's mood. "Mother!" she cried, impatiently. "Don't you *ever* worry about *anything?*"

"I don't seem to know how," Mrs. Marvin responded. "Perhaps because I have never needed to. There have always been so many to do it for me."

The twinkle in her eyes, the lurking mischief of her smile, were lost on Nan's intensity.

"It's no use," Nan sighed. "You are a fatalist, pure and simple." But she kissed her mother-in-law with a rush of affection that swept over her disapproval.

Though the cousins and aunts had yielded to the sisters-in-law in active efforts, they had not lost interest. No man had ever looked at Ruth without their watching to see if she would look back. Their dread of such a response had gradually turned to hope, and now, with the less sanguine, was rapidly becoming hopelessness. The coming of Paul Chester had given them new life. If Ruth were not totally blind she must see that such men were rare. Some of the relatives began to surprise themselves with a desire to shake her. But—the more candid were finally forced to admit—Chester looked at Ruth no more than she looked at him. The reason for this lack of appreciation was discussed in the frequent hap-hazard family gatherings—"the hen-concerts," as one of Ruth's brothers disrespectfully called them—which guarded Ruth's destinies.

Late in the winter Sister Nan decided to make one more effort. She had been passive so long that she might act now without suspicion. Her husband was to be out of town over Sunday. She invited Chester to supper, without telling him that

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Bob would be absent; she invited Ruth to share her lonely meal, without telling her that Chester would be present. Both invitations were accepted, and triumph rang in Nan's brain.

As the hour for supper drew near Nan's mood curiously changed. Her heart began to beat ominously. What would they do to each other—and to her? Ruth came first. Nan fidgeted through fifteen minutes of desultory talk.

"You ought to have a change, Nan," Ruth said at last. "You are tired out with so much gayety. Doesn't Bob notice how nervous you are?"

Nan was listening intently, with her head bent toward the window. Yes, there was a step on the porch. She rose to her feet and rushed precipitately at Ruth. She must tell her, now that there was no way of escape.

"It's Paul Chester," she cried. "He is coming to supper. I—O Ruth! *Don't* be angry! *Please* don't look like *that!*"

Ruth seemed suddenly to have grown six inches. Blue sparks flashed from her eyes. "Why *will* you try to trap me into things against my will?" she demanded.

There is no anger so terrible as that of the sweet, rarely aroused nature. Whether she was driven into the hall by fear of Ruth, or by desire to anticipate Paul's ring and the entrance of the maid, Nan never knew; but in an instant she had opened the door, just as Paul stretched his hand to the bell.

"Come in!" she said hurriedly. Even in her agitation she could see the familiar teasing smile begin in his eyes. She closed the door after him and stood with her back against it.

"Take off your hat and coat!" she urged him. Even he could not be cruel enough to desert her after hanging his overcoat in her hall.

"I *never* wear my hat in the house," he returned, calmly. "It's conducive to baldness." He removed his coat with leisurely content and hung it up with care.

"O Paul!" she said, pitifully. "I'm afraid you'll hate me, and I'm in a terrible fix. I've asked Ruth here for supper, and I've just told her you were coming, and she's furious. She dislikes you as much as you do her, and— *Don't* look at me like that, Paul! We're such old friends!"

"Yes," he answered, with grave courtesy; "but there *is* such a thing as putting too severe a strain even on old friendship."

"I know— But I'm so fond of you both!"

"And so you want to make us both uncomfortable?"

"Paul," she pleaded, "I deserve anything you choose to say or do. I'll never interfere in your affairs again. But *do* help me this time! I'm simply frightened to death. I never saw Ruth angry before. I'm used to *your* temper, but *she's* different. I'm afraid to look at her. *Please* go in!"

As he paused at the library door to allow her to enter, she turned toward him helplessly. His eyes looked over her head into the room beyond; his face was set. Ruth stood by the table with her back toward the door, turning over the leaves of a book. To Nan's distracted gaze she seemed still to palpitate with righteous anger. She was small and slight, but if a colossal statue of Juno had suddenly been endowed with life and with her ancient property of wrath, Nan could not have found her so appalling. She took one uncertain step into the room, then turned a miserable look of appeal on Paul. With all his six feet of masculine and just indignation, he was her lifelong friend and a gentleman. Her old feeling that he was equal to any emergency sent a sudden tide of courage to her heart. His eyes fell on hers and read their pitiful appeal. "Trust me!" they seemed to say in return.

With his long quick stride he passed her and approached the glacial figure. Nan watched him with breathless admiration of his courage. That was what it was to be a *man!*

With a quick motion he threw both arms around Ruth and turned her toward her petrified sister-in-law.

"Nan," he said, "what do you think of this for a match?"

The keen dark face looked at her triumphantly above the fair rose-tinted face into which the light of eternal youth had flashed.

"Oh, you *mean things!*" cried Sister Nan.

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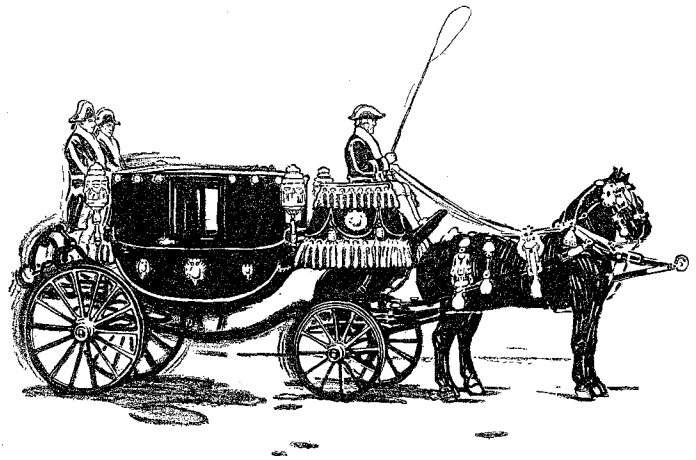

Grand Gala Coach.

AT THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER III

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADRESS

By Mary King Waddington

To G. K. S.

PARIS, Sunday, March 18, 1883.

I WILL write a little this morning, Dear —I am just back from l'Étoile. I have had rather an agitated week, and here is my news, good—bad—I don't know myself. W.* is going as Ambassador Extraordinary to Moscow to represent France at the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander. It was a "bolt from the blue" to us. I will tell you from the beginning. We went to ride as usual Thursday morning, but rather earlier than usual (9.30). When we came home Mdme. Hubert told us we hadn't been gone 10 minutes, when le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères (Challemel Lacour) came to see W., and was much discomposed at not finding him, told Mdme. H. he would come back at 11. He didn't reappear, but one of the young attachés did, with a note from Challemel begging W. to come and see him directly after breakfast. We couldn't think what he wanted, but we both made up our minds it was to insist on the Vienna Embassy. I protested vehemently, and I think W. would not have taken it. I told him I should take that opportunity to pay a visit to America if he accepted.

I went out in the afternoon with Anne to try on a dress at Redfern's, and just as we were coming away W. appeared. He had seen the carriage at the door and knew he would find us. He looked rather preoccupied, so I said, "You are not surely going to Vienna?"

"No, not to Vienna, probably to Russia, for the Coronation."

I was too bewildered at first to take it in, and I must frankly say I was wretched. Of course he asked 24 hours to think it over, though the Minister urged him very much to accept at once. Challemel also wishes me to go, says a woman gives more éclat to an Embassy. Of course it will be a magnificent sight, but I am a perfect poltroon—I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody. However, if that should happen it would be better to be blown up together, but I really am nervous (I am not

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

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usually such a coward, but Russian nihilists and dynamiters are terrible elements to contend with), and wish they hadn't asked him to go.

Of course it is a great honor and compliment to his personal position, and I have given no opinion, but I don't feel happy at all. I have always said that I would never try to influence my husband's actions (public) in any way, and I suppose I have kept to that as well as most women do who marry public men, but I should like to put a decided veto now. I will keep you au courant of the decision.

March 20th.

Well, Dear, it is quite decided. W. accepts to go to Moscow, and takes me with him. He consulted his brother and his friends, and all told him he could not refuse. As long as they didn't send a soldier (W. himself would have asked Maréchal MacMahon to go, if he had been at the Foreign Office), he was "tout indiqué."* It seems all the other Powers are going to send Princes—Spain, the Duc de Montpensier; England, the Duke of Edinburgh; Italy, Duc d'Aosta, etc.

We are to start somewhere about the 8th or 10th of May. W. is busy now composing his Mission. Of course everybody wants to go. It seems such an undertaking. We had a nice ride this morning—various people riding with us, and all talking about the Coronation. I overheard one timid old gentleman saying to W., "Vous emmenez votre femme, vous avez tort, on ne sait pas ce que peut arriver"—not very reassuring.

April 1st.

My Dear, my letters will now become monotonous, as I have only one idea—the Mission. All the arrangements are being begun, such an affair. W. has sent off a man to Moscow to see about a house big enough to hold all the party, with ballroom, and large dining-room. We are 9 people—W. and I; Comte de Pontécoulant, Ministre Plénipotentiare (W.'s ancien Chef de Cabinet); Général Pitter (Général de Division, chef de la maison militaire du Président de la République); Colonel Comte de Sesmaisons, commandant les 6ème. Hussards; François de Corcelle, Sécrétaire d'Ambassade; Commandant Fayette (de la maison du Président—Jules Grévy); Richard Waddington, Deputé, Capitaine dans l'armée territoriale; Robert Calmon, lieutenant dans l'armée territoriale. L'uniforme est absolument nécessaire en Russie.

We have three servants—W.'s valet Joseph and my two maids Adélaide and Mdme. Hubert. All the gentlemen have their servants. Then there is Pierson, the huissier from the Quai d'Orsay (you know who I mean, the big man who wears a gilt chain, announces the people, and writes down names, etc.), two cooks with one or two garçons de cuisine; 3 coachmen, Hubert of course, and two Englishmen. One, Mr. Leroy, such a magnificent person, came this morning to see W. He has already representé on several occasions, and driven gala carriages, etc. He seems graciously inclined to go with us (with very high wages, and making his conditions—will drive only the Ambassador and Ambassadrice in the gala carriage, etc.). That will necessitate very delicate negotiations with Hubert, who also wishes to drive only the Ambassador and me. However, as he has never driven a gala carriage, and they are very heavy, unwieldy vehicles to manage, I think he must waive his claim.

Tuesday, May 8, 1883.

Our boxes and cases are being packed, and the house is a curiosity—crowded with every conceivable thing. My two maids (I take Mdme. Hubert too, as Adélaide is not very strong, and if she gave out I should be in a bad way) are much taken up with their outfit. They each have two sets of new things, a blue serge costume and coat for travelling, and a black silk for their gala occasions. Pontécoulant is always teasing Mdme. Hubert, and asking if "ses toilettes sont prêtes."

This morning I saw the 9 gigantic horses who were paraded under the windows. They start to-night, as they must rest at Berlin. M. Lhermite is a treasure. He also starts to-night with his cooks and provisions of all kinds. W. and Pontécoulant gave him all their instructions, and then he came for mine. I told him I must have my maids in the room next to

* After the Berlin Congress and the Foreign Office.

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me, and as we had a plan of the house, it is quite easy. I have fair-sized bedroom and dressing-room (which he will arrange as a sort of boudoir) on the court (no living rooms are on the street), and the maids a large room opening out of the dressing-room. He is eminently practical; takes charge of the whole personnel, will arrange a sort of dormitory for all the men servants; will see that they are ready in time, clean and well turned out.

Pontécoulant, who is also very practical, overlooks that part of the business; also the stables, and Mr. Leroy and Lhermite will report to him every morning. Leroy has also just been in, much pleased with his gala carriage and liveries. Hubert is beaming, and most particular about his lace jabot and ruffles. I wonder how they will all ever settle down to our quiet life again.

Thursday, 10th.

I will finish this afternoon, Dear. I am ready to start, dressed in my travelling dress, dark blue cloth, with a long coat lined with red satin, and a black hat with blue feathers (I haven't got on the coat and hat yet). There has been such a procession of people all day, and great vans to carry off the luggage. I have been rather bothered about my jewels—how to carry them. I have taken everything the family own. Anne's necklace, with some extra stones I had, has been converted into a tiara. All the Russian women wear their National coiffure at the Coronation, the Kakoshnik. As that is very high, studded with jewels, any ordinary arrangement of stars and feathers would look insignificant. Freddy, who is an authority on such matters, advised me to concentrate all my efforts on the tiara—he also suggested ropes of pearls (artificial) but I couldn't make up my mind to that. Chemin, the jeweller, was very anxious I should "louer" a sort of breastplate of diamonds—but on the whole I preferred taking less—merely mine and the sister's. What I shall do if they are stolen or lost I am sure I don't know. I don't care to carry them myself in a bag, as I never by any chance carry my bag, I should certainly leave it somewhere; and I don't like to give it to the maids either, so I have put all the jewels in two trunks, scattered about the fond, wrapped up with silk stockings, etc.

I have given my last instructions to Nounou, and a nice young coachman who comes to replace Hubert in our absence, and also provided a surprise for baby in the shape of a large train, which will distract him the first days. We saw also this morning the detective who goes with us. He is one of those who always accompanies the foreign Princes who pass through Paris, and is said to know well all the great nihilist leaders (all of whom he says will be at the Coronation). He has two ordinary policemen with him. They go of course on the train with us, and never lose sight of us. I shall feel rather like a distinguished criminal being tracked across Europe.

Pontécoulant is very funny over Philippe the coiffeur, who presented himself at the Quai d'Orsay, and insisted upon being included in the suite (consequently travelling free of expense on the special trains, etc., with us). He really isn't my coiffeur — I never have any one except Georges from time to time, but I daresay I shall be glad to have him. He said to Pontécoulant, "Monsieur le Comte comprend bien qu'il faut que je pose le diadème de Madame l'Ambassadrice le jour du Couronnement;" however he has gained his point, and Madame l'Ambassadrice takes her own coiffeur with her, as well as her two maids.

Well, Dear, we are going in an hour, and I must try and reason with myself, and not be the arrant coward I really feel like.

To H. L. K.

Ambassade de France, Moscow,
Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,
Monday, May 21st.

We arrived quite safely and comfortably yesterday morning — 34 people, counting servants, policemen, etc. I hadn't time to write, but you will have had the Havas telegram announcing our arrival. I am writing in my little boudoir, which looks on a large, square, light court-yard, and I wish you could see the wild confusion that reigns there. Quantities of boxes and "ballots" of every description. Mdme. Hubert, with a veil tied over her head, struggling to get at

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some of my trunks, which are all marked with an enormous M. K. W. in white letters (a private mark, so as not to confound them with the general mark of the Mission). Leroy, Hubert, and Pontécoulant trying to get the big carriage cases opened (they look like small houses). Sesmaisons and Calmon fussing over their saddles, which they apparently had got without much difficulty — quantities of Russian helpers working, talking, but *not* loud, nor yelling to each other. How anything will ever come out of all that chaos I don't know.

However, I must begin at the beginning. We got here about 8.30 yesterday morning. We were all up early, as the country grew more interesting as we approached Moscow. We had a confused vision of gilt domes, high colored steeples, etc., but nothing stood out very distinctly. There was a fine confusion at the station—quantities of officials, all in uniform, detachments of soldiers, red carpets, etc. We were *not* received officially, not being Princes. The Mission only exists here *after* they have presented their lettres de créance. We found our consul, Lagrené, waiting for us, several members of the French Colony, and Lhermite. We drove off at once to our Ambassade. The main street, Tverskaya, looked very gay with quantities of flags and draperies in every direction, and even at that time in the morning a great many people. Our house looks well—the entrance isn't bad, and the stair-case marble, handsome. I hardly looked at the reception-rooms as I was anxious to get to mine. Lhermite had done them very well, quite as I wanted, and a nice-looking woman, Russian of course, the femme de charge left in the house, was there to see if everything was right.

I washed off a little dust, got a cup of tea, and then went with W. and Pontécoulant to inspect the house. The ball-room, "serre," and 3 drawing-rooms are nice; the dining-room small in comparison and low. Not a breath of air anywhere, double windows, hermetically sealed, with *one* pane opening in each; so the very first thing we did was to send for someone to take down the extra window, and open everything wide—the close smell was something awful. The femme de charge was astounded, and most unwilling. I think she thought we wished to demolish the whole establishment. W. has a large room opening out of the drawing-room. Pontécoulant took charge of the distribution of the gentlemen's rooms (which wasn't easy, as they were generally small, and not particularly comfortable, but I must say they were all easy going, and not at all inclined to make difficulties). He chose a room downstairs for himself next the Chancellerie, which he has arranged at once very well. The ball-room is handsome, a parquet floor, and yellow satin furniture; the other drawing-rooms too are well furnished in silk and satin. The dining-room is small, but the serre will make a very good fumoir where the gentlemen can sit and smoke. It has nice cane arm-chairs and tables, and will be a resource.

I went back to my own rooms and arranged my affairs with the maids. There is a large room, half lingerie, half débarras, upstairs, with good placards and closets where I can put my dresses if I ever get hold of them. They must be unpacked at once, particularly the velvet dresses. Of course I am always at the window. My Dear, how it would amuse you, so absolutely unlike anything you have ever seen.

The men seem to work well enough—they all wear red flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and high boots—at the present moment they are all gaping at the horses, who certainly do look enormous (the Russian horses are all small). It seems ours stand the cannon, and shouting, and waving flags and draperies very well (so the lessons in the École Militaire, where they were taken several times after they arrived in Paris to have cannons and guns fired close to their heads, and flags waved about, did them good).

A little Russian maid, in a red petticoat, and a blue handkerchief tied over her head, has just appeared, and I suppose will be a sort of fille de chambre. She smiles every time I speak to the maids, and watches every movement I make. I moved a fauteuil just now, and in an instant she had possession of it, and stood over it looking at me hard to see where I wanted it put. I daresay we

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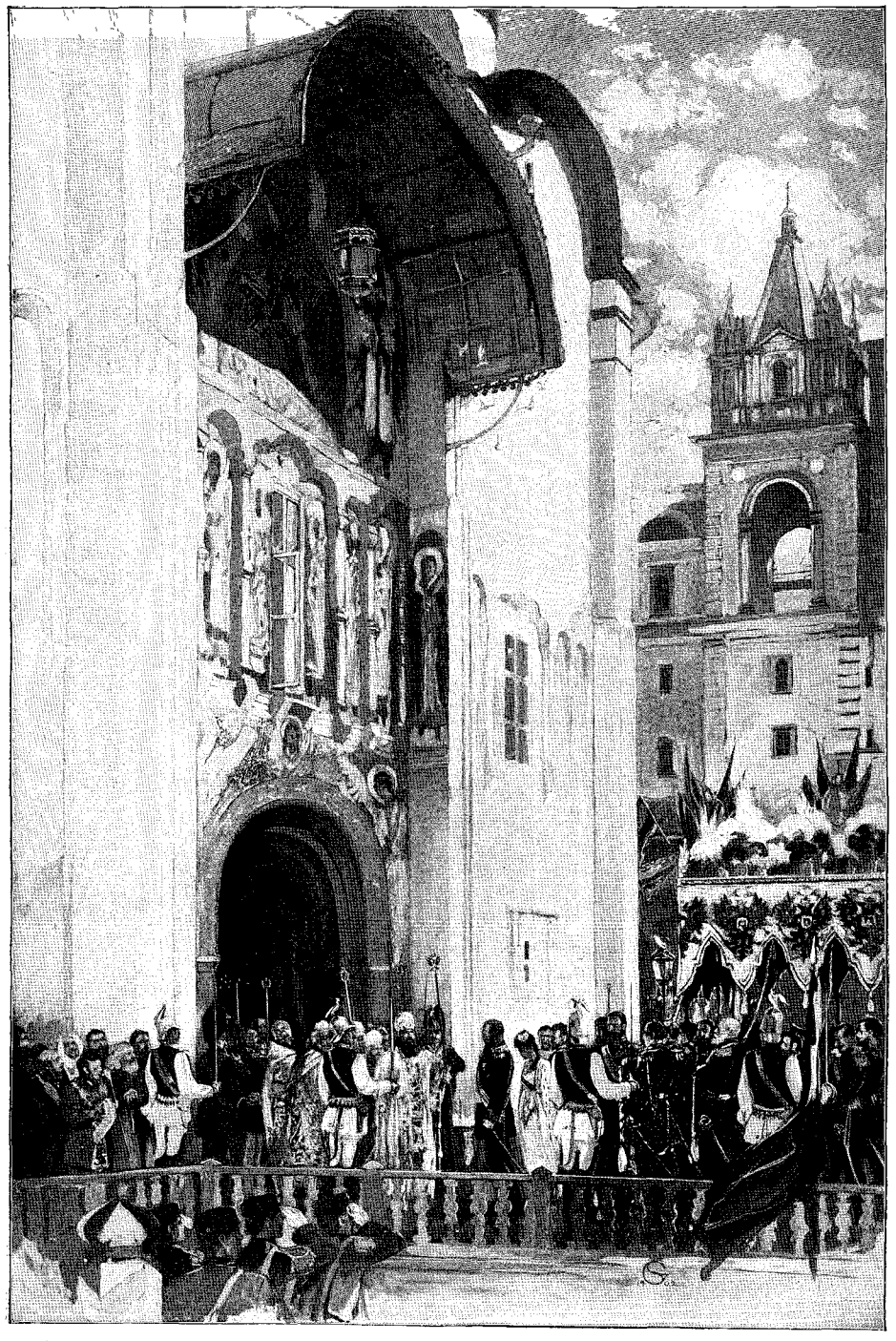

Drawn by J. H. Gardner-Soper.

The Arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the Church for the Coronation, Moscow, 1883.

[These coronation pictures after authorized paintings.]

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shall get on very well. We breakfasted at 12.30 all together—a very good breakfast, flowers on the table, and everything most correct. The gentlemen were amusing, all giving their experiences. Just as we were finishing we heard someone coming, with the clank of sabre, and those long, heavy spurs the Russians wear; and a good-looking officer, Colonel Benckendorff, who was attached to our Embassy, appeared. He will never lose sight of us now until the ceremonies are over.

We adjourned to the serre, and he put us au courant of everything. He told us the crowd and confusion at the Kremlin was indescribable (all the foreign Princes are lodged there). He had all sorts of papers, invitations, audiences, cartes de circulation, etc. W. is to present his lettres de créance and all the Mission en grande tenue at 10.30 to-day. (I am waiting now to see them start. W. has just been in, looking very well, as he always does in full uniform.) He wears the Danish Grand Cordon, he hasn't the Légion d'Honneur nor any Russian decoration. Two Maîtres de Cérémonie, covered with gold lace and embroideries, have arrived in an ordinary Russian court coupé—they have also an Imperial gala carriage for the Ambassador, and two ordinary Court carriages, and they have just started, quite a crowd of people before the house to see the départ. First went two Maîtres de Cérémonie, their coats covered with gold embroidery; then W. alone in a gala carriage with four horses, two footmen standing behind, two mounted, and an ecuyer. The rest of the Mission followed in two ordinary court carriages, all with the Imperial liveries, which are not very handsome, long red cloaks, with a sort of cocked hat. Benckendorff followed alone in his private carriage.

Our big footmen figured for the first time—the four in their blue and silver livery were at the door when the Maîtres de Cérémonie arrived, and Pierson with his chain in the anteroom. They looked very well; Lhermite and our coachman saw the whole thing, and were not at all impressed with carriages, liveries, or horses. They said the carriages were absolutely shabby, the liveries neither well made nor well put on, and the horses beneath criticism. They do look extraordinarily small before those great heavy state carriages, rather like rats, as Hubert says—"Quand on voit les notres ce sera une surprise," for they are enormous.

Madame Waddington.
From a copyright photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

What do you think I did as soon as they had all gone? I had rather an inspiration—I told the maids to bring me my blue court train (they have unpacked some of the boxes, the jewels are all right, and locked up in a coffre-fort in W.'s room), but can't find one of Delannoy's caisses—I suppose it will turn up though, as Pontécoulant says the compte was quite right when we arrived yesterday, all the boxes here. I then locked the door of the ball-room, stationed Pierson outside, with strict orders not to let anyone in, put on my train over my brown cloth dress, put Adélaide and Mdme. Hubert at one end of the room, and whisked backwards and forwards, making them low courtesys (they were rather embarrassed). I have never worn a train in my life, as you know, and I wanted to see how it would go. It seems perfectly cut, and follows every

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Empress Marie in her Coronation Robes.

movement, and doesn't get twisted around my ankles. The maids were quite satisfied, and told me it worked beautifully, particularly when I backed across the room. Madame Jaurès, wife of Admiral Jaurès, permanent French Ambassador to Russia, told me such hideous tales yesterday, when she came to see me, of women getting nervous and entangled in their trains when they backed away from the Emperor, that I thought I had better take some precautions. I indulged in those antics for about twenty minutes, then unlocked the door, released Pierson, and went upstairs to the lingerie to see how my unpacking was getting on. The missing trunk had just arrived, and my two women, with the little Russian maid, whose eyes opened wide when she saw the quantity of dresses being produced, and W.'s man were putting things to rights.

The gentlemen got back to a late breakfast, much pleased with their reception. They were received in a small palace out-

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side of Moscow,* as the Emperor makes his formal entrée into the town to-morrow only. They found the Emperor very amiable, talking quite easily, saying something to everyone. He had on the Grand Cordon of the Légion d'Honneur. They were all presented also to the Empress. W. said she was very gracious and charming; remembered quite well having seen us in Paris. We were presented to her by the Prince of Wales, Exhibition year. He said she recalled the Princess of Wales, not so tall, and had splendid eyes.

Benckendorff stayed to breakfast, and we told him his place would be always ready for him at breakfast and dinner. The hours of standing apparently will be something awful. About 3.30 Mdme. Jaurès came for me, and we went to see Lady Thornton, who is Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, but didn't find her. The Jaurès have just arrived themselves with all the Corps Diplomatique from Petersburg. They said the starting from there was frightfully mismanaged, not nearly carriages enough for the people and their luggage. The Ambassadors furious, railway officials distracted, a second train had to be prepared which made a long delay, and a general uproar. The only man who was quite quiet and happy was Mr. Mackay (Silver King from California). He formed part of the United States Mission, had his own private car attached to the train, in which were Mrs. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt (U. S. Minister and his wife), and was absolutely independent.

After leaving our cards we drove through the Tverskaya, the main street. There were quantities of people, and vehicles of every description, from the Ambassador's carriages (all with small, black Russian horses, a Russian coachman in caffan and flat cap, and a gorgeous chasseur, all gold braid, and hat with feathers, beside him), to the most ordinary little drosky or fiacre. Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, passed us going very quickly with the regular Russian attelage—3 horses, one scarcely harnessed, galloping almost free on one side.

All the houses are dressed with red and gold draperies, and immense tribunes put up all along the street, as the procession passes through it from one end to the other when the Emperor makes his formal entrance to-morrow. There are crowds of peasants and country people, all the men in flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and the women with a handkerchief or little shawl over their heads. They don't look the least gay, or excited, or enthusiastic; on the contrary, it is generally a sad face, principally fair, and blue eyes. They stand, apparently a compact mass, in the middle of the street, close up to the carriages which can scarcely get on—then comes a little detachment of Cossacks (most curious looking, quite wild, on very small horses, and enormous long lances), rides into the crowd and over them. They make no resistance, don't say anything, and close up again, as soon as the carriage passes—and so it goes on all day.

I was quite excited when we drove into the Kremlin—it is enormous, really a city, surrounded by a great crenulated wall, with high towers at intervals, quantities of squares, courts, churches, palaces, barracks, terraces, etc. The view of the town from one of the terraces overlooking the river is splendid, but the great interest is the Kremlin itself. Numbers of gilt domes, pink and green roofs, and steeples. It seemed to me that pink predominated, or was it merely the rose flush of the sunset which gave a beautiful color to everything. We saw of course the great bell, and the tower of Ivan the Terrible (from where they told us he surveyed massacres of hundreds of his soldiers), everywhere a hurrying, busy crowd (though always quiet).

Thanks to our "Carte de Circulation" we pass everywhere, though stopped at every moment. We crossed, among other things, a procession of servants, and minor court officials, with quantities of silver dishes, flagons, etc., some great swell's dinner being sent from the Imperial Palace. We went from one great square to another, stopping at the Palace where all the fêtes are to be. There we found one or two Court officials whom Mdme. Jaurès knew, and they showed us as much as they could, but everybody is "sur les dents," and nothing ready; and in spite of all the precautions one feels that there is a strong undercurrent of nervousness.

* Petrofski.

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

The Emperor Crowning the Empress. Church de l'Assomption.

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We went to the Church de l'Assomption, where the Coronation is to take place. There too we found officials, who showed us our places, and exactly where the Court would be. The church is small, with a great deal of gilding and painting. All the tribunes are ready, and what we shall feel like when the ceremony is over I am sure I don't know. It will last about three hours and a half, and we stand all the time. There is not a vestige of a seat in the Tribune Diplomatique —merely a sort of rail or "barre d'appui" where one can lean back a little.

We lingered a little on the terrace overlooking the river where there is a fine view of the town, and came out by the Porte St. Sauveur, where everyone, Emperor and peasant, uncover. I was glad to get home and rest a little before dinner, but I have had a delightful afternoon.

I will finish this evening, as the bag goes to-morrow. We had a pleasant dinner, our personnel only, and Colonel Benckendorff, who told us all we had to do these days. The day of the Coronation we meet at the German Embassy (General Schweinitz, who married Anna Jay, is Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique), and go all together to the Kremlin. The hour of rendezvous is 8 there, and as it is quite far off, and the gala carriages go on a walk, we must leave here at 7, and get up at Heaven knows what hour. What do you think we will look like in full Court dress at that hour in the morning? Our dinner was very good—wines, fruit, etc. W. complimented Lhermite.

To-morrow we start at 11 for the Palace of Prince Dolgourouky, Governor of Moscow, from where we see the Emperor pass on his way to the Kremlin. It is not far away, but the streets are so barricaded and shut up that we must make a long détour. The most stringent measures are taken, all windows closed, no canes nor umbrellas allowed, and a triple line of troops all along the route. The maids are much excited. They have places in one of the Tribunes, and M. Lhermite is going to escort them. In some marvellous way they have been able to communicate with the Russian maids, and have given me various pieces of information. I have left the gentlemen all smoking in the serre, except W., who retired to his own quarters, as he had some despatches to write. He has had a long talk with Jaurès this afternoon, and has also seen Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador. The house is quite quiet—the court-yard asleep, as no carriages or horses have been out to-night. We have two ordinary Russian landaus, with those fast little horses, for our every-day outings, as the big coupé d'Orsay only goes out on state occasions.

The detective has made his report, and says the nihilists will do nothing to-morrow—*perhaps* the night of the gala at the Opera. It is curious to live in such a highly charged atmosphere, and yet I am less nervous—I wonder why—the excitement I suppose of the whole thing. Well, Good-night, Dear; I would say it in Russian if I could, but so far all I have learnt is "Jchai," which means tea, and "Karosch," which seems to be an exclamation of delighted admiration. The little maids say it every time I appear in a new garment.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À MOSCOU,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Mardi, 22d.

How shall I ever begin to describe to you, Dear, the wonderful life we are leading. Everything is unlike anything I have ever seen. I suppose it is the beginning of the real far off East. This morning I am sitting at the window reading and writing, and looking out into the court-yard, which is a never-failing interest—such quantities of people always there. The first thing I hear in the morning is Pontécoulant's voice. He is there every day at eight o'clock, conferring with Leroy and Hubert, examining the horses and carriages, deciding which ones are to be used, and giving orders for the day.

Then arrive the two Russian landaus which go all day, and very different they look from our beautiful equipages, and big important servants. Then comes Lhermite, rattling off, in a low pony cart, with the boy from the Consulate along side of him. He goes to market every day, and nearly has a fit, because he can't talk himself, and he knows they are all lying, and stealing, and imposing upon him

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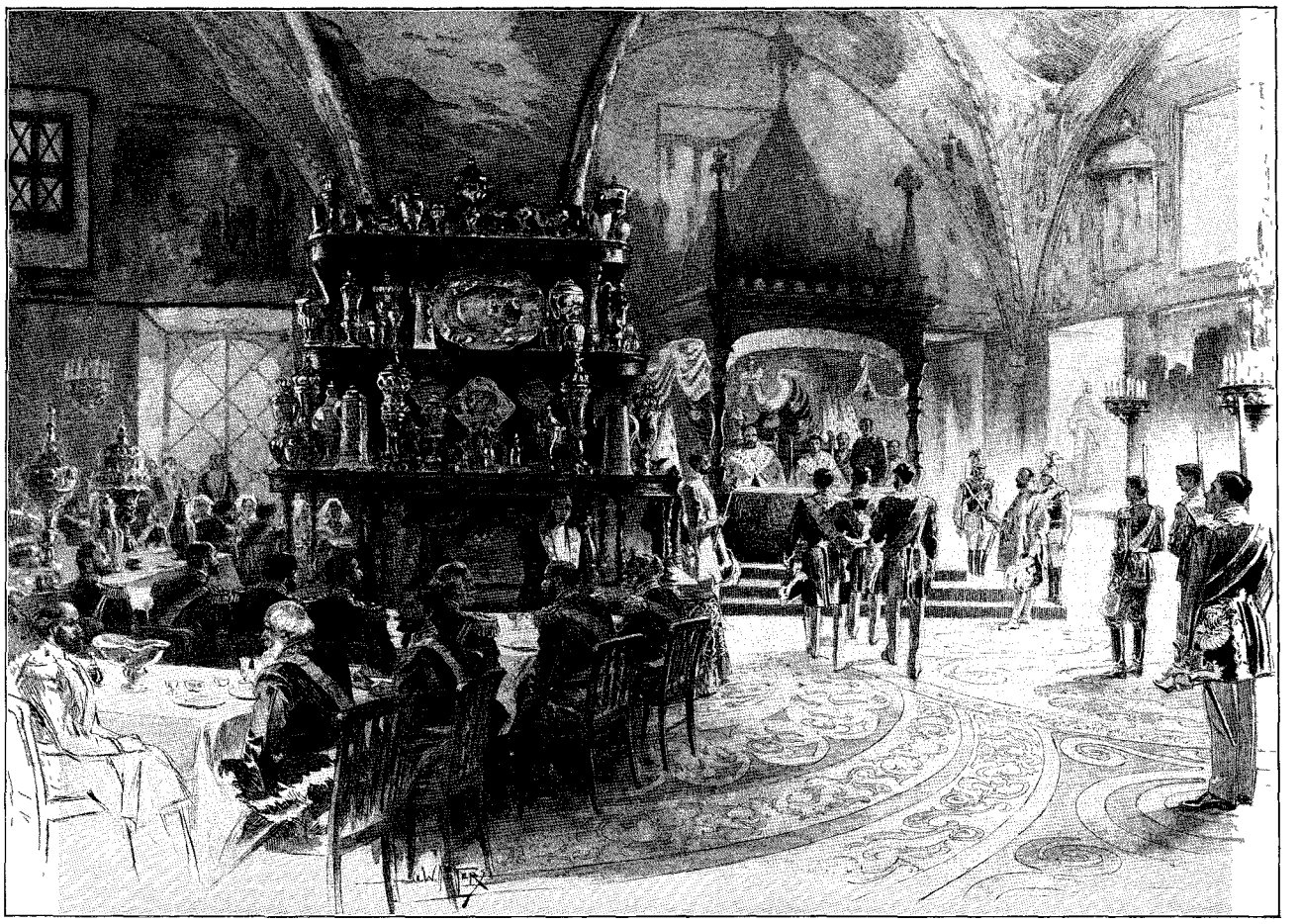

Drawn by G. W. Peters.

Banquet given by the Imperial Couple in the room of the old Kremlin.

Entrance of the soup.

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generally. In one corner there is a group of little Russian horses tied to the stable doors, with Russian soldiers fussing over them. They have been sent from one of the cavalry barracks for the gentlemen to ride.

In every direction men are cleaning carriages, saddles, harness, liveries; and with such little noise—they are extraordinarily quiet.

May 22d, 5.30.

We have just got back from the Governor's palace; and to-night the Emperor is safe in the Kremlin.

It was a marvellous day. We started (the whole Mission) at 10.30 this morning, W. and I alone in the d'Orsay, which looked very handsome. It is dark blue with white stripes, like all our carriages, and lined with blue satin of rather a lighter shade. The men were in demigala, blue plush breeches, white silk stockings, and high hats (not tricornes), with silver bands and cords. Thornton, the English coachman, looked very smart, and handled his big black horses perfectly. The gentlemen told us he used very strong language when he got back to the stables over the abomination of the Moscow pavement. We were preceded as usual by Richard and Benckendorff in a light carriage. I wore one of Philippe's dresses, brown gauze embroidered in velvet flowers, all the front écru lace, and an écru straw bonnet, with a vieux rose velvet crown.

I was much amused while I was dressing to hear various members of the party in the lingerie, "Madame, voulez-vous me coudre un bouton," "les plumes de mon chapeau ne tiennent pas," etc., even Thornton came in to have his lace cravate tied. We were a long time getting to Prince Dolgourouky's palace; not that it is far away, but the streets are barricaded in every direction, however I didn't mind—the crowd was so interesting, packed tight; they had been standing for hours, they told us, such pale, patient faces, but so *un*joyous; no jokes, nor bits of songs, nor good-natured scuffling; so unlike our Paris crowd on a great fête day, laughing and chaffing, and commenting freely on everything; and certainly very much unlike the American-Irish crowd at home in New York, on the 4th of July or St. Patrick's day. I remember quite well putting boxes of fire-crackers in a tin pail to frighten the horses, and throwing numerous little petards under people's feet, but no one seemed to mind. Fancy the effect of a pailful of fire-crackers exploding in any part of Moscow to-day. The tribunes covered with red cloth, or red and gold, crammed; and armies of soldiers, mounted and on foot in every direction; and yet we were only in the side streets. The real crowd was in the Tverskaya where the cortège was to pass.

Grand Duc Wladimir.
From a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

When we arrived finally we were received by the Governor's two nieces, Madame Mounousourah and Princess Oberlenski. The Prince, like all the other Russian noblemen, took part in the cortège. All our colleagues were there, but the Duc de Montpensier was the only special envoy. All the other foreign Princes were riding with the Emperor's suite. It was almost a female gathering, though of course all the men of the Corps Diplomatique were there. We waited some little time in the large

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drawing-room, where many presentations were made; and then had a very handsome breakfast, people talking easily, but the Russians visibly nervous and preoccupied. As soon as it was over we went out on the balconies, where we remained until the cortège had passed. They brought us tea at intervals, but I never stirred from my chair until the end.

It was a beautiful sight as we looked down—as far as one could see, right and left, flags, draperies, principally red and gold, green wreaths, flowers and uniforms—the crowd of people well kept back behind a triple row of soldiers, the middle of the street perfectly clear, always a distant sound of bells, trumpets, and music. A salute of cannon was to let us know when the Emperor left Petrofski, the small palace just outside the walls where he has been all these days. As the time drew near one felt the anxiety of the Russians, and when the first coup sounded, all of them in the Palace and in the street crossed themselves. As the procession drew near the tension was intense. The Governor's Palace is about half way between the gate by which the Emperor entered and the Kremlin. He had all that long street to follow at a foot's pace. As soon as he entered the Kremlin another cannon would tell his people he was safe inside.

Colonel Benckendorff.

From a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

At last the head of the gorgeous procession appeared. It was magnificent, but I can't begin to tell you the details. I don't even remember all I saw, but you will read it all in the papers, as of course all their correspondents are here. There were quantities of troops of all descriptions, the splendid chevaliers-gardes looked very imposing with their white tunics and silver cuirasses; both horses and men enormous. What I liked best were the red Cossacks (even their long lances red). They look perfectly wild and uncivilized, and their little horses equally so, prancing and plunging all the time.

The most interesting thing to me was the deputations from all the provinces of this vast Empire—Kirghis, Moguls, Tartars, Kalmucks, etc. There was a magnificent chief from the Caucase, all in white, with jewelled sword and high cap (even from where we were, so high above the crowd, we saw the flash of the diamonds); the Khan of Khiva, Emir of Bokhara, both with high fur caps, also with jewels on cap and belt. A young fellow, cousin I think of the Prince Dolgourouky, came and stood near me, and told me as well as he could who the most important people were. Bells going all the time (and the Moscow bells have a deep, beautiful sound), music, the steady tramp of soldiers, and the curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people.

Then a break in the troops, and a long procession of gala court carriages passed, with six horses and six runners, a man to each horse, with all the grands-maîtres and high officials of the Court, each man covered with gold lace and embroidery, and holding his staff of office, white with a jewel at the top. After that more troops, the Emperor's body-guard, and then the Emperor himself. He was in full uniform, riding quite alone in front on his little white horse which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign. He

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looked quite composed and smiling, not a trace of nervousness (perhaps a little pale), returned all the salutations most graciously, and looked up, bowed and smiled to our balcony. A little distance behind him rode his two sons, and close up to him on the left rode the Duke of Edinburgh in red; any bomb that was thrown at the Emperor must have killed the English Prince.

Then followed a long suite of Princes —some of their uniforms, Austrian, Greek, and Montenegran standing out well. From that moment there was almost silence on the balcony; as the Emperor disappeared again all crossed themselves, and everyone waited for the welcome sound from the Kremlin.

After a long interval, always troops passing, came the Empress. She was with her daughter, the little Grand Duchess Zenia, both in Russian dress. The carriage was shut, a coupé, but half glass, so we saw them perfectly, and the high head-dress (Kakoshnike) and white veil, spangled with silver was very becoming. The carriage was very handsome, all gold and paintings; six white horses led, and running footmen. The Empress and her daughter were seated side by side, and on a curious sort of *outside* seat, on one side of the coupé, was a page, dressed in red and yellow, a sort of cloth of gold, with high feathers in his cap. The Empress looked grave and very pale, but she smiled and bowed all the time. It must have been an awful day for her, for she was so far behind the Emperor, and such masses of troops in between, that he might have been assassinated easily, she knowing nothing of it.

There was again a great sound of bells and music when the Empress passed, all the people crossing themselves, but the great interest of course was far ahead with the Emperor. A great procession of Court carriages followed with all the Princesses, Grandes-Maîtresses, etc., and endless troops still, but no one paid much attention; every ear was strained to hear the first sound from the Kremlin. When the cannon boomed out the effect was indescribable. All the Russians embraced each other, some with tears running down their cheeks, everybody shook hands with everybody, and for a moment the emotion was contagious—I felt rather a choke in my throat. The extraordinary reaction showed what the tension had been.

After rather a whirl of felicitations we went into the drawing-room for a few minutes, had tea (of course), and I talked to some of the people whom I had not seen before. Montpensier came up, and was very civil and nice. He is here as a Spanish Prince. He told me he had been frightfully nervous for the Emperor. They all knew that so many nihilists were about—he added, "Il était superbe, leur Empereur, si crâne."

We had to wait a few moments for the carriage and got home about 5, having been standing a long time. We were almost as long getting back to the Embassy as we were coming. There was a dense crowd everywhere, and the same little detachments of Cossacks galloping hard into the midst of the people, and apparently doing no harm to anyone.

I will finish now before going to bed—happily all our dissipations finish early. We dined quietly with only our own Embassy and Benckendorff, and then drove about for an hour or so looking at the illuminations, which were not very wonderful. We met all our colleagues doing the same thing. W. has just had his report from the detective. He said all the nihilists were scattered along the route today, but evidently had no intention of doing anything. It seems curious they should be allowed to remain, as of course the Russian police know them quite as well as our man does.

I have just had a notice that the Empress will receive me to-morrow. I will try and write a few lines always late before going to bed, and while the whole thing is still fresh in my memory. If this letter is slightly incoherent it is because I have had so many interruptions. The maids can hardly undress me, they are so anxious to tell me all they have seen. It certainly was a magnificent sight today, and the fears for the Emperor gave such a dramatic note to the whole thing. My eyes are rather tired, looking so hard I suppose.

Wednesday, May 23d.

Well, Dear, I have had my audience. It was most interesting. I started at 11 o'clock in the gala carriage, Hubert

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Reception of Deputations from the Provinces by the Emperor and Empress.

driving me, as he wanted to go once to the Kremlin with the carriage before the day of the Coronation. It seems there is a slight rise in the road just as one gets to the gate, which is also narrow. I wore the blue brocade with bunches of cherries, the front of moussé velvet, and a light blue crêpe bonnet, neither gloves nor veil. Benckendorff and Richard, as "officier de service," went ahead in a small carriage. Benckendorff said I must have one of my own Embassy, and Richard thought it would amuse him to come. W. rather demurred —was afraid we wouldn't be serious enough, but we promised him to be absolutely dignes. Do you remember at the first official reception at the Instruction Publique he never would let you and Pauline stand behind me—he was afraid we would make unseemly jokes, or laugh at some of the dresses.

Our progress to the Kremlin was slow. The carriage is heavy, goes always at a foot's pace, and has a swinging motion which is very disagreeable. I felt rather shy, sitting up there alone, as of course there is a great deal of glass, so that I was much "en évidence." Everybody looked, and the people in the street crowded close up to the carriage. We found grand preparations when we got to the Palace—the great staircase covered with a red cloth, and every variety of chamberlain, page, usher, and officer on the stairs and at the door. Benckendorff and Richard helped me out of my carriage, and Richard's impulse was to give me his arm to go upstairs, but he was waved back imperatively, and a magnificent gentleman in a velvet coat, all lace and embroidery, advanced, and conducted me up the grand staircase, always a little behind me. I passed through a hedge of uniforms and costumes. When we came to the landing where there was a piquet of soldiers my attendant said—"La France," and they presented arms.

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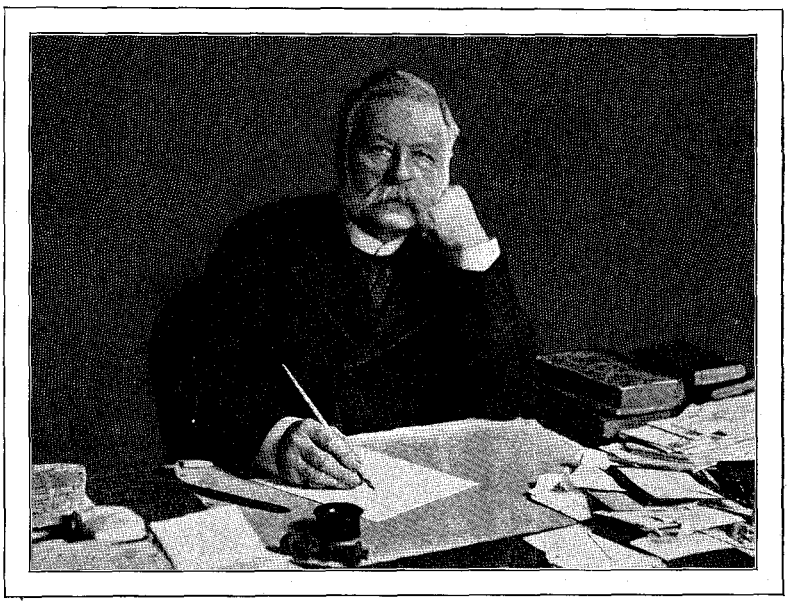
At the top of the staircase, at the door of the first of a long enfilade of salons, I was handed over, with a very low bow, from my first gentleman to another of the same description, equally all gold, lace, and embroidery; and so I passed through all the rooms, always meeting a new chamberlain in each one. The rooms are large and high, with vaulted roofs like a cathedral, little or no furuiture (I believe the Russian Court never sits down except at meals). We made a halt in one of the salons, where we found several maids of honor of the Empress, who were presented to me. They were all very much dressed in long, light dresses, and wore their badge—the Empress's chiffre in diamonds on a blue ribbon. While I was talking to them a procession of diplomats and special envoys passed through the room. They had just been received by the Empress.

Presently appeared Prince Galitzin—Grand Maître des Cérémonies, attired in red velvet, and lace, and embroidery, who said, "Sa Majeste sera bientôt prête." I continued my progress with the same ceremonial, passed through the salle du trône, which is handsome, white and gold; and came to a stand-still in the next salon, evidently the ante-chamber of the room where I was to be received, as the two colossal negroes who always accompany the Emperor and Empress were standing at the door. They were dressed in a sort of Asiatic costume, cashmeres, turbans, scimitars, etc. I was received by the Princess Kotschoubey and Count Pahlen, Arche Grande Maître. The Princess K. is the mother of Princess Lise Troubetzkoi (whom you will remember in Paris as having a salon the first days of the Republic where political men of all opinions assembled—Thiers was her great friend). She was a little old lady, dressed entirely in white, with a jewel low on her forehead, and Count Pahlen, Arche Grand Maître. He was dressed in blue velvet and embroidery, and carried his staff of office, white, with a large sapphire on the top.

We talked a few minutes, when apparently there came a signal from the Empress. The doors flew open, and the Princess advanced to the threshold, making a beautiful courtesy (I am sure mine was not half so good), she seemed to go straight down to the ground, said—"J'ai l'honneur d'annoncer l'Ambassadrice de France." She then withdrew to one side.



M. William Waddington.

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—I made a courtesy at the door, which was instantly shut, another, a little farther on (the regulation is 3), but hadn't time for my third, as the Empress, who was standing in the middle of the room, advanced a few steps, shook hands and begged me to sit down. I hadn't seen her for some years, since she came to Paris with her husband, then Grand Duke Héritier (his father was still alive), and I didn't find her changed. She recalls the Princess of Wales, but is not so tall; has beautiful dark eyes, and a very gracious manner. She was dressed almost as I was, but in a different color, yellow brocade with bunches of plumes, splendid lace in front, and a beautiful pearl necklace, three rows of large stones (my one row of fairly large ones was nowhere). I think I stayed about 20 minutes.

We talked easily enough. She said the long day yesterday had been very fatiguing, the going at a foot's pace all that long distance with the peculiar swinging motion of the heavy gala carriage had tired her very much; also the constant bowing right and left, and the quantities of flags and draperies waving under her eyes. She didn't say anything about being nervous, so of course I didn't. She gave me the impression of having extraordinary self-control. I asked her what the little Grand Duchess thought of it all. She said that she really didn't know—that she didn't speak, but looked at everything and bowed to all the people exactly as she did.

She said the day of the sacre would be very long and tiring, particularly beginning so early in the morning; that she was very matinale, quite accustomed to getting up early—was I. "Fairly—but I hadn't often been up and dressed in full dress and diamonds at seven in the morning." "You would prefer a ceremony by candle-light." "I think we should all look better at 9 o'clock in the evening." She laughed, and then we talked a little; Paris, chiffons, etc. She said some of her dresses had come from Philippe. We talked a little about Moscow and the Kremlin. She asked me what I had seen. When I spoke of the church and the tribunes for the Corps Diplomatique with *no* seats, and a very long ceremony, she was quite indifferent; evidently didn't think it was of the slightest consequence whether we were tired or not; and I don't suppose it is.

When she congédied me the door flew open (she evidently had a bell under her chair which she touched with her feet); she shook hands, and walked immediately to a door at the other end of the room; so I didn't have to back out all the way. Princess Kotschouby and Count Pahlen were waiting for me. The Princess said, "Sa Majesté vous a gardé bien longtemps Madame l'Ambassadrice, j'espère que vous avez été contente." Pahlen also made me a polite phrase. They both accompanied me across the room, and then the door opened, and another chamberlain took possession of me. Just as we got to the door the Princess was saying something about her daughter "devenue absolument une Parisienne," when it opened; she stopped short in the middle of her phrase, and made me a little courtesy—her function was over once I passed into the other room. It was too funny.

I was conducted through all the rooms and down the great staircase with the same ceremony. I found Richard waiting in one of the big rooms, with the "Dames du portrait," but this time he didn't venture to offer his arm to the Ambassadress, and followed with Benckendorff at a respectful distance.

I found my carriage surrounded by an admiring crowd. The horses are handsome and enormous, particularly here where the race is small, also the French gala liveries are unlike anything else. Hubert, my own coachman, sits up so straight and pompous on his box, and looks so correct I hardly know him. The movement of the gala carriage is something awful, makes me really ill.

May 23d, 10 o'clock.

We have had a quiet evening—some of the gentlemen have gone off to hear the famous Bohemiennes in one of the public gardens. They have been leaving cards all day on the special envoys, Princes, etc. W. and Pontécoulant are having a conference, and I have got into my tea-gown, and am reading a little, writing a little, and being generally lazy. W.

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and I also did a round of visits this afternoon.

As naturally none of our servants know either a word of Russian, or the streets of Moscow, we took with us the little polyglot youth from the Consulate, who knows equally well French, Russian, and German. We gave him our list, and he went ahead in a drosky.

We found no one but the Princess Oberlenski, who spoke at once about the Emperor's entrée; said no one could imagine the relief it was to all of them to know that he was actually safe in the Kremlin. They had evidently all dreaded that day, and of course notwithstanding all the precautions a bomb *could* have been thrown. The thrower par exemple would have been torn to pieces by the crowd; but what makes the strength of the nihilists is that they all count their lives as nothing in what they consider the great cause.

How hideous the life of the Emperor and the Empress must be. They say they find letters on their tables, in their carriages, coming from no one knows where, telling them of all the horrors in store for them and their children.

Ambassade de France a Moscou,
Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,
Dimanche, 27 Mai.

I am perfectly exhausted, Dear, after the most beautiful, bewildering, exhausting day I have ever gone through. We got home at 4.30. I rested a little, had tea as usual in my boudoir with W. and Richard, and will write as much as I can while I am still under the impression of all I have seen.

I was up at 5.30, as we had to leave here at 7. Philippe was very punctual—put on diadem and feathers very well. Happily it was all blue, rather dark (as my dress too was blue), and he remarked pleasantly, to put me at my ease I think, and make me feel as comfortable as I could at that hour of the morning, "Le bleu c'est le fard de Madame." He couldn't understand that I wouldn't let him maquiller my face—said all the Princesses were painted—but I really couldn't go into that.

When I appeared in the drawing-room, the men of the Embassy were very complimentary about my dress. We went in our three carriages (I had the white moire cloak, trimmed with dark feathers over me), W. and I and Pontécoulant in the first gala carriage driven by Leroy (I wish you could have seen him, as much taken up with *his dress* as I was with mine). He stood giving directions to a quantity of understrappers, but never touching harness, nor even whip, until we appeared, then got on his box as we got into the carriage, settled himself in a fine pose, and we started.

The second gala carriage driven by Hubert (who looked very well) came next, and then the d'Orsay. It really was a very pretty cortège, and we were much looked at and admired, as we drove very slowly, and jolting very much to the German Embassy. All our colleagues came up about the same time. Some of the gala carriages were good, the Austrian, but ours out and out the best. No one else had three.

We assembled in one of the large rooms of the palace, and then walked through numerous rooms, galleries, and finally through an open court, entirely covered with a red carpet, and lined with soldiers and officers—every description of uniform. The Chevalier-Gardes, magnificent in their white tunics, silver cuirasses and helmets. Happily it was fine—I don't know what we should have done in the rain, and also so early in the morning the sun was not génant (as it was later in the day). The long procession, the men in uniform and decorations; the women in full dress, feathers and diadems, were most effective.

I left my cloak in the carriage, and didn't feel chilly, but some of the women were uncomfortable, and had little lace and fur tippets. We filed into the church (which is small), and into the Diplomatic Tribune, and settled ourselves quite easily—there was plenty of room. The effect inside was dazzling: tapers, flowers, pictures, jewels, quantities of women already seated, all in the Kakoshnik, and a general impression of red and gold in their costumes. All the Empress's ladies wear red velvet trains, embroidered in gold. People seemed to be coming in all the time. Deputations from the provinces, officials of Moscow, officers, chamberlains,

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a moving mass of color. The costume of the Popes was gorgeous—cloth of gold with very high jewelled mitres.

We waited some time before the ceremony began, but there was so much to see that we didn't mind, and from time to time one of the officials came and stood with us a little, explaining who all the people were. The whole church was hung with red, and red carpets everywhere. Just in the middle there was a high estrade, covered with red velvet, and a great gold baldaquin with Imperial eagles embroidered on it. It was all surrounded by a gold balustrade, and on it were the two thrones. A little lower on the same estrade were the places of the Princes of the family, and the Foreign Princes.

A little before 9 the Imperial family began to arrive. Almost all the Grand Duchesses in trains of drap d'argent, bordered with sable, and magnificent jewels. Then there was a great sound of trumpets, and cheering outside (those curious, suppressed Russian cheers), and they told us the Emperor and Empress were coming. They were preceded by an officer of the Chevalier-Gardes, with sabre-à-nu. The Emperor was in full uniform, with the blue ribbon of St. André. The Empress quite simple in white and silver, the Imperial eagles embroidered on the front of her dress; no diadem, no veil, nor jewels; her train carried by 4 pages, her hair quite simply done—she looked so young, quite like a school-girl. Then followed a glittering suite of Princes, officers, etc.

The service was very long, the chanting quite fine: the men have beautiful, deep voices—I cared less for the intoning, they all end on such a peculiar, high note. I didn't like the looks of the Popes either—the long beards worried me. Of course the real interest was when the Emperor took the crown from the hands of the Pope (kneeling before him) and put it on his own head. He looked a magnificent figure, towering over everybody, as he stood there in his Imperial robes, cloth of gold lined with ermine, and a splendid jewelled collar. The crown looked high and heavy—made entirely of jewels

His two brothers, Grand Dukes Wladimir and Alexis, put on his robes. The Grand Duke Wladimir always stands close behind his brother. He has a stern, keen face. He would be the Regent if anything should happen to the Emperor, and I think his would be an iron rule.

As soon as the Emperor was crowned the Empress left her seat, came to the middle of the platform, made a deep courtesy to the Emperor, and knelt. Her court ladies then gathered around her, and put on the Imperial mantle, also in cloth of gold lined with ermine, and the same jewelled collar like the Emperor's. When she was dressed, the Emperor, stooping low over her, put on her crown, a small one made entirely in diamonds, raised her and kissed her. As she stood a moment she almost staggered back under the weight of the mantle—the 4 pages could hardly hold it.

Then the long procession of Princes and Princesses left their seats on the estrade, and passed before the Sovereigns. First came his two brothers Wladimir and Alexis. They kissed the Emperor, then bent low before her, kissing her hand. She kissed them each on the forehead. Next came the two young Princes, in uniform like their father, wearing also the blue ribbon of St. André, and the little Grand Duchess (aged 10) in a short white dress, but the Kakoshnik.

It was a pretty sight to see the children bowing and courtesying low to their parents. Some of the ladies' courtesys were wonderful—the Arch Duchess Charles Louis extraordinarily graceful (I wonder how I ever shall get through mine—I am certainly much less souple than these ladies). When they had all passed the Emperor went alone into the chapel to communier, and receive the sacred oil—the Empress remained kneeling outside.

We had various incidents in our tribune—one or two ladies fainted, but couldn't get out, they had to be propped up against the rail, and brought round with fans, salts, etc. We stood for three hours and a half.

The Emperor and Empress left the church with the same ceremony (we all following), and then there was a curious function Under a dais, still in their court robes, their trains carried by

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six or eight officers, they walked around the enceinte, going into three or four churches to make their devotions, all of us and all the other Princes following, all their suites, and an accompaniment of bells, cannon, music, and cheers. (I forgot to say that when the Emperor put his crown on his head in the church, the cannon announced to his people that their sovereign was crowned.)

We had a few drops of rain, then the sun came out strong, and I was rather wretched—however Général Pittié came to my rescue, and shaded me with his hat (all the men were bare-headed). There were tribunes all along the route for the people who hadn't been able to get into the church; in one of them all the younger members of the Embassies, as of course *all* couldn't be got inside. These two were all gold and red, filled with women, mostly in white, and men in uniform. You can't imagine what a gorgeous sight it was, and the crowd below packed tight, all gaping at the spectacle.

We didn't dirty our dresses (the trains of course we carried in our arms), I don't know why, as the red carpet was decidedly damp and muddyish in places. We finally arrived at the Vieux Palais where we were to breakfast, and the Emperor and Empress were also to have a little respite before dining in state with their people.

We had a handsome breakfast, quantities of gold and silver plate, and many Russian dishes. I didn't much like the looks of the soup, which was clear, but had various things floating about on it—uncooked fish, little black balls, which I thought might be caviar, which I don't ever like; and I was rather wondering what I should eat (I was very hungry), when my neighbor, Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, suggested I should share his meal. He didn't like Russian cookery either, so he had intrigued with a friendly official, who was going to bring him a cold chicken and a bottle of good red wine. I accepted joyfully, and we had a very good breakfast.

I think we were about three-quarters of an hour at table, and it was very pleasant to sit down after those hours of standing. When the breakfast was over, a little after two, we were conducted to the Imperial dining-room, a square, low room in the old Kremlin with a vaulted ceiling, and heavy Byzantine decorations; quantities of paintings on a gold ground, bright colored frescoes, most elaborate. There were great buffets and tables covered with splendid gold and silver plates, flagons, vases, etc. At the end of the room was a square, raised platform covered with red, and a splendid dais, all purple velvet, ermine, and gold embroidery where the Imperial couple were to dine with their faithful subjects.

We strangers were merely admitted for a few minutes to see the beginning of the meal, and then we retired, and the Emperor remained alone with his people. Of course officers and officials of all descriptions were standing close round the platform. There was a large table to the left as we came in, where almost all the Russians were already assembled—all the women in the national dress, high Kakoshnik, long white lace spangled veil, and a sort of loose hanging sleeve which was very effective. The ensemble was striking.

Presently we heard a sound of music and trumpets, which told us the Royalties were approaching, and as they came near we heard the familiar strains of the Polonaise from Glinka opera "La Vie pour le Czar," which is always played when the Emperor and Empress appear. They came with the usual escort of officers and chamberlains, smiling and bowing graciously to all of us. They seated themselves (always in their cloth of gold mantles, and crowns on their heads) on the two throne chairs; a small table was placed in front of them, and then the dinner began.

The soupière was preceded by a chamberlain in gold lace; held by a Master of Ceremonies, and flanked on each side by a gigantic Chevalier-garde, sabre à nu. There was always a collection of officials, chamberlains, pages, etc., bringing up the rear of the cortège, so that at each entrée a little procession appeared. We saw three dishes brought in with the same ceremony—the fish was so large on a large silver dish, that *two* Masters of Ceremonies held that.

It was really a wonderful sight, like a picture in some old history of the Moyen

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Age. As soon as the Sovereigns had taken their places on the thrones all the Russians at their table sat down too. We couldn't, because we had nothing to sit upon, so we remained standing at the end of the room, facing the estrade. They told us that when the Emperor raised his glass, and asked for wine, that was the signal for us to retire, and that it would be after the roast. (All our instructions were most carefully given to us by Benckendorff, who felt his responsibility.) Think what his position would have been if any member of *his* Embassy had made a "gaffe." Accordingly as soon as the roast made its appearance all our eyes were riveted upon the Emperor. He raised his glass slowly (very high) to give us time. General Schweinitz, as Doyen, stepped well forward, and made a very low bow. We all bowed and courtesied low (my knees are becoming more supple) and got ourselves out backwards. It wasn't very difficult as we had our trains over our arms.

I don't think we shall see anything more curious than that state banquet. I certainly shall never see again a soup tureen guarded by soldiers with drawn swords.

10 o'clock.

We dined quietly, everyone giving their experiences—of course the younger members of the Embassy, who had no places in the church, had a better impression of the ensemble than we had. They said the excitement and emotion of the crowd in the square before the church was extraordinary. All crossed themselves, and many cried, when the cannon told them that the Emperor was crowned. They seem to be an emotional, superstitious race. They also said the procession around the courts, when the Emperor and Empress were going to the various churches, was wonderful—a moving mass of feathers, jewels, banners, bright helmets and cuirasses, all glittering in the sun.

After dinner we drove about a little, seeing the illuminations, but the crowd was so dense we could hardly move, though the soldiers did all they could, and battered the people about. Then it began to rain a little, so I begged to come home It is raining quite hard now—I hear it on the marquise. Heavens how tired I am.

Of course I can't write half of what I have seen, but the papers will keep you quite au courant. Some of the newspaper correspondents were in the church, and of course plenty in the tribunes outside. Our carriages certainly made a great effect, and we were cheered various times on our way home.

Madame Hubert talks so much she can hardly get me my things. She is as much pleased with her husband's appearance as I am with mine. What an experience for them. When you think that she had never been out of Villers-Cotterets and Bourneville when she came to us, and Paris seemed a Paradise.

To G. K. S.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE, MOSCOW,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
June 5, 1883.

The Palace ball was quite beautiful last night. I had some misgivings as to my dress until we got to the Palace, as the gentlemen of the Embassy had evidently found me *very green* when we assembled in the great hall before starting: however as soon as we arrived in the big room of the Palace where we were all marshalled, Countess Linden (an American born) said to me at once "Oh, Mdme. Waddington, how lovely your pink roses look on the *dark blue* velvet," so I knew it was all right. I wore that dress of Delannoy's which she was sure would be most effective—pink tulle skirts—with a green velvet habit (chosen of course by candle-light) so that it did look very green by daylight, and a wreath of pink roses round the décolleté. I remember both Henrietta and Pauline were a little doubtful—but it certainly made more effect than any dress I wore except the blue manteau de cour. I will tell Delannoy. We always go in by a special side entrance to these Palace functions, which is a pity, as we miss the grand staircase which they told us was splendid with red carpets, soldiers, and gold-laced gentlemen to-night. We waited some time, an hour certainly, before the Court came, but as all the Corps Diplomatique were assembled there it was pleasant enough,

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and we all compared our experiences and our fatigue, for everybody was dead tired —the men more than the women.

The rooms are magnificent—very high, and entirely lighted by wax candles—thousands; one of the chamberlains told me how many, but I would scarcely dare to say. The Court arrived with the usual ceremony and always the same brilliant suite of officers and foreign Princes. The Emperor and Empress looked very smiling and not at all tired. She was in white with splendid diamonds, and the broad blue ribbon of St. André. He always in uniform. As soon as they appeared the polonaises began, this time three only, which the Emperor danced with the ladies of the family. I danced the first with the Grand Duke Wladimir. He is charming and amiable, but has a stern face when he isn't smiling. I think if the Russians ever feel his hand it will be a heavy one. I danced the 2nd with the Grand Duke Alexis, and looked on at the third. It was not nearly so fine a sight as the Court ball at the old palace. *There* the mixture of modern life and dress and half barbaric costumes and ornamentations was so striking; also the trains made such an effect, being all étaléd one was obliged to keep a certain distance, and that gave a stately air to the whole thing which was wanting last night when all the women were in ordinary ball dress, not particularly long, so that the cortège was rather crowded and one saw merely a mass of jewelled heads (the dress was lost). Also they merely walked around the ball-room, not going through all the rooms as we did at the old palace.

When the polonaises were over there were one or two waltzes. The Empress made several turns, but with the Princes only, and we stood and looked on.

While we were waiting there until someone should come and get us for some new function I heard a sort of scuffle behind me and a woman's impatient voice saying in English "I can't bear it another moment," and a sound of something falling or rolling across the floor. I turned round and saw Mdme. A—— (a secretary's wife, also an American) apparently struggling with something, and very flushed and excited. I said, "What is the matter?" "I am kicking off my shoes." "But you can never put them on again." "I don't care if I never see them again—I can't stand them another minute." "But you have to walk in a cortège to supper with the Imperial party." "I don't care at all, I shall walk in my stockings," then came another little kick, and the slipper disappeared, rolling underneath a heavy damask curtain. I quite sympathized with her, as my beautiful white slippers (Moscow manufacture) were not altogether comfortable, but I don't think I should have had the strength of mind to discard them entirely. When I was dressing, Adelaide tried to persuade me that I had better put on the pink satin slippers that matched my dress; but my experience of the hours of standing at all Russian Court functions had at least taught me not to start with anything that was at all tight.

While we were looking at the dancing the Grand Duke Michel came over and asked me if I wouldn't come and stand a little with the Grand Duchesses. He took me to a little group where were the Grand Duchesses Michel and Constantine and the Queen of Greece (she is always so gay and natural). They at once asked me who had made my dress, and what color it was. They had been talking about it, and couldn't agree. The Grand Duchess Constantine had on her emeralds, and beautiful they were—blocks of stone, rather difficult to wear. She must have been very handsome, has still a beautiful figure, and holds herself splendidly.

We talked music a little—she said I ought to hear some of the people's songs. I should like to very much, but there doesn't seem any place where one can hear the national songs. The men of the Embassy went one night to the "Hermitage," where there was a little of everything, and did hear some of the peasants singing their national airs, but they didn't seem to think I could go. While we were still talking there was a move, and they said the Empress (who had been dancing all the time in a small circle made for her at her end of the ball-room and very strictly kept) was going to have tea. All the Court and suite followed, and I was rather wondering

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how to get back to my place and my colleagues when a tall aide-de-camp came up and said he would have the honor of conducting me to Her Majesty's tea—so we started off across several rooms and corridors which were crowded, and arrived at a door where the two gigantic negroes were standing. He said something—the doors flew open—he made me a low bow and retired (as he couldn't come any farther), and I found myself standing alone in a large room with four or five tables—every one seated. For a moment I didn't know quite what to do, and felt rather shy, but the Princess Kotschoubey, Grande Maîtresse, who was standing in the middle of the room, came forward at once and took me to the Duchesse d'Édinbourg's table where there were also the Arch-Duchess Charles Louis, the Princess of Oldenbourg, a young Hessian Prince and my two colleagues, Lady Thornton and Madame Jaurès.

We had tea and ices—didn't talk much, except the Duchess of Edinburgh, who seems clever and ready to talk—but I wasn't near her. I didn't see all the Ambassadors, mine certainly wasn't there, and of course very few comparatively of our colleagues, as only Ambassadors and their wives were invited to Her Majesty's tea (no small fry, like Ministers).

I had the explanation of W.'s absence later. When the Court moved off to tea General Wolseley suggested that W. should come and smoke a cigar in his room. He was lodged at the Kremlin with his Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh. He, like a true Briton, had enough of bowing and standing. W. was naturally quite of the same opinion, so they picked up Admiral Seymour (also with the Duke of Edinburgh) and had a very pleasant hour smoking and talking until they were summoned for supper. *That* they couldn't get out of as we made a fine procession directly behind the Court through all the rooms to St. George's Hall—a great white high room magnificently lighted, with tablets all around the walls with the names of the Knights of the Order of St. George who had died in battle, and a souper assis for 800 people. Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador, took me. As we were parading through the rooms between two hedges of gaping people looking at the cortège, dresses, diamonds, &c., I thought of Mdme. A—— and her stockings, and wondered how she was getting on. I daresay quite well, as she had a yellow satin dress and yellow silk stockings perhaps no one noticed anything, and as long as she didn't step on a needle or anything sharp she was all right. Some one will find a nice little pair of yellow satin shoes under the window-curtains in the ball-room when the cleaning up is done after the fêtes. The hall was a blaze of light and jewels—a long table across the end for the Imperial party, and all of us at two long tables running the whole length of the room. The gold and silver plate was very handsome, particularly the massive flambeaux and high ornaments for the middle of the table. The supper was good, hot, and quickly served. There was music all the time—singers, men and women, in a gallery singing all sorts of Russian airs which nobody listened to. The Emperor did not sit down to supper. He remained standing in the middle of the room talking to his gentlemen and a few words to the diplomatists when supper was over and one loitered a little before going back to the ball-room. He certainly doesn't care to talk to strangers—seeks them out very little, and when he does talk it is absolutely banal. Is it "paresse d'esprit" or great reserve—one hardly knows. I should think all this parade and function bored him extremely. They say he is very domestic in his tastes, and what he likes best is the country with his wife and children.

After supper we went back to the ball-room for about half an hour. Then the Court retired and we followed them at once. We got our carriages fairly quickly. There are always crowds in the streets waiting to see the grande-monde pass. The Kremlin looks fairy-like as we drive through—lights everywhere, some high, high up in a queer little octagon green tower—then a great door-way and staircase all lighted, with quantities of servants and soldiers standing about: then a bit of rough pavement in a half-dark court and under a little low dark gate with a shrine and Madonna at one

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end—all so perfectly unmodern, and unlike anything else.

To G. K. S.

PARIS, 31, RUE DUMONT D'URVILLE,
July 3d.

We got back this morning at 10 o'clock. The journey was very comfortable—there is nothing like those French "lits-salons." Our departure from Cologne was rather amusing. The Chef de Gare summoned us at the last moment—all the passengers had taken their places, the doors were shut, officials careering up and down the platform, and *yet* the train didn't start. Various heads were put out of the windows, and one or two irate gentlemen inquired what they were waiting for, and why didn't we start. Then we appeared strolling leisurely down the platform, with a small suite of gentlemen, officers, etc. The adieux were again a little long, and really one man was bursting with rage, and not at all mollified when he heard it was an Ambassador returning to France after the Coronation; "he supposed Ambassadors could be as punctual as anybody else, and when an express started at 10.30, it was 10.30 for everybody."

We were very pleased to find Hubert and the coupé waiting for us at the Gare de l'Est, and Baby and nounou in the street at the door of the Porte Cochère.

Well the Moscow Coronation is over —I wonder what the next turn of the wheel will bring us.

THE END.

Coupé Dorsay demi gala.

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CAPTAIN MEAGHAN'S RETIREMENT

By Harvey J. O'Higgins Illustrations by George Wright

He rolled over on the hose to pin it down.—Page 324.

WHEN the alarm of fire in Cook & Co.'s warehouse rang in the truck-house of Hook and Ladder Company No. 0, at ten o'clock that night, Captain Meaghan and Battalion-Chief Tighe were closeted together in the captain's room. "No," Tighe had been repeating patiently, "there ain't any knockin' in it. There ain't any politics in it. There ain't anything in it but just what I'm tellin' you. The Chief says he wants young blood in the department He's squeezed out all

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the old fellers out of the ranks, an' now he's goin' higher up. If you won't get out without raisin' a kick, you'll have to stand examinin' by the medical board. An' you know how that's worked."

"Why don't he retire Brodrick?" Meaghan asked, plaintively.

Tighe did not answer. "I'm sorry," he went on. "I'm sorry, but it's likely's not to be my call next. We're all of us gettin' stiff, I guess. They say you can't learn an old dog any new stunts——"

Captain Meaghan's anger had passed with his first indignant protests that he was being put out of the department for private or political ends. He relapsed now into a silent apathy and resignation; and he stood in the centre of his room to gaze at his swivel chair and his desk of papers—the empty throne and office of his power—with a mute pathos of fixed eye and wrinkled forehead.

Tighe continued: "We all got to come to it some time. An' it ain't as bad as lots of jobs I know, where a man's chucked out on the streets without a cent. You'll have your half pay to live easy on, anyways."

Captain Meaghan sat down by the window, as if his desk were already occupied by the right of his successor. "Live!" he said. "I know how I'm goin' to live. But what'm I goin' to *do?* Where's my *work?*"

"Well, if I was you," Tighe said, "I'd guess I'd worked long enough."

Meaghan did not reply. He sank forward to rest his forearms on his knees and let his heavy hands hang down limp between them.

Tighe watched him in silence. There was nothing more that he could say, and yet he did not know how to get out of the room without saying something. He was looking wistfully at the door, when he was saved from an awkward exit by the jangling of the "jigger" with the first strokes of the alarm of fire. He flung out of the room in a noisy haste that made an excuse of urgency out of an excess of bustle. And the house awoke at once to the sound of cries and footfalls and the dull pounding of horses' hoofs on the planking.

Captain Meaghan rose like an automaton to the bell, and reached down his cap from a hook in the corner. He put it on; and he seemed to grope and feel around the room with his eyes, in a bewildered and wandering gaze, as he did so. Then he turned to go out in a blind stumble; and he closed the door behind him, either absent-mindedly or in the way a woman will gently shut herself out of a room of happy memories when she leaves it forever to the past.

The truck was waiting for him impatiently below stairs. He nodded to the driver, and swung himself up to his place on the "turn-table" as the horses sprang forward obliquely from the pole with straining haunches, and the great machine rolled out on noiseless axles into the darkness.

His lieutenant was the only one who noticed that he put on his helmet wrong side before; and the lieutenant noticed it because he was Gallegher—the soft-hearted, the slow-handed, the sure and steady Gallegher—who had heard the rumor of changes in the battalion, and knew that Meaghan was in danger. The men on the side-step were either sleepily putting on their rubber coats while they clung to the ladders, or were borrowing and lending the chewing tobacco with which they were accustomed to fortify themselves against the thirst and excitement of a fire. There was some chaffing among those on the other side of the truck, and the lieutenant glared at them through the rungs of the ladders, understanding from the manner of his captain that Tighe's interview with "the Old Man" had brought him his retirement; for Meaghan, instead of leaning out from the turn-table to watch the street ahead and call unnecessary directions to the driver, was holding on with both hands, his face to the ladders, and swaying dizzily with the lurching of the truck.

When they swung around a street corner into the black belch of "steamers," Gallegher had to say "Here we are, sir," before Meaghan raised his eyes. Even then he did not seem to waken. He did not get down until the truck had stopped; and he stood in the gutter fumbling with his helmet—as if he noticed for the first time that it sat uneasily awry on his head—until Gallegher, having righted it for him, said, "Chief's over there, sir," and pointed him out where he stood beside his carriage.

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"Hit on the lock!" he yelled.—Page 320.

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Meaghan shambled across the street to report the arrival of his company, with a dispirited "No. o, Chief."

The head of the department, without turning to him, answered, impatiently: "Get in, then. Get in. They don't seem to be able to find the cursed fire."

Meaghan looked up dully at the five-storied warehouse that showed a dark bulk of brick in the feeble light of the street-lamps. He saw smoke leaking out around the iron shutters of its second and third stories, as if from the joints of a dampered box-stove. He saw firemen on ladder-tops working to force an entrance through these shutters with crow-bars and jimmies. A second-story window had been opened, and a flaccid hose hung down empty from it to show that the blaze had not been found. And two engine crews, having coupled butts to hydrants and stretched their lines of hose, were waiting like soldiers in a night attack for the order to advance.

For one blank moment, Meaghan stood at gaze. Then he pushed back his helmet from his forehead; his face set in a thoughtful scowl; he spat at his feet; he looked up again, frowning. And, suddenly, he pulled down the peak of his helmet to his eyes, with the manner of a mind resolved, and bounded forward in a run across the cobble-stones to his command.

"Ground floor!" he shouted. "Break in the doors!" Three of the company leaped at the truck and dragged out the battering-ram—a knobbed bar of iron, fitted with handles for two men. "That's no good," he bawled angrily at them. "Get your twenty-foot ladder!" Six of them dragged down the heavy ladder, caught it at both ends and the middle, and ran at full tilt with it against the warehouse doors. "Hit on the lock!" he yelled.

Lieutenant Gallegher suggested, mildly: "Smoke's all up above, sir."

Meaghan brushed him aside as the impact of the half-dozen men, behind the steel-shod hundred-weight of wood, struck the doors a blow that burst them open with a crash of splintered planking and the sharp report of snapped metal.

"Get in, now," Meaghan cried. "Get in! Never mind your lights. You can't open your eyes in there. Get your axes." Gallegher dropped his lantern and ran to them. Smoke had begun to thicken in the doorway. They stopped to drag out their ladder. "Oh, Hell!" Meaghan yelled. "Get in, will you? Find the fire! Find the fire!"

Three of them, armed from the truck, disappeared after Gallegher into the smoke. Meaghan sent three others to support them, and hurried out into the road to see the front of the building; and now, as he looked up from the smoke of the doorway to the smoke of the windows and down again, he jerked his head backward and forward abruptly and spasmodically, with an old man's exaggerated alertness in the set of his chin. He ran back to the door. "Try the elevator shaft," he shouted in.

The cry that replied to him sounded from above him, as if the men were groping their way up the stairs; and this was not what he had intended that they should do. He rushed out into the street to look up again at the smoke in the windows. He found it thinned and lessened, and with an oath of exasperation he charged back into the doorway to shout, "Come down here an' feel the floors! Feel the floors!" He got no answer. He waved to the rest of the company to follow him, and plunged headlong into the choking heat and darkness.

When the old fireman's "sixth sense" warned him of obstacles in his path, he dropped on hands and knees to scuttle forward on flat palms over the smooth hardwood. He stopped, in a moment, to take off his helmet and lay his cheek to the planks. He scrambled on again—knocking against a packing-case that scraped his bare temple with its tin "straps"—"eating smoke," with his nose down to get the low current of cold air. When he stopped a second time he put his ear to the floor. Then he jumped to his feet, ran forward blindly, struck against a tin-sheathed door and fell panting at the crack beneath it.

He could hear, unmistakably, the quiet grumble of stifled flames. And the flooring was hot under his hands.

With that he turned on all-fours, followed his path back with an unerring sense of direction, shouldered into the packing-case, picked up his helmet, rose

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Meaghan had picked out the steel maul and was attacking the dead-lights with it.

to his feet and ran for the doorway, shouting to the men who were groping around him in the darkness.

Two of Gallegher's squad were coughing and gasping in the street. "Report No. o finds fire in the basement," he cried in a heart-lifting exultation; "comin' up th' elevator shaft! . . . Smash in those dead-lights! Get your cellar pipe."

One of the men darted out into the confusion of the street to find the Chief. Before the other could reach the truck, Meaghan had picked out the steel maul and was attacking the dead-lights with it. And swung with the stiff, short blows of strong shoulders, he drove it through thick glass and cracking cast-iron with the accuracy of a stone-breaker.

His men joined him with their axes; and while they were still working there, Gallegher came out, choking and coughing, from the stairs. He saw Meaghan

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working with the maul like a common truckman, and he did not understand the sight. He went over to him. The captain tossed him the heavy hammer, ordered him to take the men into the cellar, and hurried back to the truck for an axe. He was met by an engine company dragging a line of hose. "Come along here," he greeted them. "Fire's in the back;" and led them into the ground floor on the double.

Gallegher looked up at him as he passed, and remained staring after him when he was lost in the smoke. He knew that it was Meaghan's place to remain with his own company. He supposed—from what he had guessed of the condition of the captain's mind—that the old man, stung with the thought of his retirement, would commit some folly that would endanger his life. He turned to one of the crew. "Look after this," he said; and shutting his teeth with a snap on the stifle that puffed into his face, he began to track up the line of hose which Meaghan had led in.

He found the air at once almost unbreathable, the heat unendurable; but he made better progress, on the sure trail, than the men who had preceded him, and he quickly overtook the foreman of the engine company, who, with his two pipemen, was following on hands and knees after Meaghan, whom they had lost. Gallegher heard the captain's call ahead of them, and he dashed forward in the direction of the voice to find Meaghan snaking in through the smoke, dragging his axe, as if he were crawling in a burrow.

Gallegher threw himself beside him. "Start your water," Meaghan ordered. "We can't make the door."

"It's me—Gallegher," the lieutenant gasped.

"What? What's the matter?" Meaghan asked, thickly. "What d'you want? . . . Eh?"

Gallegher stammered: "I thought you'd— I thought—" It was impossible to confess what he had thought.

"Someone want me?" Meaghan asked.

He got no answer.

"Who wants me?"

Gallegher did not answer.

He had, in fact, taken advantage of the darkness to retreat from his mistake. "He's over to the right there," he said hurriedly to the pipemen as he passed; and he came out on the street red and flustered with the consciousness of having made an indiscreet fool of himself.

He was standing over the men, at their work of lowering a ladder into the basement, when the captain came unexpectedly out to him. "What?" he said, looking around him for a superior officer. "Who wants me?"

Gallegher struggled with a clumsy lie, in an abashed silence. Meaghan glared at him. "Who wanted me?" he demanded.

The lieutenant did not answer; he looked up with a piteously appealing eye. The truth dawned on the captain. "What the—" He choked. "What d'you—What the devil!"

Gallegher eased his helmet. "Well," he tried to explain, "I was afraid you'd——"

"Afraid I'd what?" Meaghan bellowed at him. "Ain't I old enough to take care of my—" The words stopped him. "Well, by G—," he swore. "That's it, is it? You got the Chief's bat, have you?" He shook his fist in the lieutenant's eyes. "When I want a nurse, I'll tell you—you. You cubs, you'd been huntin' for this blaze yet if it hadn't been for me."

A muffled cry of "Start your water!" sounded from within. The lineman on the threshold took up the cry and sent it bounding from man to man, like a tossed ball, over the tumult of the street, into the echoing gorge of high buildings at the corner.

Meaghan took off his helmet and threw it in Gallegher's face. "Blast your eyes," he cried. "Why can't you mind your own business. You think you know it all, don't you? If I didn't know any more'n you do about a fire——"

The hose at their feet writhed, swelled, and stiffened to the size of a gigantic serpent. "You obey your orders, see?" Meaghan cried. "I'm captain of this company yet a while;" and with a last furious oath, turned and darted back into the doorway.

Gallegher put a hand across his bruised mouth. "Well, darn his old hide," he said.

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The voice above them said: "Get off him."—Page 324.

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"I'll show him I got's much right in there as him;" and kicking aside the captain's helmet, he followed him doggedly in.

When Captain Meaghan reached the nozzle again, he found the pipemen lying drenched with the water that beat back on them from the near wall in a refreshingly cool spray. He shouted to them to turn the stream to the left where he knew the door to be. They could not hear him. He crawled over one of them to push the nozzle aside, and the man promptly gave place to him. He lay down beside the pipe and directed it blindly; and in a moment the powerful stream struck the tin sheathing with a roaring weight that burst the door from its hinges into a hissing flame.

The heat leaped out on them before a live puff of flame, and Captain Meaghan felt the man beside him kick and struggle with the pain and stingings of blistered hands and cracking lips. Then the nozzle tried to lash free of his grip; the remaining pipeman clambered over his legs, and he was left alone.

He rolled over on the hose to pin it down, rested the nozzle on his arm, and hid his face beside it where he could get the little air that was freed from the stream. His anger against Gallegher and the Chief set his jaws in a determination to beat back the fire, even though he was helpless before *them*. And that Irish resolution held him until the first torture of the heat had slowly passed and left him numb and drowsy in that effect of physical ease which precedes death by fire as it precedes death by freezing.

He was aroused by the touch of a hand on his boot-heel. It closed tightly around his instep and tugged at his leg; and he kicked out impatiently to show that he was in no need of help. A man crawled up on him and loosened his hands from the nozzle—which immediately wriggled free of him and began to thresh about on the floor. He protested angrily, trying to catch the hose again. A pair of strong arms closed under his chest, turned him, lifted him, and threw him suddenly over a broad shoulder. He fought with the smooth tarpaulin of a "turn-out" coat until his knees were pinned together in the crook of an arm, and his rescuer, straightening his back to the load, rose swaying with him and began to run through the smoke toward the doorway.

Slung head down, and choked with the rush of blood to his throat, Meaghan caught speechlessly at the man's legs in a vain attempt to trip him. He might as well have tried to hold back a runaway horse by leaning down out of the saddle to catch its hoofs; the fireman went ahead with him unheedingly. The crew of an engine company, hurrying in to the fire, bumped against them. He got a breath of cooler air, and he beat on the rubber coat, shouting a maddened indignation. Then, as he was borne out of the doorway, he caught a glimpse of the street, turned topsy-turvy, and the fear of making his situation still more laughable before his command, held him ragingly still and silent.

His rescuer bent forward to heave him upright on his feet, and stood back from him warily. And he saw that it was Gallegher.

If he had had an axe in his hand, he would have killed the lieutenant on the spot. Having no weapon, he leaped at him, without a word, not striking him but clutching for his throat, in the primitive instinct of the savage to use his fingers as claws. Gallegher wrapped him in a tender embrace, threw him carefully on the flag-stones, and sat on his chest. He raved and fought in a panting struggle to wriggle himself free, growling like an animal, his face blackened with smoke and fire, his eyes red-rimmed as the haws of a mastiff, his teeth gleaming through a singed mustache.

Someone said over Gallegher's shoulder: "What's wrong here?"

The lieutenant forced down a straining arm and gasped: "Man gone fire crazy!"

"You're a liar!" Meaghan yelled. "You're a liar! You're a li—" Gallegher shifted his weight to the captain's diaphragm, and he ended in a grunting groan.

The voice above them said: "Get off him." And Gallegher looked up to recognize the Chief.

He rose with a stubborn reluctance. Meaghan sprang unsteadily to his feet. He was weak almost to the point of tears. "He's been—chasin' me aroun'

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all night," he panted. "Haulin' me out of everywhere I got——"

"You've been tryin' to get yourself burned alive," Gallegher cut in. "An' when I carried him out of a blazin' fire, he tried to t'rottle me. Look at him!" He pointed to the burned and blackened face of his captain.

"Ain't I able to take care of myself?" Meaghan cried.

"No, you ain't," Gallegher said. "You been runnin' wild aroun' here all night. You ain't right. You know you ain't right."

"What's wrong about him?" the Chief interposed.

"I don't know," Gallegher said, sulkily.

"There ain't nuthin' wrong about me," Meaghan complained. "I wanted to have a whirl out of the fire—seein' it was goin' to be my last. . . . An' I did have a whirl out of it, too," he boasted. "I found it. An' I'd 've held it in the shaft there, if that —— hadn't yanked me out."

The Chief stroked his mustache. "What do you say it was your 'last' for?"

Meaghan frowned at him. "Tighe said *you* said——"

The Chief shook his head slowly. "I told Tighe either Brodrick or you ought to give place to a younger man."

Meaghan looked down at his rubber boots. "I don't want to squeeze out Brodrick, neither," he said. "If I got to go, I'll go."

The Chief stood aside for the entrance of another engine company. "Well," he ruled, "you can do as you like about it. Brodrick fell off a ladder over there, and broke his hip. He's out anyway. You can go too, if you want to. Nobody's going to prevent you, but nobody's going to force you to." He followed into the building after the linemen.

Meaghan looked up at Gallegher. Gallegher looked away. He saw the captain's much-abused helmet lying on the curb-stone, and he went to pick it up.

Meaghan took it from him and clapped it on his head. "It's lucky for you I didn't have anything to hit you with," he growled.

"Yes, sir," Gallegher answered, meekly.

Meaghan glared at him. "Well, what'd you do it for?"

"I thought there was something wrong with you," Gallegher apologized. "I didn't want you to—to get hurt."

The captain snorted his contempt. "Who told you to think? You obey orders—that's your business."

Gallegher raised an humble eye to him. "Yes, sir," he said.

Meaghan scowled and swallowed. Gallegher waited in a pose of humility that it would have been inhuman to abuse. "Where's the boys?" the captain demanded.

"In the cellar," Gallegher replied.

"Well," he said with a heavy sarcasm, "don't you think it's about time you yanked them out?"

And when the lieutenant was descending the ladder, Meaghan looked up at the smoking windows and down on the crown of Gallegher's helmet with his old mouth twisted in what seemed to be the grim suppression of a smile.

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

IX

THE Major was in town and Miss Lucy had gone to spend the day with a neighbor; so Chad was left alone. "Look aroun', Chad, and see how you like things," said the Major. "Go anywhere you please."

And Chad looked around. He went to the barn to see his old mare and the Major's horses, and to the kennels, where the fox-hounds reared against the palings and sniffed at him curiously; he strolled about the quarters, where the little pickaninnies were playing, and out to the fields, where the servants were at work under the overseer, Jerome Conners, a tall, thin man with shrewd eyes, a sour, sullen face, and protruding upper teeth. One of the few smiles that ever came to that face came now when the overseer saw the little mountaineer. By and by Chad got one of the "hands" to let him take hold of the plough and go once around the field, and the boy handled the plough like a veteran, so that the others watched him, and the negro grinned, when he came back, and said:

"You sutinly can plough fer a fac'!"

He was lonesome by noon and had a lonely dinner, during which he could scarcely realize that it was really he—Chad—Chad sitting up at the table alone and being respectfully waited on by a kinky-headed little negro girl—called Thankyma'am because she was born on Thanksgiving-day—and he wondered what the Turners would think if they could see him now—and the schoolmaster. Where was the schoolmaster? He began to be sorry that he hadn't gone to town to try to find him. Perhaps the Major would see him—but how would the Major know the schoolmaster? He was sorry he hadn't gone. After dinner he started out-doors again. Earth and sky were radiant with light. Great white tumbling clouds were piled high all around the horizon—and what a long length of sky it was in every direction! Down in the mountains, he had to look straight up, sometimes, to see the sky at all. Blackbirds chattered in the cedars as he went to the yard gate. The field outside was full of singing meadow larks, and crows were cawing in the woods beyond. There had been a light shower, and on the dead top of a tall tree he saw a buzzard stretching his wings out to the sun. Past the edge of the woods, ran a little stream with banks that were green to the very water's edge, and Chad followed it on through the woods, over a worm rail-fence, along a sprouting wheat field, out into a pasture in which sheep and cattle were grazing, and on, past a little hill, where, on the next low slope, sat a great white house with big white pillars, and Chad climbed on top of the stone fence—and sat, looking. On the portico stood a tall man and a lady in black. At the foot of the steps a boy—a head taller than Chad perhaps—was rigging up a fishing-pole. A negro boy was leading a black pony toward the porch, and, to his dying day, Chad never forgot the scene. For, the next moment, a little figure in a long riding skirt stood in the big doorway and then ran down the steps, while a laugh, as joyous as the water running at his feet, floated down the slope to his ears. He saw the negro stoop, the little girl bound lightly to her saddle; he saw her black curls shake in the sunlight, again the merry laugh tinkled in his ears, and then, with a white plume nodding from her

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black cap, she galloped off and disappeared among the trees; and Chad sat looking after her—thrilled, mysteriously thrilled—mysteriously saddened, straightway. Would he ever see her again?

The tall man and the lady in black went in-doors, the negro disappeared, and the boy at the foot of the steps kept on rigging his pole. Several times voices sounded under the high creek bank below him, but, quick as his ears were, Chad did not hear them. Suddenly there was a cry that startled him, and something flashed in the sun over the edge of the bank and flopped in the grass.

"Snowball!" an imperious young voice called below the bank, "get that fish!"

On the moment Chad was alert again—somebody was fishing—and he sprang from his perch and ran toward the fish just as a woolly head and a jet-black face peeped over the bank.

The pickaninny's eyes were stretched wide when he saw the strange figure in coon-skin cap and moccasins running down on him, his face almost blanched with terror, and he loosed his hold and, with a cry of fright, rolled back out of sight. Chad looked over the bank. A boy of his own age was holding another pole, and, hearing the little darky slide down, he said, sharply:

"Get that fish, I tell you!"

"Look dar, Mars' Dan, look dar!"

The boy looked around and up and stared with as much wonder as his little body-servant, but with no fear.

"Howdye!" said Chad; but the white boy stared on silently.

"Fishin'?" said Chad.

"Yes," said Dan, shortly—he had shown enough curiosity and he turned his eyes to his cork. "Get that fish, Snowball," he said again.

"I'll git him fer ye," Chad said; and he went to the fish and unhooked it and came down the bank with the perch in one hand and the pole in the other.

"Whar's yo' string?" he asked, handing the pole to the still trembling little darky.

"I'll take it," said Dan, sticking the butt of his cane-pole in the mud. The fish slipped through his wet fingers, when Chad passed it to him, dropped on the bank, flopped to the edge of the creek, and the three boys, with the same cry, scrambled for it—Snowball falling down on it and clutching it in both his black little paws.

"Dar now!" he shrieked. "I got him!"

"Give him to me," said Dan.

"Lemme string him," said the black boy.

"Give him to me, I tell you!" And, stringing the fish, Dan took the other pole and turned his eyes to his corks, while the pickaninny squatted behind him and Chad climbed up and sat on the bank—letting his legs dangle over. When Dan caught a fish he would fling it with a whoop high over the bank. After the third fish, the lad was mollified and got over his ill-temper. He turned to Chad:

"Want to fish?"

Chad sprang down the bank quickly.

"Yes," he said, and he took the other pole out of the bank, put on a fresh wriggling worm, and moved a little farther down the creek where there was an eddy.

"Ketchin' any?" said a voice above the bank, and Chad looked up to see still another lad, taller by a head than either he or Dan—evidently the boy whom he had seen rigging a pole up at the big house on the hill.

"Oh, 'bout 'leven," said Dan, carelessly.

"Howdye!" said Chad.

"Howdye!" said the other boy, and he, too, stared curiously, but Chad had got used to people staring at him.

"I'm goin' over the big rock," added the new arrival, and he went down the creek and climbed around a steep little cliff, and out on a huge rock that hung over the creek, where he dropped his hook. He had no cork, and Chad knew that he was fishing for catfish. Presently he jerked, and a yellow mudcat rose to the surface, fighting desperately for his life, and Dan and Snowball yelled crazily. Then Dan pulled out a perch.

"I got another one," he shouted. And Chad fished silently. They were making "a mighty big fuss," he thought, "over mighty little fish. If he just had a minnow an' had 'em down in the mountains, 'I Gonnies, he'd show 'em what fishin' was." But he began to have good luck as it was. Perch after perch he pulled out quietly, and he kept Snowball busy string-

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ing them until he had five on the string. The boy on the rock was watching him and so was the boy near him—furtively—while Snowball's admiration was won completely, and he grinned and gurgled his delight, until Dan lost his temper again and spoke to him sharply. Dan did not like to be beaten at anything. Pretty soon there was a light thunder of hoofs on the turf above the bank. A black pony shot around the bank and was pulled in at the edge of the ford, and Chad was looking into the dancing black eyes of a little girl with a black velvet cap and a white plume waving from it.

"Howdye!" said Chad, and his heart leaped curiously, but the little girl did not answer. She, too, stared at him as all the others had done and started to ride into the creek, but Dan stopped her sharply:

"Now, Margaret, don't you ride into that water. You'll skeer the fish."

"No, you won't," said Chad, promptly. "Fish don't keer nothin' about a hoss." But the little girl stood still, and her brother's face flushed. He resented the stranger's interference and his assumption of a better acquaintance with fish.

"Mind your own business," trembled on his tongue, and the fact that he held the words back only served to increase his ill-humor and make a worse outbreak possible. But, if Chad did not understand, Snowball did, and his black face grew suddenly grave and he sprang more alertly than ever at any word from his little master. Meanwhile, all unconscious, Chad fished on, catching perch after perch, but he could not keep his eyes on his cork, and more than once he was warned by a suppressed cry from the pickaninny when to pull. Once, when he was putting on a worm, he saw the little girl watching the process with great disgust, and he remembered that Melissa would never bait her own hook. All girls were alike, he "reckoned" to himself, and when he caught a fish that was unusually big, he walked over to her.

"I'll give this un to you," he said, but she shrank from it.

"Go 'way!" she said, and she turned her pony. Dan was red in the face by this time. How did this piece of poor white trash dare to offer a fish to his sister? And this time the words came out like the crack of a whip:

"Mind your own business!"

Chad started as though he had been struck and looked around quickly. He said nothing, but he stuck the butt of his pole in the mud and climbed up on the bank again and sat there, with his legs hanging over; and his own face was not pleasant to see. The little girl was riding at a walk up the road. Chad kept perfect silence, for he realized that he had not been minding his own business; still he did not like to be told so and in such a way. Both corks were shaking at the same time now.

"You got a bite," said Dan, but Chad did not move.

"You got a bite, I tell you," he said, in almost the tone he had used to Snowball, but Chad when the small aristocrat looked sharply around, dropped his elbows to his knees and his chin into his hand—taking no notice. Once he spat dextrously into the creek. Dan's own cork was going under:

"Snowball!" he cried—"jerk!" A fish flew over Chad's head. Snowball had run for the other pole at command and jerked, too, but the fish was gone and with it the bait.

"You lost that fish!" said the boy, hotly, but Chad sat silent—still. If he would only say something! Dan began to think that the stranger was a coward. So presently, to show what a great little man he was, he began to tease Snowball, who was up on the bank unhooking the fish, of which Chad had taken no notice.

"What's your name?"

"Snowball!" shouted the black little henchman, obediently.

"Louder!"

"S-n-o-w-b-a-l-l!"

"Louder!" The little black fellow opened his mouth wide.

"S-N-O-W-B-A-L-L!" he shrieked.

"LOUDER!"

At last Chad spoke—quietly.

"He can't holler no louder."

"What do you know about it? Louder!" and Dan started menacingly after the little darky: but Chad stepped between.

"Don't hit him!"

Now Dan had never struck Snowball in

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his life, and he would as soon have struck his own brother—but he must not be told that he couldn't. His face flamed and little Hotspur that he was, he drew his fist back and hit Chad full in the chest. Chad leaped back to avoid the blow, tumbling Snowball down the bank; the two clinched, and, while they tussled, Chad heard the other brother clambering over the rocks, the beat of hoofs coming toward him on the turf, and the little girl's cry:

"Don't you *dare* touch my brother!"

Both went down side by side with their heads just hanging over the bank, where both could see Snowball's black wool coming to the surface in the deep hole, and both heard his terrified shriek as he went under again. Chad was first to his feet.

"Git a rail!" he shouted and plunged in, but Dan sprang in after him. In three strokes, for the current was rather strong, Chad had the kinky wool in his hand, and, in a few strokes more, the two boys had Snowball gasping on the bank. Harry, the taller brother, ran forward to help them carry him up the bank, and they laid him, choking and bawling, on the grass. Whip in one hand and with the skirt of her long black riding-habit in the other, the little girl stood above, looking on—white and frightened. The hullabaloo had reached the house and General Dean was walking swiftly down the hill, with Snowball's mammy, topped by a red bandanna handkerchief rushing after him and the kitchen servants following.

"What does this mean?" he said, sternly, and Chad was in a strange awe at once—he was so tall, and he stood so straight, and his eye was so piercing. Few people could lie into that eye. The little girl spoke first—usually she does speak first, as well as last.

"Dan and—and—that boy were fighting and they pushed Snowball into the creek."

"Dan was teasin' Snowball," said Harry the just.

"And that boy meddled," said Dan.

"Who struck first?" asked the General, looking from one boy to the other. Dan dropped his eyes sullenly and Chad did not answer.

"I wasn't goin' to hit Snowball," said Dan.

"I thought you wus," said Chad.

"Who struck first?" repeated the General, looking at Dan now.

"That boy meddled and I hit him."

Chad turned and answered the General's eyes steadily.

"I reckon I had no business meddlin'!"

"He tried to give sister a fish."

That was unwise in Dan—Margaret's chin lifted.

"Oh," she said, "that was it, too, was it? Well——"

"I didn't see no harm givin' the little gal a fish," said Chad. "Little gal," indeed! Chad lost the ground he might have gained. Margaret's eyes looked all at once like her father's.

"I'm a little *girl*, thank you."

Chad turned to her father now, looking him in the face straight and steadily.

"I reckon I had no business meddlin', but I didn't think hit was fa'r fer him to hit the nigger; the nigger was littler, an' I didn't think hit was right."

"I didn't mean to hit him—I was only playin'!"

"But I *thought* you wus goin' to hit him," said Chad. He looked at the General again. "But I had no business meddlin'." And he picked up his old coonskin cap from the grass to start away.

"Hold on, little man," said the General.

"Dan, haven't I told you not to tease Snowball?" Dan dropped his eyes again.

"Yes, sir."

"You struck first, and this boy says he oughtn't to have meddled, but I think he did just right. Have you anything to say to him?" Dan worked the toe of his left boot into the turf for a moment.

"No, sir."

"Well go up to your room and think about it awhile and see if you don't owe somebody an apology. Hurry up now an' change your clothes. You'd better come up to the house and get some dry clothes for yourself, little man," he added to Chad. "You'll catch cold."

"Much obleeged," said Chad. "But I don't ketch cold."

He put on his old coonskin cap, and then the General recognized him.

"Why, aren't you the little boy who bought a horse from me in town the other

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day?" And then Chad recognized him as the tall man who had cried out:

"Let him have her."

"Yes, sir."

"Well I know all about you," said the General, kindly. "You are staying with Major Buford. He's a great friend and neighbor of mine. Now you must come up and get some clothes Harry!"—But Chad, though he hesitated, for he knew now that the gentleman had practically given him the old mare, interrupted, sturdily,

"No, sir, I can't go—not while he's a-feelin' hard at me."

"Very well," said the General, gravely. Chad started off on a trot and stopped suddenly.

"I wish you'd please tell that little *gurl*"—Chad pronounced the word with some difficulty—"that I didn't mean nothin' callin' her a little gal. Ever'body calls gurls gals whar I come from."

"All right," laughed the General. Chad trotted all the way home and there Miss Lucy made him take off his wet clothes at once, though the boy had to go to bed while they were drying, for he had no other clothes, and while he lay in bed the Major came up and listened to Chad's story of the afternoon, which Chad told him word for word just as it had all happened.

"You did just right, Chad," said the Major, and he went down the stairs, chuckling:

"Wouldn't go in and get dry clothes because Dan wouldn't apologize. Dear me! I reckon they'll have it out when they see each other agin. I'd like to be on hand, and I'd bet my bottom dollar on Chad." But they did not have it out. Half an hour after supper somebody shouted "Hello!" at the gate, and the Major went out and came back smiling.

"Somebody wants to see you, Chad," he said. And Chad went out and found Dan out there on the black pony with Snowball behind him.

"I've come over to say that I had no business hittin' you down at the creek, and—" Chad interrupted him:

"That's all right," he said, and Dan stopped and thrust out his hand. The two boys shook hands gravely.

"An' my papa says you are a man an' he wants you to come over and see us and I want you—and Harry and Margaret. We all want you."

"All right," said Chad. Dan turned his black pony and galloped off.

"An' come soon!" he shouted back.

Out in the quarters Mammy Ailsie, old Tom's wife, was having her own say that night.

"Ole Marse Cal Buford pickin' a piece o' white trash out de gutter an' not sayin' whar he come from an' nuttin' 'bout him. An' old Mars Henry takin' him jus' like he was quality. My Tom say dat boy don' know who is his mammy ner his daddy. I ain' gwine to let my little mistis play wid no sech trash, I tell you—'deed I ain't!" And this talk would reach the drawing-room by and by, where the General was telling the family, at just about the same hour, the story of the horse sale and Chad's purchase of the old brood mare.

"I knew where he was from right away," said Harry. "I've seen mountain people wearing caps like his up at Uncle Brutus's, when they come down to go to Richmond."

The General frowned.

"Well, you won't see any more people like him up there again."

"Why, papa?"

"Because you aren't going to Uncle Brutus's any more."

"Why, papa?"

The mother put her hand on her husband's knee.

"Never mind, son," she said.

X

GOD'S Country.

No humor in that phrase to the blue-grass Kentuckian! There never was—there is none now. To him, the land seems in all the New World, to have been the pet shrine of the Great Mother herself. She fashioned it with loving hands. She shut it in with a mighty barrier of mighty mountains to keep the mob out. She gave it the loving clasp of a mighty river, and spread broad, level prairies beyond that the mob might glide by, or be tempted to the other side, where the earth was level

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and there was no need to climb : that she might send priests from her shrine to reclaim western wastes or let the weak or the unloving—if such could be—have easy access to another land.

In the beginning, such was her clear purpose to the Kentuckian's eye, she filled it with flowers and grass and trees, and fish and bird and wild beast, just as she made Eden for Adam and Eve. The red men fought for the Paradise—fought till it was drenched with blood, but no tribe, without a mortal challenge from another straightway, could ever call a rood its own. Boone loved the land from the moment the eagle eye in his head swept its shaking wilderness from a mountain-top, and every man who followed him loved the land no less. And when the chosen came they found the earth ready to receive them—lifted above the baneful breath of river-bottom and marshland, drained by rivers full of fish, filled with woods full of game, and underlaid—all—with thick blue limestone strata that, like some divine agent working in the dark, kept crumbling—ever crumbling—to enrich the soil and give bone-building virtue to every drop of water and every blade of grass. For those chosen people—such, too, seemed her purpose—the Mother went to the race upon whom she has smiled a benediction for a thousand years—the race that obstacle but strengthens, that thrives best under an alien effort to kill, that has ever conquered its conquerors, and that seems bent on the task of carrying the best ideals any age has ever known back to the Old World from which it sprang. The Great Mother knows ! Knows that her children must suffer, if they stray too far from her great teeming breasts. And how she has followed close when this race—her youngest born—seemed likely to stray too far—gathering its sons to her arms in virgin lands that they might suckle again and keep the old blood fresh and strong. Who could know what danger threatened it when she sent her blue-eyed men and women to people the wilderness of the New World ? To climb the Alleghanies, spread through the wastes beyond, and plant their kind across a continent from sea to sea. Who knows what dangers threaten now, when, this task done, she seems to be opening the eastern gates of the earth with a gesture that seems to say—" Enter, reclaim, and dwell therein ! "

One little race of that race in the New World, and one only, has she kept flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone—to that race only did she give no outside aid. She shut it in with gray hill and shining river. She shut it off from the mother state and the mother nation and left it to fight its own fight with savage nature, savage beast, and savage man. And thus she gave the little race strength of mind and body and brain, and taught it to stand together as she taught each man of the race to stand alone, protect his women, mind his own business, and meddle not at all ; to think his own thoughts and die for them if need be, though he divided his own house against itself ; taught the man to cleave to one woman, with the penalty of death if he strayed elsewhere ; to keep her—and even himself—in dark ignorance of the sins against Herself for which she has slain other nations, and in that happy ignorance keeps them to-day, even while she is slaying elsewhere still.

And Nature holds the Kentuckians close even to-day—suckling at her breasts and living after her simple laws. What further use she may have for them is hid by the darkness of to-morrow, but before the Great War came she could look upon her work and say with a smile that it was good. The land was a great series of wooded parks such as one might have found in Merry England, except that worm fences and stone walls took the place of hedge along the highways. It was a land of peace and of a plenty that was close to easy luxury—for all. Poor whites were few, the beggar was unknown, and throughout the region there was no man, woman, or child, perhaps, who did not have enough to eat and to wear and a roof to cover his head, whether it was his own roof or not. If slavery had to be—then the fetters were forged light and hung loosely. And, broadcast, through the people, was the upright sturdiness of the Scotch-Irishman, without his narrowness and bigotry ; the grace and chivalry of the Cavalier without his Quixotic sentiment and his weakness ; the jovial good-nature of the English squire and the leavening spirit of a simple yeomanry that bore itself with unconscious

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tenacity to traditions that seeped from the very earth. And the wings of the eagle hovered over all.

For that land it was the flowering time of the age and the people; and the bud that was about to open into the perfect flower had its living symbol in the little creature racing over the blue-grass fields on a black pony, with a black velvet cap and a white nodding plume above her shaking curls, just as the little stranger who had floated down into those Elysian fields—with better blood in his veins than he knew—was a reincarnation perhaps of the spirit of the old race that had lain dormant in the hills. The long way from log cabin to Greek portico had marked the progress of the generations before her; and, on this same way, the boy had set his sturdy feet.

XI

ON Sunday the Major and Miss Lucy took Chad to church—a country church built of red brick and overgrown with ivy—and the sermon was very short, Chad thought, for, down in the mountains, the circuit-rider would preach for hours—and the deacons passed around velvet pouches for the people to drop money in, and they passed around bread, of which nearly everybody took a pinch, and a silver goblet with wine, from which the same people took a sip—all of which Chad did not understand. Usually the Deans went to Lexington to church, for they were Episcopalians, but they were all at the country church that day, and with them was Richard Hunt, who smiled at Chad and waved his riding-whip. After church Dan came to him and shook hands. Harry nodded to him gravely, the mother smiled kindly, and the General put his hand on the boy's head. Margaret looked at him furtively, but passed him by. Perhaps she was still "mad" at him, Chad thought, and he was much worried. Margaret was not shy like Melissa, but her face was kind. The General asked them all over to take dinner, but Miss Lucy declined—she had asked people to take dinner with her. And Chad, with keen disappointment, saw them drive away.

It was a lonely day for him that Sunday. He got tired staying so long at the table, and he did not understand what the guests were talking about. The afternoon was long, and he wandered restlessly about the yard and the quarters. Jerome Conners, the overseer, tried to be friendly with him for the first time, but the boy did not like the overseer and turned away from him. He walked down to the pike gate and sat on it, looking over toward the Dean's. He wished that Dan would come over to see him or, better still, that he could go over to see Dan and Harry and—Margaret. But Dan did not come and Chad could not ask the Major to let him go—he was too shy about it—and Chad was glad when bedtime came.

Two days more and spring was come in earnest. It was in the softness of the air, the tenderness of cloud and sky, and the warmth of the sunlight. The grass was greener and the trees quivered happily. Hens scratched and cocks crowed more lustily. Insect life was busier. A stallion nickered in the barn, and from the fields came the mooing of cattle. Field-hands going to work chaffed the maids about the house and quarters. It stirred dreamy memories in the Major of his youth, and it brought a sad light into Miss Lucy's faded eyes. Would she ever see another spring? It brought tender memories to the General, and over at Woodlawn, after he and Mrs. Dean had watched the children go off with happy cries and laughter to school, it led them back into the house hand in hand. And it set Chad's heart aglow as he walked through the dewy grass and the singing of many birds toward the pike gate. He, too, was on his way to school—in a brave new suit of clothes—and nobody smiled at him now, except admiringly, for the Major had taken him to town the preceding day and had got the boy clothes such as Dan and Harry wore. Chad was worried at first—he did not like to accept so much from the Major.

"I'll pay you back," said Chad. "I'll leave you my hoss when I go way, if I don't," and the Major laughingly said that was all right and he made Chad, too, think that it was all right. And so spring took the shape of hope in Chad's breast, that morning, and a little later it took the shape of Margaret, for he soon saw the

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Dean children ahead of him in the road and he ran to catch up with them.

All looked at him with surprise—seeing his broad white collar with ruffles, his turned-back, ruffled cuffs, and his boots with red tops; but they were too polite to say anything. Still Chad felt Margaret taking them all in and he was proud and confident. And, when her eyes were lifted to the handsome face that rose from the collar and the thick yellow hair, he caught them with his own in an unconscious look of fealty, that made the little girl blush and hurry on and not look at him again until they were in school, when she turned her eyes, as did all the other boys and girls, to scan the new "scholar." Chad's work in the mountains came in well now. The teacher, a gray, sad-eyed, thin-faced man, was surprised at the boy's capacity, for he could read as well as Dan, and in mental arithmetic even Harry was no match for him; and when in the spelling class he went from the bottom to the head in a single lesson the teacher looked as though he were going to give the boy a word of praise openly and Margaret was regarding him with a new light in her proud eyes. That was a happy day for Chad, but it passed after school when, as they went home together, Margaret looked at him no more; else Chad would have gone by the Deans' house when Dan and Harry asked him to go and look at their ponies and the new sheep that their father had just brought; for Chad was puzzled and awed and shy of the little girl. It was strange—he had never felt that way about Melissa. But his shyness kept him away from her day after day until, one morning, he saw her ahead of him going to school alone, and his heart thumped as he quietly and swiftly overtook her without calling to her; but he stopped running that she might not know that he had been running, and for the first time she was shy with him. Harry and Dan were threatened with the measles, she said, and would say no more. When they went through the fields toward the schoolhouse Chad stalked ahead as he had done in the mountains with Melissa, and, looking back, he saw that Margaret had stopped. He waited for her to come up, and she looked at him for a moment as though displeased. Puzzled, Chad gave back her look for a moment and turned without a word—still stalking ahead. He looked back presently and Margaret had stopped and was pouting.

"You aren't polite, little boy. My mamma says a *nice* little boy always lets a little *girl* go first." But Chad still walked ahead. He looked back presently and she had stopped again—whether angry or ready to cry, he could not make out—so he waited for her, and as she came slowly near he stepped gravely from the path, and Margaret went on like a queen.

In town, a few days later, he saw a little fellow take off his hat when a lady passed him, and it set Chad to thinking. He remembered asking the schoolmaster once what was meant when the latter read about a knight doffing his plume, and the schoolmaster had told him that men, in those days, took off their hats in the presence of ladies just as they did in the Blue-grass now; but Chad had forgotten. He understood it all then and he surprised Margaret, next morning, by taking off his cap gravely when he spoke to her; and the little lady was greatly pleased, for her own brothers did not do that, at least, not to her, though she had heard her mother tell them that they must. All this must be chivalry, Chad thought, and when Harry and Dan got well he revived his old ideas, but Harry laughed at him and Dan did, too, until Chad, remembering Beelzebub, suggested that they should have a tournament with two rams that the General had tied up in the stable. They would make spears and each would get on a ram. Harry would let them out into the lot and they would have "a real charge—sure enough." But Margaret received the plan with disdain, until Dan, at Chad's suggestion, asked the General to read them the tournament scene in "Ivanhoe," which excited the little lady a great deal; and when Chad said that she must be the Queen of Love and Beauty she blushed prettily and thought, after all, that it would be great fun. They would make spears of ash-wood and helmets of tin buckets, and perhaps Margaret would make red sashes for them. Indeed, she would, and the tournament would take place on the next Saturday. But on Saturday one of the sheep was taken over to Major Buford's and the other was turned

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loose in the Major's back-pasture and the great day had to be postponed.

It was on the night of the reading from "Ivanhoe" that Harry and Dan found out how Chad could play the banjo. Passing old Mammy's cabin that night before supper, the three boys had stopped to listen to old Tom play, and after a few tunes, Chad could stand it no longer. "I foller pickin' the banjer a leetle," he said shyly, and thereupon he had taken the rude instrument and made the old negro's eyes stretch with amazement, while Dan rolled in the grass with delight, and every negro who heard gathered around the boy. After supper Dan brought the banjo into the house and made Chad play in the porch, to the delight of them all. And there, too, the servants gathered, and even old Mammy was observed slyly shaking her foot—so that Margaret clapped her hands and laughed the old woman into great confusion. After that no Saturday came that Chad did not spend the night at the Deans, or Harry and Dan did not stay at Major Buford's. And not a Saturday passed that the three boys did not go coon-hunting with the darkies, or fox-hunting with the Major and the General. Chad never forgot that first starlit night when he was awakened by the near winding of a horn and heard the Major jump from bed. He jumped too, and when the Major reached the barn a dark little figure was close at his heels.

"Can I go, too?" Chad asked, eagerly.

"Think you can stick on?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Get my bay horse. That old mare of yours is too slow."

The Major's big bay horse! Chad was dizzy with pride.

When they galloped out into the dark woods, there were the General and Harry and Dan and half a dozen neighbors, sitting silently on their horses and listening to the music of the hounds.

The General laughed.

"I thought you'd come," he said, and the Major laughed too, and cocked his ear. "Old Rock's ahead," he said, for he knew, as did everyone there, the old hound's tongue.

"He's been ahead for an hour," said the General with quiet satisfaction, "and I think he'll stay there."

Just then a dark object swept past them, and the Major with a low cry hied on his favorite hound.

"Not now, I reckon," he said, and the General laughed again.

Dan and Harry pressed their horses close to Chad, and all talked in low voices.

"Ain't it fun?" whispered Dan. Chad answered with a shiver of pure joy.

"He's making for the creek," said the Major, sharply, and he touched spurs to his horse. How they raced through the woods, cracking brush and whisking around trees, and how they thundered over the turf and clattered across the road and on! For a few moments the Major kept close to Chad, watching him anxiously, but the boy stuck to the big bay like a jockey, and he left Dan and Harry on their ponies far behind. All night they rode under the starlit sky, and ten miles away they caught poor Reynard. Chad was in at the kill, with the Major and the General, and the General gave Chad the brush with his own hand.

"Where did you learn to ride, boy?"

"I never learned," said Chad, simply, whereat the Major winked at his friends and patted Chad on the shoulders.

"I've got to let my boys ride better horses, I suppose," said the General; "I can't have a boy who does not know how to ride beating them this way."

Day was breaking when the Major and Chad rode into the stable-yard. The boy's face was pale, his arms and legs ached, and he was so sleepy that he could hardly keep his eyes open.

"How'd you like it, Chad?"

"I never knowed nothing like it in my life," said Chad.

"I'm going to teach you to shoot."

"Yes, sir," said Chad.

As they approached the house a squirrel barked from the woods.

"Hear that, Chad?" said the Major. "We'll get him."

The following morning Chad rose early and took his old rifle out into the woods, and when the Major came out on the porch before breakfast the boy was coming up the walk with six squirrels in his hand. The Major's eyes opened and he looked at the squirrels when Chad dropped them on the porch. Every one of them was shot through the head.

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"Well, I'm damned! How many times did you shoot, Chad?"

"Seven."

"What—missed only once?"

"I took a knot fer a squirrel once," said Chad.

The Major roared aloud.

"Did I say I was going to teach you to shoot, Chad?"

"Yes, sir."

The Major chuckled and that day he told about those squirrels and that knot to everybody he saw. With every day the Major grew fonder and prouder of the boy and more convinced than ever that the lad was of his own blood.

"There's nothing that I like that that boy don't take to like a duck to water." And when he saw the boy take off his hat to Margaret and observed his manner with the little girl, he said to himself that if Chad wasn't a gentleman born, he ought to have been, and the Major believed that he must be.

Everywhere, at school, at the Deans, with the darkies—with everybody but Conners, the overseer—Chad became a favorite, but, as to Napoleon, so to Chad, came Waterloo—with the long deferred tournament came Waterloo to Chad.

And it came after a certain miracle on May-day. The Major had taken Chad to the festival where the dance was on sawdust in a woodland—in the bottom of a little hollow, around which the seats ran as in an amphitheatre. Ready to fiddle for them stood none other than John Morgan himself, his gray eyes dancing and an arch smile on his handsome face; and, taking a place among the dancers, were Richard Hunt and—Margaret. The poised bow fell, a merry tune rang out, and Richard Hunt bowed low to his little partner, who, smiling and blushing, dropped him the daintiest of graceful courtesies. Then the miracle came to pass. Rage straightway shook Chad's soul—shook it as a terrier shakes a rat—and the look on his face and in his eyes went back a thousand years. And Richard Hunt, looking up, saw the strange spectacle, understood, and did not even smile. On the contrary, he went at once after the dance to speak to the boy and got for his answer fierce, white, staring silence and a clenched fist, that was almost ready to strike. Something else that was strange happened then to Chad. He felt a very firm and a very gentle hand on his shoulder, his own eyes dropped before the piercing dark eyes and kindly smile above him, and, a moment later, he was shyly making his way with Richard Hunt toward Margaret.

It was on Thursday of the following week that Dan told him the two rams were once more tied in his father's stable. On Saturday, then, they would have the tournament. To get Mammy's help Margaret had to tell the plan to her, and Mammy stormed against the little girl taking part in any such undignified proceedings, but imperious Margaret forced her to keep silent and help make sashes and a tent for each of the two knights. Chad would be the "Knight of the Cumberland" and Dan the "Knight of the Blue-grass." Snowball was to be Dan's squire and black Rufus, Harry's body-servant, would be squire to Chad. Harry was King John, the other pickaninnies would be varlets and vassals, and outraged Uncle Tom, so Dan told him, would, "by the beard of Abraham," have to be a "Dog of an Unbeliever." Margaret was undecided whether she would play Rebecca or the "Queen of Love and Beauty," until Chad told her she ought to be both, so both she decided to be. So all was done—the spears fashioned of ash, the helmets battered from tin-buckets, colors knotted for the spears, and shields made of sheepskins. On the stiles sat Harry and Margaret in royal state under a canopy of calico with indignant Mammy behind them. At each end of the stable lot was a tent of cotton, and before one stood Snowball and before the other black Rufus, each with his master's spear and shield. Near Harry stood Sam, the trumpeter, with a fox-horn to sound the charge, and four black vassals stood at the stable-door to lead the chargers forth.

Near the stiles were neighbors' children, and around the barn was gathered every darky on the place, while behind the hedge and peeping through it were the Major and the General, the one chuckling, the other smiling indulgently.

The stable-door opened, the vassals disappeared and came forth each pair leading a ram, one covered with red calico, the other with blue cotton, and each with a

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bandanna handkerchief around his neck. Each knight stepped forth from his tent, as his charger was dragged—ba-a-ing and butting—toward it, and, grasping his spear and shield and setting his helmet on more firmly, got astride gravely—each squire solemn, for the King had given command that no varlet must show unseemly mirth. Behind the hedge the Major was holding his hands to his sides and the General was getting grave. It had just occurred to him that those rams would make for each other like tornadoes, and he said so.

"Of course they will," chuckled the Major. "Don't you suppose they know that? That's what they're doing it for. Bless my soul!"

The King waved his hand just then and his black trumpeter tooted the charge.

"Leggo!" said Chad.

"Leggo!" said Dan.

And Snowball and Rufus let go, and each ram ran a few paces and stopped with his head close to the ground, while each knight brandished his spear and dug with his spurred heels. One charger gave a ba-a! The other heard, raised his head, saw his enemy, and ba-a-ed an answering challenge. Then they started for each other with a rush that brought a sudden fearsome silence, quickly followed by a babel of excited cries, in which Mammy's was loudest and most indignant. Dan, nearly unseated, had dropped his lance to catch hold of his charger's wool, and Chad had gallantly lowered the point of his, because his antagonist was unarmed. But the temper of rams and not of knights was in that fight now and they came together with a shock that banged the two knights into each other like catapults and hurled both violently to the ground. General Dean and the Major ran anxiously from the hedge. Several negro men rushed for the rams, who were charging and butting like demons. Harry tumbled from the canopy in a most unkingly fashion. Margaret cried and Mammy wrung her hands. Chad rose dizzily, but Dan lay still. Chad's elbow had struck him in the temple and knocked him unconscious.

The servants were thrown into an uproar when Dan was carried back into the house. Harry was white and almost in tears.

"I did it, father, I did it," he said, at the foot of the steps.

"No," said Chad, sturdily, "I done it myself."

Margaret heard and ran from the hallway and down the steps, brushing away her tears with both hands.

"Yes, you did—you *did*," she cried. "I hate you."

"Why, Margaret," said General Dean.

Chad, startled and stung, turned without a word and, unnoticed by the rest, made his way slowly across the fields.

XII

IT was the tournament that, at last, loosed Mammy's tongue. She was savage in her denunciation of Chad to Mrs. Dean—so savage and in such plain language that her mistress checked her sharply, but not before Margaret had heard, though the little girl, with an awed face, slipped quietly out of the room into the yard, while Harry stood in the doorway, troubled and silent.

"Don't let me hear you speak that way again, Mammy," said Mrs. Dean, so sternly that the old woman swept out of the room in high dudgeon. And yet she told her husband of Mammy's charge.

"I am rather surprised at Major Buford."

"Perhaps he does not know," said the General. "Perhaps it isn't true."

"Nobody knows anything about the boy."

"That's true."

"Well, I cannot have my children associating with a waif."

"He seems like a nice boy."

"He uses extraordinary language. I cannot have him teaching my children mischief. Why I believe Margaret is really fond of him. I know Harry and Dan are." The General looked thoughtful.

"I will speak to Major Buford about him," he said; and he did—no little to that gentleman's confusion—though he defended Chad stanchly—and the two friends parted with some heat.

Thereafter, the world changed for

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Chad, for is there any older and truer story than that Evil has wings, while Good goes a plodding way? And Chad felt the change, in the negroes, in the sneering overseer, and could not understand. The rumor reached Miss Lucy's ears and she and the Major had a spirited discussion that rather staggered Chad's kind-hearted champion. It reached the school, and a black-haired youngster, named Georgie Forbes, who had long been one of Margaret's abject slaves, and who hated Chad, brought out the terrible charge in the presence of a dozen school-children at noon-recess one day. It had been no insult in the mountains, but Chad, dazed though he was, knew it was meant for an insult, and his hard fist shot out promptly, landing in his enemy's chin and bringing him bawling to the earth. Others gave out the cry then, and the boy fought right and left like a demon. Dan stood sullenly near, taking no part, and Harry, while he stopped the unequal fight, turned away from Chad coldly, calling Margaret, who had run up toward them, away at the same time, and Chad's three friends turned from him then and there, while the boy, forgetting all else, stood watching them with dumb wonder and pain. The school-bell clanged, but Chad stood still—with his heart well-nigh breaking. In a few minutes the last pupil had disappeared through the school-room door, and Chad stood under a great elm—alone. But only a moment, for he turned quickly away, the tears starting to his eyes, walked rapidly through the woods, climbed the worm-fence beyond, and dropped, sobbing, in the thick blue-grass.

An hour later he was walking swiftly through the fields toward the old brick house that had sheltered him. He was very quiet at supper that night, and after Miss Lucy was gone to bed and he and the Major were seated before the fire he was so quiet that the Major looked at him anxiously.

"What's the matter, Chad? Are you sick!"

"Nothin'—no, sir."

But the Major was uneasy, and when he rose to go to bed he went over and put his hand on the boy's head.

"Chad," he said, "if you hear of people saying mean things about you you mustn't pay any attention to them."

"No, sir."

"You're a good boy, and I want you to live here with me. Good-night, Chad," he added, affectionately. Chad nearly broke down, but he steadied himself.

"Good-by, Major," he said, brokenly. "I'm obleeged to you."

"Good-by?" repeated the Major. "Why——"

"Good-night, I mean," stammered Chad.

The Major stood inside his own door, listening to the boy's slow steps up the second flight. "I'm gettin' to love that boy," he said, wonderingly—"An' I'm damned if people who talk about him don't have me to reckon with"—and the Major shook his head from side to side. Several times he thought he could hear the boy moving around in the room above him, and while he was wondering why the lad did not go to bed he fell asleep.

Chad was moving around. First, by the light of a candle, he laboriously dug out a short letter to the Major—scalding it with tears. Then he took off his clothes and got his old mountain suit out of the closet—moccasins and all—and put them on. Very carefully he folded the pretty clothes he had taken off—just as Miss Lucy had taught him—and laid them on the bed. Then he picked up his old rifle in one hand and his old coon-skin cap in the other, blew out the candle, slipped noiselessly down the stairs in his moccasined feet, out the unbolted door and into the starlit night. From the pike fence he turned once to look back to the dark, silent house amid the dark trees. Then he sprang down and started through the fields—his face set toward the mountains.

It so happened that mischance led General Dean to go over to see Major Buford about Chad next morning. The Major listened patiently—or tried ineffectively to listen—and when the General was through he burst out with a vehemence that shocked and amazed his old friend.

"Damn those niggers!" he cried, in a tone that seemed to include the General in his condemnation, "that boy is the best

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boy I ever knew. I believe he is my own blood, he looks like that picture there"—pointing to the old portrait—"and if he is what I believe he is, by ——, sir, he gets this farm and all I have. Do you understand that?"

"I believe he told you what he was."

"He did—but I don't believe he knows, and, anyhow, whatever he is, he shall have a home under this roof as long as he lives."

The General rose suddenly—stiffly.

"He must never darken my door again."

"Very well." The Major made a gesture which plainly said, "In that event, you are darkening mine too long," and the General rose, slowly descended the steps of the portico, and turned:

"Do you really mean, Cal, that you are going to let a little brat that you picked up in the road only yesterday stand between *you* and *me*?"

The Major softened.

"Look here," he said, whisking a sheet of paper from his coat pocket. While the General read Chad's scrawl, the Major watched his face.

"He's gone, by ——. A hint was enough for him. If he isn't the son of a gentleman, then I'm not, nor you."

"Cal," said the General, holding out his hand, "we'll talk this over again."

The bees buzzed around the honeysuckles that clambered over the porch. A crow flew overhead. The sound of a crying child came around the corner of the house from the quarters, and the General's footsteps died on the gravel walk, but the Major heard them not. Mechanically he watched the General mount his black horse and canter toward the pike gate. The overseer called to him from the stable, but the Major dropped his eyes to the scrawl in his hand. When Miss Lucy came out he handed it to her.

"I reckon you know what folks is a-sayin' about me. I tol' you myself. But I didn't know hit wus any harm, and anyways hit ain't my fault, I reckon, an' I don' see how folks can blame me. But I don' want nobody who don' want me. An' I'm leavin' 'cause I don't want to bother you. I never bring nothing but trouble nohow an' I'm goin' back to the mountains. Tell Miss Lucy good-by. She was mighty good to me, but I know she didn't like me. I left the hoss for you. If you don't have no use fer the saddle, I wish you'd give hit to Harry, 'cause he tuk up fer me at school when I was fightin', though he wouldn't speak to me no more. I'm mighty sorry to leave you. I'm obleeged to you 'cause you wus so good to me an' I'm goin' to see you agin some day, if I can. Good-by."

"Left that damned old mare to pay for his clothes and his board and his schooling," muttered the Major. "By the gods"—he rose suddenly and strode away—"I beg your pardon, Lucy."

A tear was running down each of Miss Lucy's faded cheeks.

Dawn that morning found Chad springing from a bed in a haystack—ten miles from Lexington. By dusk that day he was on the edge of the blue-grass and that night he stayed at a farm-house, going in boldly, for he had learned now that the wayfarer was as welcome in a blue-grass farm-house as in a log-cabin in the mountains. Higher and higher grew the green swelling slopes, until, climbing one about noon next day, he saw the blue foothills of the Cumberland through the clear air—and he stopped and looked long, breathing hard from pure ecstasy. The plain-dweller never knows the fierce home hunger that the mountain-born have for hills.

Besides, beyond those blue summits were the Turners and the school-master and Jack, waiting for him, and he forgot hunger and weariness as he trod on eagerly toward them. That night he stayed in a mountain-cabin, and while the contrast of the dark room, the crowding children, the slovenly dress, and the coarse food was strangely disagreeable, along with the strange new shock came the thrill that all this meant hills and home. It was about three o'clock of the fourth day that, tramping up the Kentucky River, he came upon a long, even stretch of smooth water, from the upper end of which two black bowlders were thrust out of the water, and with a keener thrill he recognized that he was nearing home. He recalled seeing those rocks as the raft swept down the river, and the old Squire had said that they were named after

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oxen—"Billy and Buck." Opposite the rocks he met a mountaineer.

"How fer is it to Uncle Joel Turner's?"

"A leetle the rise o' six miles, I reckon."

The boy was faint with weariness, and those six miles seemed a dozen. Idea of distance is vague among the mountaineers, and two hours of weary travel followed, yet nothing that he recognized was in sight. Once a bend of the river looked familiar, but when he neared it, the road turned steeply from the river and over a high bluff, and the boy started up with a groan. He meant to reach the summit before he stopped to rest, but, in sheer pain, he dropped a dozen paces from the top and lay with his tongue, like a dog's, between his lips.

The top was warm, but a chill was rising from the fast-darkening shadows below him. The rim of the sun was about to brush the green tip of a mountain across the river, and the boy rose in a minute, dragged himself on to the point where, rounding a big rock, he dropped again with a thumping heart and a reeling brain. There it was—old Joel's cabin in the pretty valley below—old Joel's cabin—home! Smoke was rising from the chimney, and that far away it seemed that Chad could smell frying bacon. There was the old barn, and he could make out one of the boys feeding stock and another chopping wood—was that the school-master? There was the huge form of old Joel at the fence talking with a neighbor. He was gesticulating as though angry, and the old mother came to the door as the neighbor moved away with a shuffling gait that the boy knew belonged to the Dillon breed. Where was Jack? Jack! Chad sprang to his feet and went down the hill on a run. He climbed the orchard fence, breaking the top-rail in his eagerness, and as he neared the house, he gave a shrill yell. A scarlet figure flashed like a flame out of the door, with an answering cry, and the Turners followed:

"Why, boy," roared old Joel. "Mammy, it's Chad!"

Dolph dropped an armful of feed. The man with the axe left it stuck in a log, and each man shouted:

"Chad!"

The mountaineers are an undemonstrative race, but Mother Turner took the boy in her arms and the rest crowded around, slapping him on the back and all asking questions at once—Dolph and Rube and Tom. Yes, and there was the schoolmaster—every face was almost tender with love for the boy. But where was Jack?

"Where's—where's Jack?" said Chad.

Old Joel changed face—looking angry; the rest were grave. Only the old Mother spoke:

"Jack's all right."

"Oh," said Chad, but he looked anxious.

Melissa inside heard. He had not asked for *her*, and with the sudden choking of a nameless fear she sprang out the door to be caught by the schoolmaster, who had gone around the corner to look for her.

"Lemme go," she said, fiercely, breaking his hold and darting away, but stopping, when she saw Chad in the doorway, with a shy smile.

"Howdye, Melissa!"

The girl stared at him mildly and made no answer, and a wave of shame and confusion swept over the boy as his thoughts flashed back to a little girl in a black cap and on a black pony, and he stood reddening and helpless. There was a halloo at the gate. It was the old Squire and the circuit-rider, and old Joel went toward them with a darkening face.

"Why hello, Chad," the Squire said. "You back again?"

He turned to Joel.

"Look hyeh, Joel. Thar hain't no use o' your buckin' agin yo' neighbors and harborin' a sheep-killin' dog." Chad started and looked from one face to another—slowly but surely making out the truth.

"You never seed the dawg afore last spring. You don't know that he hain't a sheep-killer."

"It's a lie—a lie," Chad cried, hotly, but the schoolmaster stopped him.

"Hush, Chad," he said, and he took the boy inside and told him Jack was in trouble. A Dillon sheep had been found dead on a hill-side. Daws Dillon had come upon Jack leaping out of the

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pasture, and Jack had come home with his muzzle bloody. Even with this overwhelming evidence, old Joel stanchly refused to believe the dog was guilty and ordered old man Dillon off the place. A neighbor had come over, then another, and another, until old Joel got livid with rage.

"That dawg mought eat a dead sheep but he never would kill a live one, and if you kill him, by ——, you've got to kill me fust."

Now there is no more un-neighborly or unchristian act for a farmer than to harbor a sheep-killing dog. So the old Squire and the circuit-rider had come over to show Joel the grievous error of his selfish, obstinate course, and, so far, old Joel had refused to be shown. All of his sons sturdily upheld him and little Melissa fiercely—the old mother and the schoolmaster alone remaining quiet and taking no part in the dissension.

"Have they got Jack?"

"No, Chad," said the schoolmaster, "He's safe—tied up in the stable." Chad started out, and no one followed but Melissa. A joyous bark that was almost human came from the stable as Chad approached, for the dog must have known the sound of his master's footsteps, and when Chad threw open the door Jack sprang the length of his tether to meet him and was jerked to his back. Again and again he sprang, barking, as though beside himself, while Chad stood at the door, looking sorrowfully at him.

"Down, Jack!" he said sternly and Jack dropped obediently, looking straight at his master with honest eyes and whimpering like a child.

"Jack," said Chad, "did you kill that sheep?" This was all strange conduct for his little master, and Jack looked wondering and dazed, but his eyes never wavered or blinked. Chad could not long stand those honest eyes.

"No," he said, fiercely—"no, little doggie, no—*no!*" And Chad dropped on his knees and took the dog in his arms and hugged him to his breast.

(To be continued.)

THE DARK BEFORE DAWN

By Edith M. Thomas

Oh, mystery of the morning gloam,
  Of haunted air, of windless hush!
Oh, wonder of the deepening dome—
  Afar, still far, the morning's flush!
My spirit hears, among the spheres,
  The round earth's ever-quickening rush!

A single leaf, on yonder tree,
  The planet's rush hath felt, hath heard;
And soon, all branches whispering be!
  That whisper wakes the nested bird—
The song of thrush, before the blush
  Of Dawn, the dreaming world hath stirred!

The old moon withers in the East—
  The winds of space may drive her far!
In heaven's chancel waits the priest—
  Dawn's pontiff-priest, the morning star!
And yonder, lo! a shafted glow—
  The gates of Day-spring fall ajar!

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By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE other day, standing on the Champs-Elysées, I looked over the heads of some merry children before Guignol's famous stage. The wooden dolls were dancing about the boards, screeching their laughable dialogue to the delight of these young Parisians, the little stage just as I remembered it years ago, with its quaint proscenium in the style of the First Empire and its proud legend inscribed on a garland: The Original Guignol, established 1814. And the half circle of chubby little faces was just the same too—eager, laughing, expectant. Into whatever country my wanderings have taken me—on more serious pleasure bent—I have assisted a delighted spectator at the puppet-shows, consoling myself for my frivolity with the thought that many a better man had done the same, remembering Gautier's love for them and Stevenson's.

So that day in sympathy with the children, I watched Guignol's mad antics and, looking round, wondered if any of the elders present recalled their childhood and the time when they had been amused by this same iniquitous show, just as their powdered ancestors had been in the eighteenth century; as were their knightly forebears in the Middle Ages; as were the Romans in remote antiquity.

Even the word "marionette" dates back six hundred years to the time when the Venetians, substituting wooden dolls for girls in their religious processions, called them "mariettes" or little Marias. But articulated dolls certainly antedate this name, for they are often found to-day lying beside tiny baby bones in children's graves at Thebes, Athens, and Rome. We know, too, that the Romans had a Punch named Maccus, for a very creditable specimen of him has lately been unearthed near Naples—a bronze, humped before and behind and graced with the classic hooked nose and nutcracker chin.

Nor have we moderns improved upon the ancient method of manipulating marionettes. The operator still pulls the wires as of old from a loft supported on a four-sided scaffolding—a counterpart of the Greek *πῆγμα τετράγωνον*.

All through the Middle Ages, puppets played a great part in the amusement of the masses, nor were they always relegated to the realms of comedy. In the hands of famous directors they have invaded the whole range of dramatic art. In England two hundred years ago they gave tragedies

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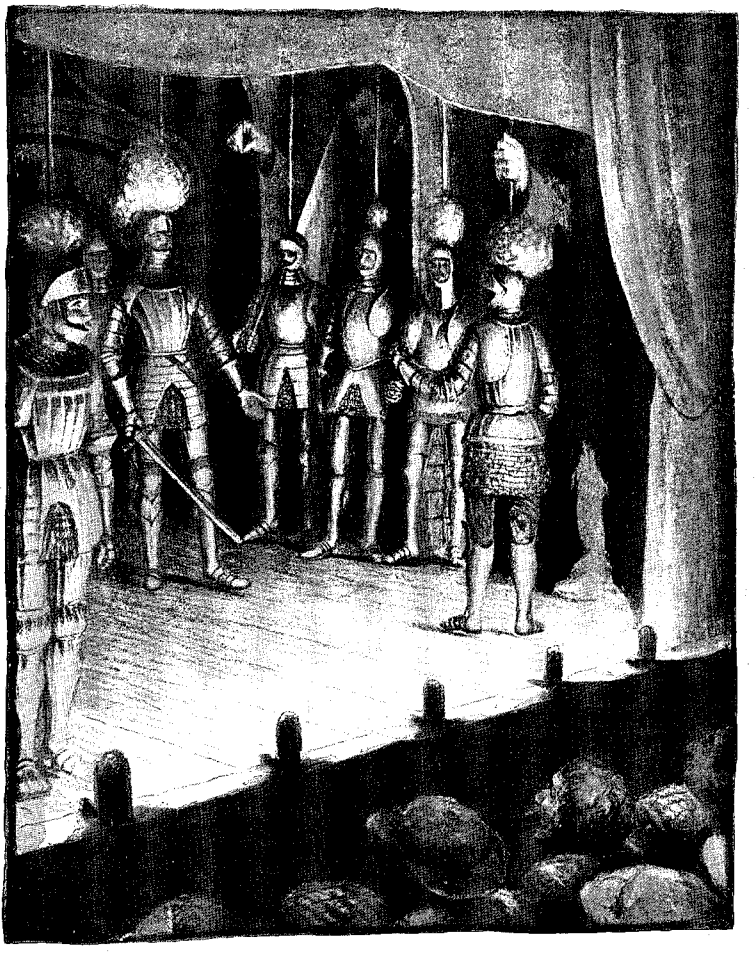
like "Julius Cæsar," strutting the boards, mouthing, slaying, and making love in true melodramatic fashion. Later on in Italy *fantoccini* even sang grand opera and, if we may believe reports, sang it creditably too.

Names of noted managers have come down to us through the centuries. During the reign of "le Roi Soleil," Paris was diverted by an impresario named Brioché, and, as we cross the old Pont Neuf to-day, it is pleasant to imagine on just which *trottoir* Jean Brioché, with his celebrated monkey, Fagotin, set up his show before a crowd of gaping *badauds*, and to picture him extracting teeth between the acts. Even on this lively bridge—a favorite rendezvous of all the cleverest Paris fakirs, mountebanks, and venders of quack medicines, Brioché succeeded in pushing to the front, and finally was honored by a command from the King to bring his show to St.-Germain-en-Laye for the edification of the Dauphin and his court. His performances there have passed into history, for do we not find on the great royal registers: "À Brioché, pour le séjour qu'il a fait à St.-Germain-en-Laye pendant les mois de Septembre, Octobre et Novembre, 1669, pour divertir les enfants de France, 1365 livres!"



A Sicilian Puppet Show.

In the following century marionettes came into great favor with the French *grand monde*, and the very best society frequented the shows at the yearly *foires* of St.-Germain and St.-Laurent, where

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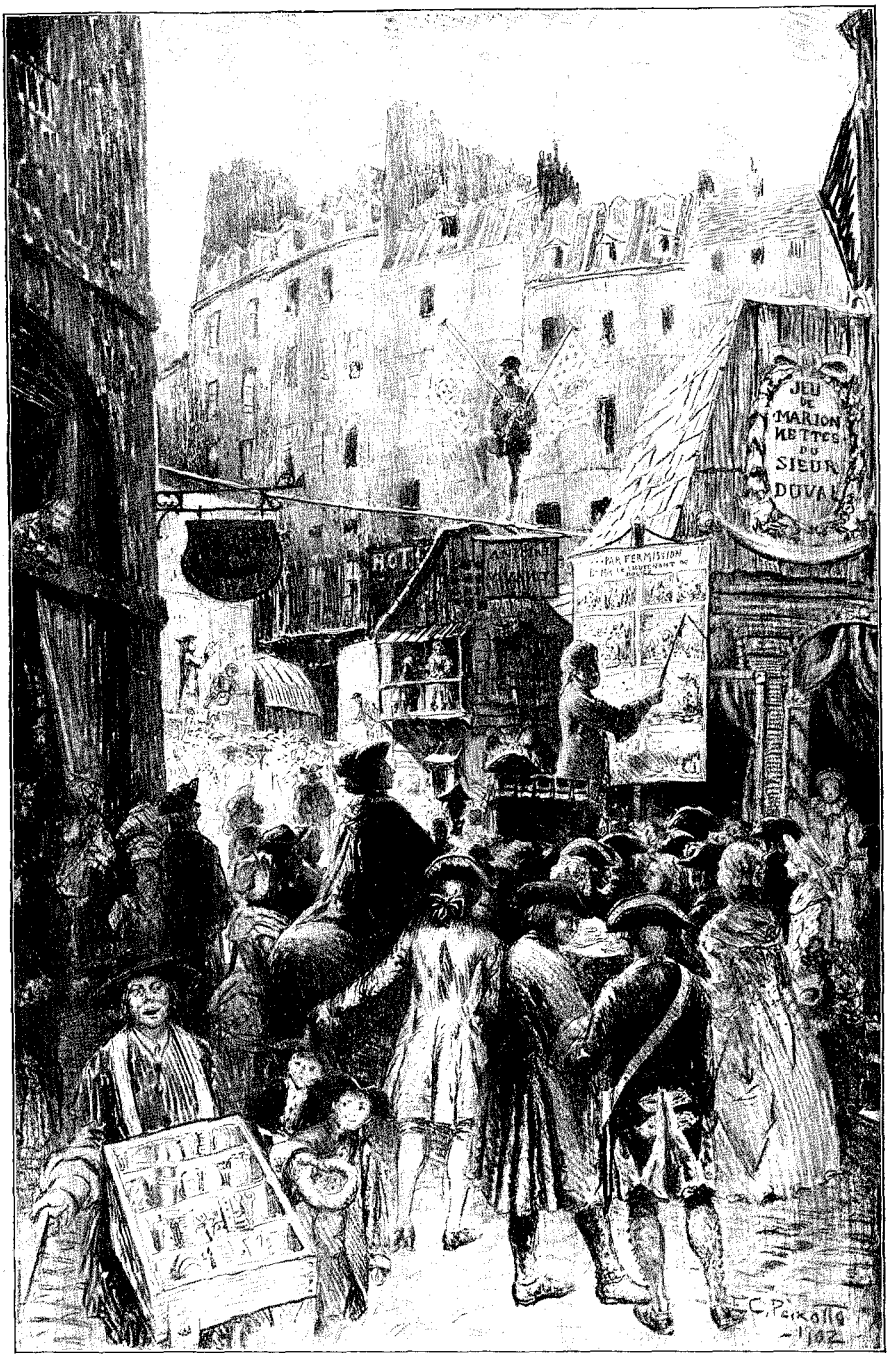

A Marionette Show at an Eighteenth Century *Foire*.

Cadet de Beaupré, Oudinot, and the famous Nicolet made lasting reputations as managers of puppet-shows. Dignified members of the Académie Française, like Malézieu, did not disdain to write plays for them. Even Voltaire fell a victim to their wiles and used to bring companies to his house at Cirey, where in all probability

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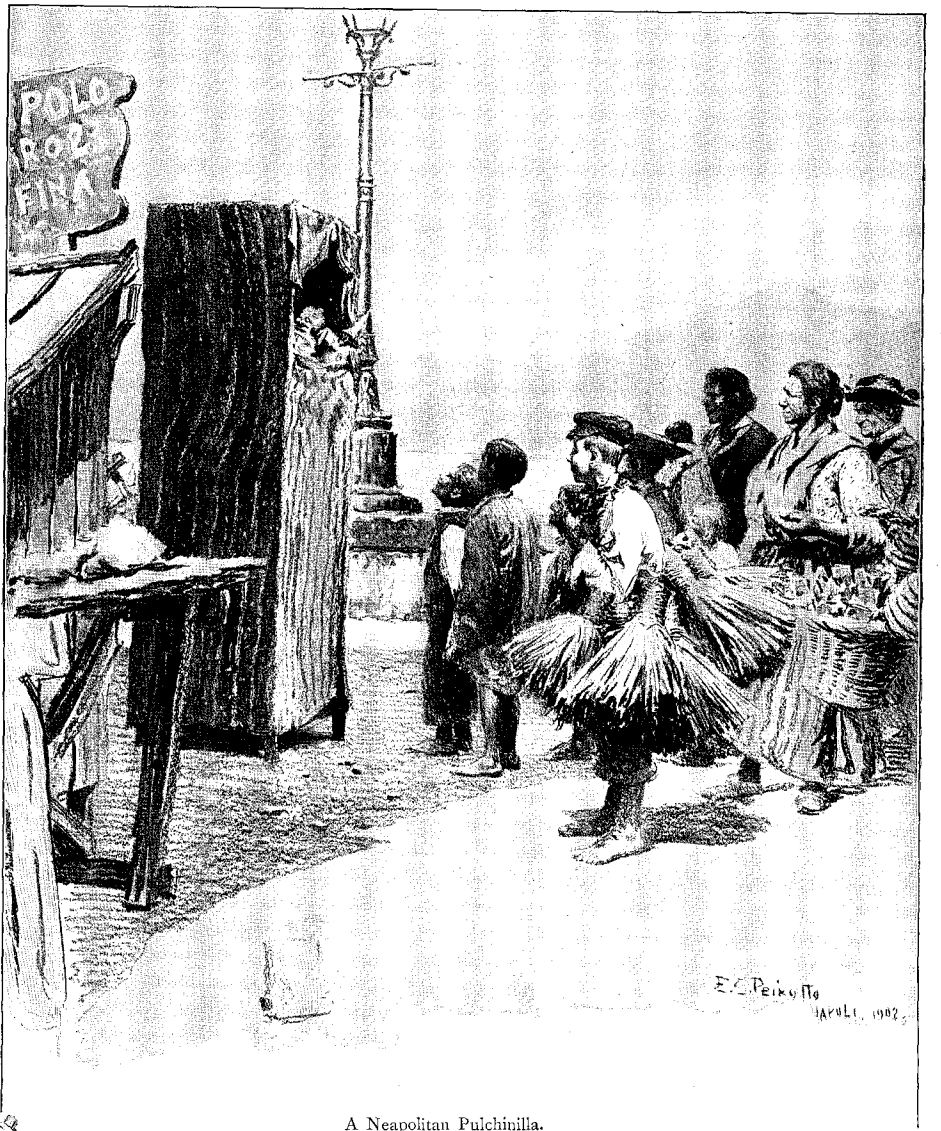

A Neapolitan Pulchinilla.

A Pantin of a Hundred Years ago.

From an old cut in the Musée Carnavalet, Paris.

some of his own satirical lines were first uttered through the mouths of wooden actors.

But just after this period of prosperity, before the horrors of the Revolution, their vogue was threatened by the so-called "pantins"—little figures of card-board or wood made to dance like jumping-jacks by means of strings. At first these were made for children, but soon grown people too became crazy for them and the fashion grew into such an extravagant rage that it was pointed out as one of the signs of degeneracy in the French upper classes. The most noted artists took to painting them; fabulous sums were paid for fine ones, and we learn with surprise that the Duchess of Chartres gave 1,500 livres for one from Boucher's brush. The vogue spread to the provinces, where no self-respecting *bourgeois* but had one or two *pantins de Paris* hanging from his chimney-piece. The word came into the language to stay, and is still used to signify a cat's-paw or one who changes his opinions like a weather-vane.

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It remained for the Italians, however, to bring marionettes to their highest state of development, and wonderful indeed is the ingenuity of their shows. We saw a remarkably clever performance given by *fantoccini* last year under the colonnades of the Municipio at Orta. On carefully examining the dolls we found them to be not entirely made of wood. The head was of papier-maché—light and capable of feeling the slightest impulsion, and provided with a hinged lower jaw arranged to imitate the movements of talking. The body and thighs were wooden ; the arms, legs, and neck of lead, or leaded so as to readily obey the laws of gravity. All the strings destined to move the arms and legs united inside the body and issued together from the head. A metal rod connected this latter with the operator in his "*castello*," and by it the manikin could be moved about the stage.

The play dealt with peasant life, relating the trite story of a country lass who, despite the allurements of the city and the attentions of a great gentleman, remains true to her rustic swain; of Rosalia, her mother, and Pietro, her father—a cobbler with but just enough work to keep his family from starvation, and the voices of their hungry children calling from behind the scenes for "*polenta, polenta!*" At another show I saw a shepherd in his goat-skins do a drunken scene upon his stilts that for low comedy was absolutely inimitable, and well do I remember a dancing giant who dropped first his arms, then his legs, and finally his head, each of which, with the body, became a separate waltzing figure.

Some years ago, for now the vogue has almost died away, the Italian nobles gave *fantoccini* shows in their private palaces —plays reeking with escapades of the Roman *monsignori* and political satire that dared not show its face on public boards. I think it is Stendhal who tells of one he witnessed in Florence, on a little stage but five feet high, though perfect in every detail, where diminutive marionettes not a foot in height gave a comedy adapted from Machiavelli's "Mandragore."

Puppet shows as interesting exist today. In Palermo and Catania, in fact in many Sicilian towns, I have been to marionette shows that compare both in *mise-en-scene* and cleverness of action with any that I have read of.

The Sicilian plays are almost invariably founded upon the same theme—Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." The theatre is usually installed in a vacant shop and has a temporary air, for as soon as the shop is rented the showman moves on. Outside hangs a gaudy poster depicting the thrilling scenes to be enacted within—pictures of battle and tourney—better suited than a lettered announcement to the public, only ten per cent. of whom can read or write. An admission fee of two soldi is charged. On entering, a strong odor of garlic offends the nose, there being no other ventilation than the closed street-door. The audience, for the most part masculine, sits in serried ranks on ordinary rush-bottomed chairs ; a little gallery on either side of the shop shows above its rail an expectant row of faces lit by the fitful glow of coal-oil lanterns. The stage, surprisingly large, is framed in red pasteboard draperies ; six small lamps do duty as foot-lights.

The curtain rises and displays a Council of the Paladins. The background and wings figure a massive Gothic hall. The puppets, of gigantic size, each nearly five feet tall, stand sheathed *cap-à-pie* in shimmering armor—armet and pauldron, plastron and tasseted skirt imitated to the life by a local tinsmith.

In bombastic phrases the discussion begins. The audience recognizes each character as an old familiar friend—Orlando by his commanding figure, his deep bass voice, and his helmet

Topt high with plumes like Mars his burgonet;

Rinaldo by his flaming *panache;* Marfisa by her shrill falsetto. Carlo Magno sits upon his throne, wrapped in robes of state, nodding approval or expressing discontent.

Occasionally an operator's arm or leg, Brobdingnagian, distorted to unnatural size, appears from flies or wings as he moves a figure.

The faces on the rush-covered chairs glow with excitement as they follow the multitudinous incidents : Orlando's quest for his long-lost Angelica, Ruggiero's

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flights upon the Hippogriff to his well-beloved Bradamante; but above all, revelling in the terrific onslaught 'twixt Pagan and Paladin, Oliviero, pitted against the King of Africa, Gradasso, daring to face Il Furioso, and Brandimarte, slaying King Agramante. The clash of tin resounds on tin; turbaned Turks pile high upon the stage; the shock of battle is terrific, heightened by the operators' feet thumping upon the hollow stage and their voices in unison shouting the battle-cries:

Del gran romor fù visto il mar gonfiarsi,
Del gran romor, che s'udì sino in Francia.

As Sicily has Orlando, so each district of Italy has its favorite puppet-hero: Naples, Scaramuccia and Pulchinella; Venice, Messer Pantaleone; Turin, Girolamo; Bologna, Dottore Bellandrone; Bergamo, Arlequino.

The Neapolitan hero, Scaramuccia, is a sort of false bravo, quarrelsome but cowardly, and always clothed in black, which Riccoboni says shows him to be of Spanish origin. He declares himself a prince of some exotic country, but is usually supposed to have been raised in prison at the King's expense and to have spent his youth on the galleys. He is always valet to some *grand signore*, and an execrable valet, too, robbing his master and his master's friends. He shares his ill-gotten gains with Pulchinella, and, as they warm up over their gluttonous feasts, he dilates upon his courage and his impossible loves till Punch, wearied, lays about him with his stick. Then Scaramuccia drops under the table. When the fit of anger is past, up he pops again with "Afraid! Me! I afraid! I'm brave—not sheep-brave but wolf-brave!"

A very different character is Harlequin, Bergamo's hero, and a very charming story indeed is told of his origin. It seems that in that pretty city of the Lower Alps once there dwelt a little boy—lovely and full of wit—by name Arlequino. So modest was he that, despite his many accomplishments, his schoolboy friends never were jealous of him, but loved him as did his parents. At carnival-time all the children, as usual, were to have fancy costumes, and they eagerly asked Arlequino what he was to wear.

"Ah," said he, "my parents are too poor this year to give me a travesty."

At this his companions were greatly grieved, for they had especially counted upon romping with him. So they arranged that each should contribute a piece of stuff, and that from these pieces they would make a suit for Arlequino. On the appointed day each brought his bit of cloth, but what was their dismay to find that each scrap was of a different color! In their *naïveté* they had never thought of that. But Arlequino did not mind. He took the bits, patched them together, and on Mardi Gras appeared in his strange motley coat, a wooden sword in his hand, his face covered with a black half-mask, jumping, dancing, singing at the head of his comrades—the life of the *festa*.

In the French adaptation of the character Harlequin is remarkable for the same traits as the little Bergamasque boy: kindness, agility, credulity—but the French have added his discreet *gourmandise* and his endless chain of troubles.

C'est lui (plaignez ses malheurs)
C'est lui que le sort balote
Reconnoisez-le à ses pleurs
Encor plus à sa culote.

The original Neapolitan Pulchinella was endowed with the simple character of Pierrot. So constituted he made his bow to England in the eighteenth century, being then only a young gallant, joyous and roystering, causing more noise than harm, and so Addison describes him in his "Machinæ Gesticulantes."

But later on he was made over to suit the violent taste and pugnacious tendencies of the British lower classes, and the now classic Punch appeared—the Punch who kills his baby, his wife, the constable, the doctor, the judge, the Devil, and even Death, with the same cynical indifference.

His Dutch equivalent, Jean Pickelhoering, much resembles the German Hanswürst or Kasperle—a satirical, brutal sort of fellow, whose dominant trait is gluttony—not the delicate French *gourmandise*, but the gluttony that swells the belly and weightens the jowls. In Turkey, Caragueuz, an oriental Don Juan whose exploits would not bear publication, is endowed with physical attributes too

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A Guignol Audience.

Guignol and Madelon.

indecent to mention, but well calculated to please the tastes of his audience.

The French Polichinelle, on the other hand, is distinguished by mental traits, is witty, satirical, loud-mouthed, and terribly conceited as he sets forth, in his favorite song: "Quand je marche la terre tremble; c'est moi qui conduit le soleil."

Now he has been practically superseded by a new-comer, Guignol. In the shows of to-day Punch only squawks a greeting to his audience, and bows his adieus as the curtain falls.

The real hero is essentially a Frenchman, for Guignol is a Lyonnais, first conceived by an impresario named Mourget. From Lyons Guignol voyaged to Paris and all through France, until to-day the renown of this wooden doll far exceeds that of any actor of flesh and blood. He is always a *bonhomme* dressed in a long coat with either a *casquette* or a night-cap on his head and he wears a queue—his *salsifis*. Not alone children but grown people, too, have always taken pleasure in his antics. Even persons of refinement like Charles Nodier were habitual spectators at his shows, and George Sand had a little stage of her own in her château at Nohant.

Guignol is just as popular now as ever. His diminutive theatres at the Square Marigny in the Champs-Élysées and in the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens constantly draw crowded houses. To them nurse-maids coiffed in ribboned bonnets bring their aristocratic charges—children decked in lace and lawn and soft white fur. Under the spreading branches of the chestnut-trees these little French dolls are carefully seated in rows on low benches—miniature "*fauteuils d'orchestre*." The maids and grown people group themselves at the sides and back. All around this expectant half-circle, in whose magic ring each seat is taxed two sous, a rope holds back less fortunate members of society—pastry-cooks' boys in white with cake or *paté* on head; milliners' and modistes' errand-girls carrying a new-made gown in a big brown box; workmen, *concierges*, idle promenaders; a mother raising her

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babe to see above the intervening crowd; soldiers on leave; a bank-messenger stealing a moment from his duty; and on the curb-stone a coachman reins up his horse while his face expands in a broad grin as from his vantage seat he anticipates the coming stick-fights. Many a glance of admiration passes 'twixt red-legged dragoon and white-capped nursery-maid—many an embryo love-affair between *nounou* and *piou-piou* is here begun.

But now a faint squeak is heard. The old musician tunes up his harp and begins a jig. The little curtain rises. Two Polichinelles appear at a bound and, after a deep obeisance, whirl off in the mazes of a dance. Follows the director—a doll with waxed mustache, immaculate in dress-coat and satin waistcoat. In honeyed phrases he craves the indulgence of the audience and with their kind permission announces the play—"Le Ménage de Guignol."

And what a funny household it is, to be sure! How would it be possible to depict these terrifying family-scenes—these tongue-bouts 'twixt husband and wife—the kiss-kiss alternating with the biff-biff of the cudgel? How describe Guignol's inimitable way of holding his baby, wrapped in its swaddling clothes, head down, and then dancing with it, beating time with its head against the floor! How tell of his feeding it from the *casserole* and of its shrieks as he rams the food down with a great wooden spoon; and how finally, to quiet its cries, he thrusts its head into the stew-pan and covers it with a mattress, singing the while,

Mama au lavoir.
Manie la battoir;
Papa au marchand de vin
Va boire une bouteille de vin.

Shockingly bad poetry, no doubt, but plainly showing his depraved tastes.

And ah, the anguish of Madelon, when, returning from her washing, she finds her offspring head down in the *casserole*—the tearing of hair, the screams of rage and despair; the Gendarme's entrance, the excitement as the audience denounces Guignol; the latter's bravado and the grand "*charassement finale!*"

One day, after enjoying Guignol's bright sallies, I happened to linger after the crowd and thus saw the operator leave his show—a poor cripple, hump-backed, with legs and arms bent and crooked with rheumatism.

Was it not always so? Gonello, Thevenin, Triboulet, Rigoletto—were not all the kings' fools the maimed and misshapen of God's creatures?

A DELUSION OF GRANDEUR

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. WALCOTT

FOLLY'S brightest opportunity is spring-time Paris. It becomes a kaleidoscope of gay changes in which the thermometer and the price of things climb hand in hand. Mild airs traverse sun-warmed streets and blue skies roof a shining town, flowers and shrubs in early leaf revive man's sentiment as wine his strength. And at races, routs, and restaurants, women bloom in careful arrangement, like bouquets in the flower shop. Spring-time Paris is the gala performance of nations.

I, Comte Hector du Belsoze, am ever ready to attend it. The price of admission is small, for having many cousins I am in a position to eat good dinners—for which I do not pay. In the spring of 1894, while dining with my aunt, Madame de Rastelle, I met my youngest cousin, Mademoiselle Lili d'Ambry. As my intimacy with her brother has been lifelong, I regarded her with interest for his sake; my second glance was for her own.

Her beauty owed its power to no fashion, and the soft hair which swept her brow would have lent charm to any arrange-

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ment of coils and curls, of braid or pompadour. Her height, slimness, and the whiteness of her bright face made one think of a pale flower upon a tall stalk. I took her hand in mine, kissing it with affection.

"You are fresh from your convent?" I inquired.

"From Ste. Stephanie du Bois."

"I thank God you are close kin to me. I might have loved you were you not my little cousin."

"And then?" she asked, laughing, perhaps to show the excellence of her teeth.

"I should have won you, and picture my expenses!"

She laughed again and her manner was unaffected and easy. Her independence was almost American, and I could discover no trace of shyness, except with such ladies as patronized her with an occasional question about music or photography. Her beauty was too youthful for competition with theirs, and they consequently enjoyed it as much as I did. I felt sure that the little Lili would make a great match. Historic names breathed their magic in my ears, and great bank accounts literally figured in my imagination.

To my regret, she was gone when I had finished coffee: d'Ambry was gone also, and I could but hope for a chance meeting to continue my talk with her. I had no opportunity to ask Madame de Rastelle with whom she was living.

But my chance came next morning when I entered our club, the Cercle Egalité. Only those born noble may join it; hence, within its carven doors, one associates with equals. D'Ambry was smoking in the anteroom, and, as I joined him, he embraced me with an affection that has lasted through long years.

"Where are you this season?" I demanded. "Where is Mademoiselle? I wish to know more of so charming a relative."

"If you come with me now I can show you the way to her. She is with Madame de Rastelle."

We drove through the noon glare to her door, while d'Ambry told me his reasons —excellent reasons—for keeping his old rooms in the hôtel d'Autriche. He wished to keep late hours — being independent was his name for it.

The doors and windows of our aunt's weather-stained hotel were wide open, pansies drooped in their boxes, and the fringes of striped awnings were motionless. Summer had come.

She was departing in some state from the door, and d'Ambry helped her into the carriage, stopping to listen to the gossip without which she could neither greet a relative nor say farewell to friends. Raising my eyes from the *porte-cochère* to the balcony over it, I saw Lili stitching a gaudy Italian cloth. Her pretty hands showed white against its bright colors, but the smile on her face was brighter than they. It suggested passages in my own youth, of which I think much and say little. Discretion dictates silence, for one word might wake regret.

Presently a dark-haired foreigner leaned forward beyond the potted bay-tree that had screened him. I knew him for an American, because his mustache was neither waxed nor drooping. I was just defining to myself the difference between French and American mustaches when he leaned still farther forward to kiss my cousin's captivating hair. My first impulse was to call for help; my second, upon which I acted, was to see if our coachman had witnessed this balcony scene. It was God's mercy that his eyes were busy elsewhere, for there was a second kiss, ending when Lili's eyes met mine. Her shock was shown in pallor, but the stranger took his leave without another word with her. Had he glanced at the street he would have encountered me, imposing and implacable.

I promised secrecy in a gesture, replying to Lili's pained glances, and presently bowed to our aunt's departing carriage. I then led d'Ambry to the house-door which the stranger opened in exit. I wondered if his air would be the same if he knew what I had witnessed.

"Who is that person?" I demanded.

D'Ambry turned to watch him, waiting for his trap.

"I've not seen him before, some foreigner."

"Some American," I pronounced with conviction.

Lili trembled when I greeted her. She had left the balcony and now sewed diligently in the darkened room. Her music-

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mistress knitted in a far corner, and d'Ambry set himself to write notes at a distant desk. I was practically alone with my little cousin—whose eyes were wet.

"A fine-looking man passed out as we entered," I said at once. "Do you know him well?"

"You know me very little—or you wouldn't ask such a question after what you saw."

"My dear cousin," I returned, quietly, "I saw nothing. Although shortsighted, my discretion never fails."

"You are an exception to all Paris, then," she exclaimed.

"The exception which proves the fool," I declared, under my breath.

We changed the topic, and my cousin's mind showed itself to be vigorous, original, and shrewd. I admired it as much as her appearance. As we drove back to the club I spoke to her brother with gravity.

"Lucien d'Ambry, we must marry dear Lili. Unless one does such things for one's sisters, they do them for themselves."

"God forbid!" he cried, piously.

"They are a great responsibility."

"They are a great expense," he replied, with bitterness.

II

I HAD promised to dine with d'Ambry that evening, but I wished myself free of the promise when the dinner-hour arrived. Desiring other guests, I found him alone in the garish lobby of his chosen hotel, smoking a cigarette and criticising the company. Many of the women were pretty, most of them had style, and the soft German of Vienna sounded in my ears like the burden of an old song. I would say—in parentheses—that it is pleasant to be young in Vienna.

"Hector, will you cocktail?" my cousin asked.

"Lucien, the stomach is more to middle age than the palate. I will not cocktail."

The band played a Chanson de Coon as we entered the restaurant, and I observed the beauty of my cousin's sleeve-links, which were pink pearls, and, he told me, souvenirs of piquet.

The place was vulgar to my eyes. What was not imitation American was mimic Austrian. Glasses stood upon the tables filled with iced water, and bread of Viennese shapes lay upon large napkins. A broad-shouldered man sat at the table next ours which was elaborately dressed with flowers.

Pointing toward him, Lucien whispered to me: "That person is of some importance."

His crown was bald, but the thick hair above his ears had been arranged to cover it artfully; and, although his hands were coarse, one could but observe the polish of his finger-nails with the assurance that his valet was a treasure. Changing his seat he faced us at the salad, and his fresh complexion suggested good nature, his eyes roving about the room with a certain magnificence. While I tried to define the peculiarity observable in them he rose and came toward us cordially, offering the well-tended hands.

"Your names escape me," he said, pleasantly, "but your faces recall much that is agreeable. I am glad to see you once more."

D'Ambry looked at him in silence, but I returned his compliment with grace.

"If I am not mistaken, your name is——?"

"Mr. Alexander Rives," he replied, immediately; supplying it—as I intended he should.

We rose as one man to our four feet, for Alexander Rives is a name of might. It is becoming to the face of any check, and is known in money markets from Surrey to Siberia. Although hardly believing that Mr. Rives had seen us before, we were glad to have him hail us as old acquaintances. My cousin said, "I am Lucien, Duc d'Ambry," somewhat shyly, and although to be Hector, Comte du Belsoze, seems a small thing at the heels of ducal rank, the bow I made outclassed any gesture my cousin has ever attempted. One cannot be everything.

Seated at our table, Mr. Rives offered us cigars of special excellence, and I felt surprised at his creditable conversation. He avoided our military scandals, and the inconvenience of French railway systems. I also remember his telling us that trained nurses, of whom one hears in America,

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are taught to live without sleeping, also that shampooing is the modern substitute for scalping among Indians. This sounded interesting, but is untrue. I sometimes tell it myself, however—in the provinces. His experience of foreign courts was equal to his knowledge of foreign markets. Having sentimentalized with many imperial spinsters, he has courteously refused to do more.

"I shall choose whom I please," he declared, in excellent French. "I do not wish to buy a princess, but to win a wife."

Before we left the table he told us why Siberian Centrals had risen, and in response to an inquiry of mine, we learned that he kept 25,000 francs on hand in ready money.

"Most millionnaires would find this sum a narrow margin for personal expenses," he said, "but my tastes are simple, gentlemen, quite simple. But my heart is generous. What I cannot invest to real advantage I distribute among friends."

"You must have many," I said, laughing.

Upon consulting the hotel's register we found that Mr. Rives occupied suite No. 2, in l'Hôtel d'Autriche. They were the finest rooms in Paris. He travelled with a servant, as one could tell from his appearance.

I had turned to the book again to see from what place Mr. Rives had registered, when the gentleman standing beside me asked his name, for he still lingered, talking to d'Ambry. I gave it; and consulting the book, added, "of New York"—consulting my general knowledge of geography I again added, "North America."

"I must know his face from newspaper portraits. I fancied I had seen him professionally," this gentleman explained before he turned to go.

"To whom have I spoken?" I said to Madame at the desk.

"To Dr. Blancherette." Tapping her forehead, she indicated his specialty—the brain.

"He is searching over all Paris for one of his charges—I thought this Blancherette a little mad himself," I observed turning to d'Ambry, "his manner was eager."

Madame shrugged in adieu.

III

I HAD pushed aside my coffee next morning in the hope of more sleep when the bedroom door opened without warning. D'Ambry stood before me in evident excitement.

"Is your credit exhausted, or your hotel in ashes?" I inquired, swiftly.

"I know I am very early," he said in apology, "but I bring news."

He was dressed in a French translation of English riding clothes. I thought he looked a little apprehensive, which is not unusual before horse exercise, but he spoke collectedly.

The quickest way to learn another's errand is to refrain from asking it. I drank coffee in a silence which hastened d'Ambry's speech.

"Rives proposes for Lili this morning—by the first mail."

"He was odd not to speak of it last night."

"Not at all odd," Lucien returned, hotly, "he intended to examine the men of our family before entering it."

An ugly thought shadowed the future. "You are obliged to collect a dot?" I inquired.

"I am requested to omit that custom."

D'Ambry reddened, but I laughed.

"I was thinking of asking you to see Mr. Rives for me this morning," he said, after a pause, "I shoot pigeons at eleven."

"You aim at pigeons at eleven," I corrected.

"I saw Mr. Rives after you left me last evening—we played piquet."

"From his luck in love I infer loss at cards."

My cousin looked at me some moments before speaking. "Five thousand francs," he said, softly.

"And after that he proposed for Lili?"

"Before. This letter was sent before we met him."

"Tell me how to answer it," I demanded. "I can understand your desire not to do so in person."

"Say yes—but not quickly."

"But suppose our choice is not Lili's?" The balcony scene recurred to me.

"Our choice will be hers. His income is extraordinary."

"So is Lili."

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D'Ambry left me abruptly, and I looked upon a gray sky and pavements fast becoming black in a light rain. Lili had said it was her custom to ride in the ring on wet mornings, and I hastened to find her there. Half equestrian Paris jolts its liver indoors in fine weather and all of it in foul, so that the ring was full and Lili hard to find. The man seen upon her balcony now smoked a cigarette near the stalls, and to my amusement d'Ally-Prenchard was with him. But yesterday he had pretended to intimate knowledge of Rives, describing him as dark and difficult, but agreeable. Prenchard is one of those who will pretend to intimacy with any man of moment. As he is also past-master of the long distance narrative, I could hope—with reason—to know whatever he did of *this* stranger. I approached them, but they gained the street-door and passed through it before I was within hailing distance. I returned to my search for Lili, finding her dismounted and in the stall of her sorrel—Louis d'Or.

A pungent odor of tanbark surrounded us, and the electric light shone white in the straw-covered alley. It occurred to me that artificial light would be the only one to shine in Lili's life henceforth, and as I carried her cold hand to my lips I also felt that I was the hard message life had sent to her soft heart. I was almost ashamed of offering her the world's greatest matrimonial opportunity. Love seemed —momentarily—of actual value.

Although her pale face was drawn in nervous tension, the eyes wet, and her breathing uneven, I was gratified to see her hair well arranged.

"Lili," I said, and as she turned to me I patted her and her mount with the same impersonal kindness.

"Cousin," I continued, "I am come to you with a great message. But before I give it to you I would like to talk for a moment. I have your permission?"

She gave it with a little nod—her eyes were swimming.

"In life," I said, kindly, "we find a cure for love. I am older than you by many lustres, but I tell you love's cure is a dose we cannot shirk, it comes disguised—in work and play. You could not love always, if you wanted to."

She turned to me with troubled eyes. "I have promised to try," she replied.

"So I supposed."

She flushed brightly. "Now that—that—kiss," she cried, boldly, "which you saw, was without my consent, Cousin. I would not have you think that I countenanced it."

"I saw you did not—it was upon the hair."

She flushed again; and, with a heavy heart, I spoke my errand.

"Alexander Rives, you know whom I mean—proposes for you, and Lucien consents."

I thought she would have fallen in the first shock, but presently she grasped my shoulders, kissing either cheek, and laughing with a heartiness that annoyed me.

"I am delighted," she cried, hysterically. "I have given alms to any beggar at all, in prayer that this might be. I have prayed over it, and who says the saints are heedless?"

"Lili," I declared, sternly, "this is hardly the way a French girl should hear such news."

"Thank God, I shall soon be an American."

She left me, singing as she went, and I disliked her cold heart with an intensity which showed my own virtue.

IV

My steps lagged when I first retraced them to the Cercle Egalité, but I mended my pace upon seeing d'Ally-Prenchard hastening before the threat of a heavy shower. The street was no place to talk in with the sky above it so dark, but I meant to be abreast of my friend at the club steps—and I was.

"What foreigner were you so busy with at the Riding Ring?" I said, holding out my hand.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Rives—the great Mr. Rives—there this morning."

"No—it was not Mr. Rives."

"Then it was his friend, Mr. Sumner, a charming person, and his secretary."

I doubted his charm, but gave my acquaintance an American drink for the information. I then set out for l'Hôtel d'Autriche.

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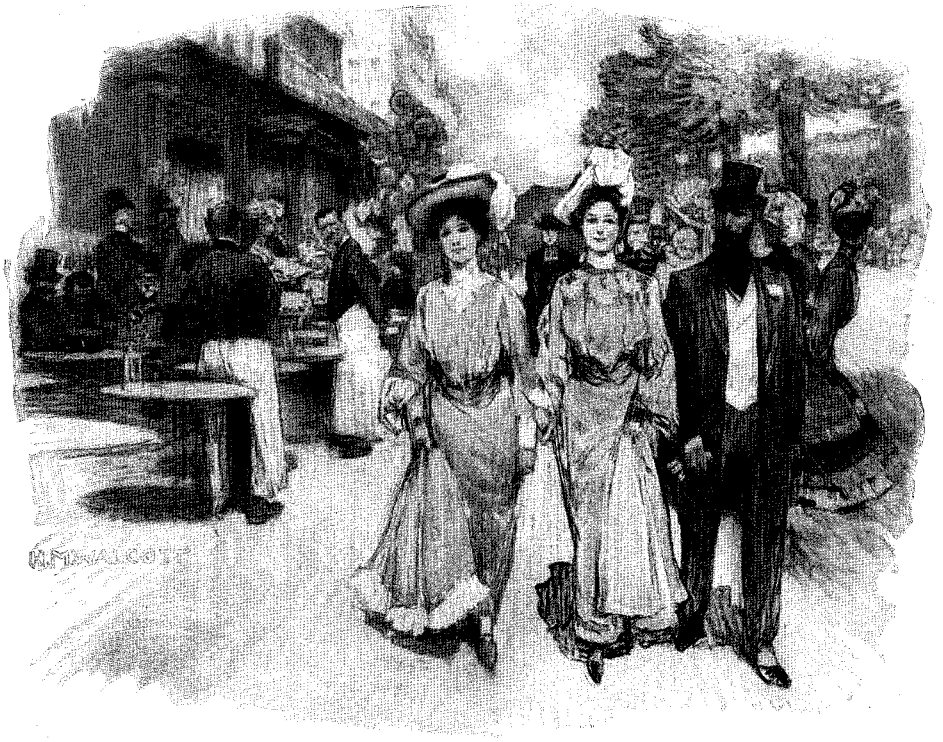

Folly's brightest opportunity is spring-time Paris.—Page 348.

The many chairs in its palm court stood empty among bay-trees in green tubs. A boy, with last night's waltz tune upon his lips, polished the winking glasses with much vim. Restaurant messengers flew past me bearing orders for seltzer—sad postscript to an evening's pleasure. While considering the symbolic significance of seltzer I noticed Mr. Rives's entrance from the street. He carried many little parcels most unaffectedly, including a gardenia, possibly intended to adorn his visit to Mademoiselle. He bore it jauntily, between thumb and finger, protected from rain by oiled paper. I observed that the pupil of one of his eyes was large, the other remaining small, and I confess that I thought this an undesirable variety.

Collecting his letters at the desk, he turned down the corridor, where I was instantly beside him, hat in hand and heart in mouth.

He smiled brightly upon seeing me, and, as we inquired for one another's health, entered the first room of suite No. 2, bidding me follow. I saw poems of de Musset upon the night-stand. The reading of de Musset late at night is symptomatic, and I inferred from it that Mr. Rives was indeed a lover.

"Your quarters are palatial," I exclaimed in admiration, "and I am come to them in reply to a note you sent my cousin—M. le Duc d'Ambry."

A look of caution crossed his face. "I will credit you as the Duke's messenger," he explained, blandly, "when you tell me what the note contained."

"Your native caution commands a Frenchman's respect. In your note you offered marriage to our family in proposing for Mademoiselle Lili d'Ambry."

He looked at me speechless, with eyes that were not mates. I thought that he awaited his answer very coolly, but a suave majesty about the man made me feel somewhat undersized.

"We have honored your proposal with acceptance," I said, hurriedly, "and Mademoiselle d'Ambry sends you her sincerest greeting in her brother's name."

Stepping forward he threw an arm about me, whispering in my ear, "Coming to me now, this news pleases me im-

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mensely. For this evening all Paris will know that my fortune is doubled. I am so rich that I suffer from financial distention; dear friend," he continued, with a solemn glance, "pray that you may never suffer from financial distention. The only possible relief is the lending of money to friends—without sufficient security. How ostentatious it would seem to some people to be as rich as I am!"

I believed that d'Ambry, or very possibly myself, might be a relief to him on a basis even more comprehensive than piquet. I bowed excellently, too thoughtful for speech.

"I feel," he resumed, "that I must make you a statement of affairs as they stand. I may as well begin by saying that I own all the railways in the world except two, one of which is not yet built, and the other is about to forfeit its charter. In houses, I own one-twenty-seventh of the city of Vienna. In mining interests, mineral claims, breweries, and grain elevators, I have double the revenue of the New York port customs. In rails and roadbeds I own ten times the earth's circumference." Dropping fatigued to a chair he rubbed his leg below the knee. "I am leg weary to think of these miles," he added.

The ensuing simplicity of this financial giant filled me with wonder. He poured his hair tonic upon a saucer, getting brushes and combs ready with a skilled quickness. His lack of embarrassment showed me I was already regarded as a brother. He brought his frock-coat from a drawer, his trousers from a shelf, and his cravat from a box of sandal-wood.

An hotel runner knocked at the door, and—being nearer it than Mr. Rives—I opened it, taking in a note addressed to him in Lili's handwriting. I gave it to him in mournful appreciation of the fact that its possible endearments were perjuries. The balcony scene yesterday gave the lie to what had passed in the Ring today.

To my surprise he did not open Lili's letter, but laid it with others on his desk. I at once rallied him, begging him to behave as if I were absent, and he presently took it with him to the next room.

He was away some moments and my eyes fell to the letters he had left behind. That on the top of the pile had "E. Max Blancherette, l'Écoles Unies des Sciences," upon its left-hand upper corner.

Mr. Rives rang his bell on returning, and I watched him seal Lili's letter up again, wetting the unused gum border high upon the envelope's flap.

"I have a friend living with me here, who believes in a conspiracy against me. He likes to open my letters before I read them," Rives explained. "So I let him think I wait for him to get the full force of the infernal machines those scoundrels send about; I had forty in one mail when I was a boy!"

I wanted to hear more of this, but a servant came for orders, to which I listened with eagerness. Mr. Rives demanded cakes, iced tea, white wine cup, and the frozen things that offset a warm welcome in warm weather. These things were bespoken for four o'clock, and I inferred a tea-party for Lili, with myself as fellow-guest. It was then drawing on toward two.

I felt justifiable impatience upon receiving no invitation, and, rising to go, asked Mr. Rives if he expected Madame de Rastelle and her niece.

"We do," he answered; "we expect them, and we expect Christmas; we also expect a little consideration in these matters, not leaving everything to me and the last moment."

"It is rather early in the day to complain, Monsieur," I said, sternly.

We heard a hurried footstep in the hall and the door again opened, admitting the leading gentleman of the balcony scene. His mode of entry was too authoritative, his manner was overbearing, and he whistled the air Lili had sung at parting from me in the morning. I considered his appearance that of the ideal parasite, for he was as well groomed as Rives, but being more elegant in person he outdid his patron in effect. I hated this Sumner.

"Has a parcel come for me?" he demanded, shortly.

"No, Monsieur," Rives answered, with a low bow, and I was glad he had the spirit to deride these airs of command with such mocking deference. Mr. Sumner continued arrogant, however, in spite of tactful rebuke.

"Who is this?" he cried, pointing at

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The bow I made outclassed any gesture my cousin has ever attempted.—Page 350.

me as one would point to an article in the shop.

"It is Hector, Comte du Belsoze," I declared immediately, and with evident anger.

"I beg your pardon many times," he said, penitently. "I had no idea you were the person I so wished to meet. He"—pointing to our relative-elect—"is an eccentric, and frequently receives his own kind in my rooms." Mr. Sumner then held out a hand which I scarcely touched.

"Can this be American humor?" I thought, appalled at its insolence, while Mr. Rives busied himself adjusting the Venetians, without any show of resentment.

"I am expecting you all this afternoon," Sumner continued. "Your aunt and cousin have rearranged their day so as to come. I was about to write to you."

In an instant I understood why Rives had not invited me. He evidently left all invitations to his secretary. But I hated this fellow's assumption of authority, longing to tell him so. There was another knock at the door.

And again I opened it, this time to Caillou's messenger, who delivered a pink package into my hands, thrusting a book upon me also in which one signs for jewels received. I knew the package contained something for Lili, because it came from the great jewellers. It was addressed to Mr. Rives, to whom I very properly handed it. But Sumner snatched the box from him without apology, leaving him to sign the book; and my ideas of Mr. Rives as a man of force weakened as I watched him write.

"There is money in the left drawer of the secretary—25,000 francs," Sumner said, presently, while his patron, without demur, opened the *tiroir mineur*, took from it a key, and moved to the safe in the secretary. I felt envious of Sumner's influence over his master's millions, or, if Mr. Rives were paying for his own, I thought he might be allowed to untie the package. Looking to the open door I

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saw d'Ambry standing behind the messenger; he was dressed in checks and his piqué waistcoat was embroidered in lilies-of-the-valley.

"May I come in?" he inquired in perfect English.

"Indeed you may," Mr. Rives answered, cordially, leaving the safe to greet my cousin. He stood smiling at him, his hands on his shoulders, his mismated eyes on a level with d'Ambry's. Sumner had found the money and stood paying it into the messenger's hand. We three watched him while he darted looks of anger at d'Ambry and Rives. I was amused at seeing him pay for the jewels that were Lili's betrothal present from another—and a better man.

"Bignon," he said, quietly, and Rives raised his eyes in answer, as if accustomed to the name. Sumner held the last note in his hand. "Bignon," he said again, "5,000 francs are missing."

D'Ambry's eyes met mine and we laughed. Evidently Rives was afraid to tell of all his deals—with the cards for instance.

"Did you count it carefully?" he asked.

The notes crackled in perfect quiet, but Mr. Sumner failed to find the missing thousands. He bent his eyes upon Rives, who glared upon him in return.

"You must explain this," Sumner said.

"Explanation is nine points of the bore." Rives whispered to d'Ambry, but in a moment his laughter changed to wrath; he flew at Sumner and raised him without effort, carrying him to the great bed. Seizing the night-stand, he threw it at d'Ambry. "There's table talk!" he cried, falling back in a second to Sumner, whose arms he pinioned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I come to bury Cæsar, not to craze him, for my life has been a sequence of successes. I stepped from my mother's knee into the future—where I have remained ever since. This man has been my one enemy, he has stolen my money, my reputation, my eyeglasses, his grasping hand has tried to steal my home. I am Alexander Rives."

I burst into applause as at the play, the man's delivery was perfect, and even to my Gallic ear his French had the grand accent.

"This man's heart is black," he screamed, beating Sumner in the wind, "his heart is black and I cannot deny it."

Sumner made an effort to free himself, slipping forward on the bed and, pushing Rives to the floor, to fall on him, face downward. Caillou's messenger grabbed at the notes dropped from his hands, and I closed the door and locked it, lest he escape and alarm the house. I believed Mr. Rives capable of defending himself and was pleased he had the spirit to attempt it. I had often heard that the forbearing hit the hardest when roused.

"Hector," d'Ambry screamed, "who caused this?"

"You," I rejoined, "or, piquet. It seems this Sumner dictates what Mr. Rives may spend of his own money. I saw it myself. Let Rives punish him." Drawing forward a comfortable chair I sat upon it, enjoying the spectacle. Mr. Rives panted more than his adversary, which fact was offset by his punching more freely. One of Sumner's eyes had already seen better days.

But in a moment there was a turn in the tide of battle. Rives had begun to declaim again: "I am Rives," he cried, "Rives the rich, the prosperous, the plutocrat. I am godfather to cities, and kings' children are called after me, in the hope of birthday presents. I dine here in the restaurant, and everyone who sees me knows I am rich. I am fortunate; anyone would say that of me on sight."

Sumner's hands had slipped to Rives's throat and I thought he would have strangled him, but with incredible quickness I had loosed one of them, which dealt me a blow in the side. In trying to return it, I struck Rives sharply and the face of Sumner glowed with gratitude. Someone again knocked loudly on the door.

"It is Lili," Sumner gasped. "I feel sure it is Lili."

I cursed his familiarity, and d'Ambry asked, in a loud voice—which trembled—who wanted to come in.

"I—Sumner."

"Let him in," cried the Sumner on the floor. "Let him in at once."

D'Ambry unlocked the door through which Caillou's stunned messenger bolted. When I turned to the scene of strife, and a stranger, previously unseen by my con-

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It was then that Lili found us.—Page 358.

sort or by me, entered with staring eyes and much scared pallor, I saw that Rives lay quiet and his antagonist had staggered to his feet.

"That last cuff of yours paralyzed him," he said to me faintly, before he greeted the new-comer.

"Alexander," he cried at him, "have they killed you? Blancherette is here for him. He's madder than folly. He used to be John the Baptist before he was you; and, when the summer comes, he takes a fancy to Eve and plays her part. He escaped in February and Blancherette saw him dining in the restaurant, all by chance. He has searched everywhere for him. He didn't do a thing to your face; it's perfectly awful."

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Blancherette strolled into the room, looking at me quizzically.

"Did you say that was Rives last evening?" he demanded, pointing to the floor where our friend of the restaurant now lay resting.

"I said it to humor him," I replied, adroitly; "I had already the pleasure of seeing the real Mr. Rives upon my aunt's balcony with my cousin, Mademoiselle Lili d'Ambry." I bowed to him—erst Sumner.

Blancherette seemed disappointed. I continued.

"This fellow"—I waved a hand toward the man on the floor—"said he was Rives. I discredited it, because his eyes looked mad, one pupil was large, the other under-sized."

"Paresis," Blancherette interrupted. Science will go any length to arrive at a name.

"Besides," I resumed, "I had seen the real Rives at my aunt's, and this person spoke improbably of kings and made himself the hero of tales that would be a tight fit for d'Artagnan."

"Delusions of grandeur," Blancherette avowed.

The real Rives took my hand and held it. "But for this Frenchman," he said, in a voice that shook with feeling, "but for him, I should be worse off than that madman. Who was he, Blancherette?"

"Dyœme, the actor. He lost his identity in his many rôles. He could play more parts than any player in Paris."

"That accounts for his delivery," I exclaimed. "It was perfect."

"So was your blow. It was the neatest knockout I have seen," Rives answered, helping Blancherette tie the arms of Bignon-Dyœme-Rives. "I gave him cognac, for the bout had been severe."

Blancherette asked if his note had been received, and I gave it back to him unopened before his men secured our delusion, whose consciousness was returning. He departed on a stretcher, reciting an ode to Liberty in a voice that thrilled us.

D'Ambry was uneasy about the piquet money, but I advised him, in a passing whisper, to think no more of it and to speak even less.

The ensuing scene was pictorial and interesting. The surgeons arrived to repair Mr. Rives and apply necessaries to my own damaged face. They worked in the midst of reporters, whose strained ears caught my least utterance, and Mr. Sumner, a man of infinite charm, told them the story of my timely intervention. One by one they came forward to press the shapely hand whose skill had turned defeat to rejoicing. It was then that Lili found us, and I shall never forget the manner of her thanks, and I myself was full of gratitude.

"You are noble," she cried; "your virtue is excessive—you are indeed grand."

"Ah, Lili," I replied, "even the sane have their delusions of grandeur. I am just a man like other men."

"And, you know," Rives declared, "the whole thing was so clever. When you looked at me in that way I thought the blow was meant for me. I rolled over and that was your chance."

"Where did my blow seem to take him?" I inquired.

"In the diaphragm."

"I meant it to fall there," I returned, quietly, but d'Ambry's laughter threatened my dignity for a moment.

"You are fortunate," he whispered; "that was a lucky miscue, wasn't it?"

"My dear d'Ambry," I returned, "there never was a genius that some fool did not call a bungler. If you depreciate my skilled valor I retaliate with piquet."

The surgeons advised bed, and Mr. Rives put me up in his apartment. Madame de Rastelle and Lili made a great fuss over us, and a special issue of newspapers cried my excellence all over Paris within two hours. Rives was ill for three days, during which time I talked much with Lili, who had known him the entire season, as he had letters to our aunt. I sat in a *chaise longue*, eating, drinking, and talking to the ladies of my family; in the inner room d'Ambry gave lessons in piquet. My days were happy, and the news we got of Bignon-Rives was reassuring. Blancherette told us he believed himself a gladiator and was in strict training for combat. D'Ambry told Rives he was lucky to be rid of a maniac for so small a loss as 5,000 francs. Rives agreed with him.

Upon the first day of June Lili wore

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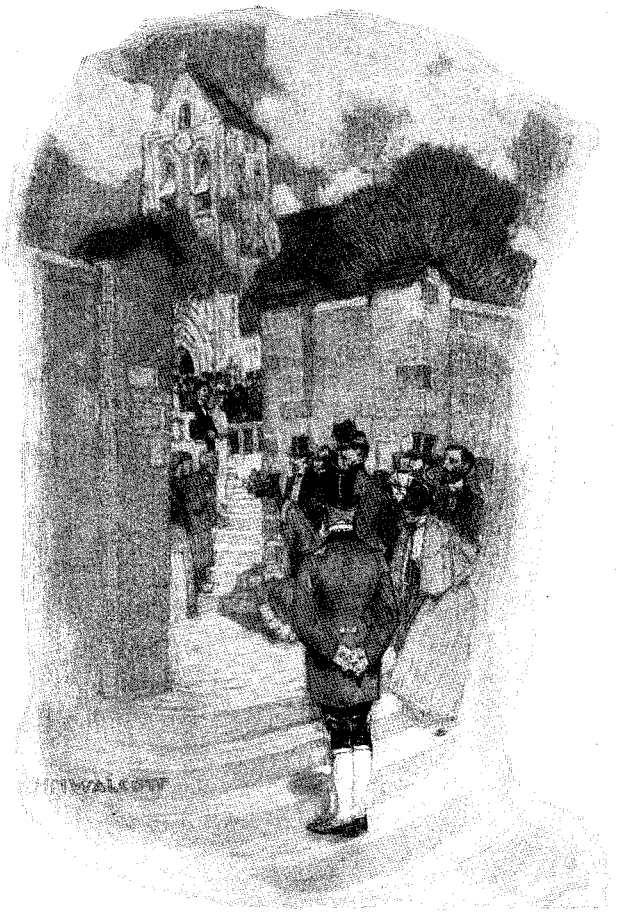
the white dress of a bride for two ceremonies, civil and religious. I handed her to her brother's side in the de Rastelle equipage (Lucien feared to spot his gloves for the ceremony), and as I kissed her sweet face for the last time she handed me a packet. It contained a very wonderful watch with every modern convenience, except, perhaps, the chafing-dish. But what I truly loved about it was the inscription: "To Hector du Belsoze—more than friend—whose daring and resource made possible the union this watch commemorates."

"Dear Lili," I said, raising my hat although the wind blew. The thought of her admiring love touched me strongly. As I entered the carriage assigned to my transportation I repeated a happy truth, "Even the sane have their delusions of grandeur."

I thanked God for this, kneeling in the silence of the mouldy church. A strong scent of lilies breathed upon me, the organ rolled great tones through the aisles, candles burnt dim, and the mystic bell struck a heavenly note at the height of earthly promise. It was then that I bent my knees, thanking the God of France that I had appeared so well.



Upon the first day of June Lili wore the white dress of a bride

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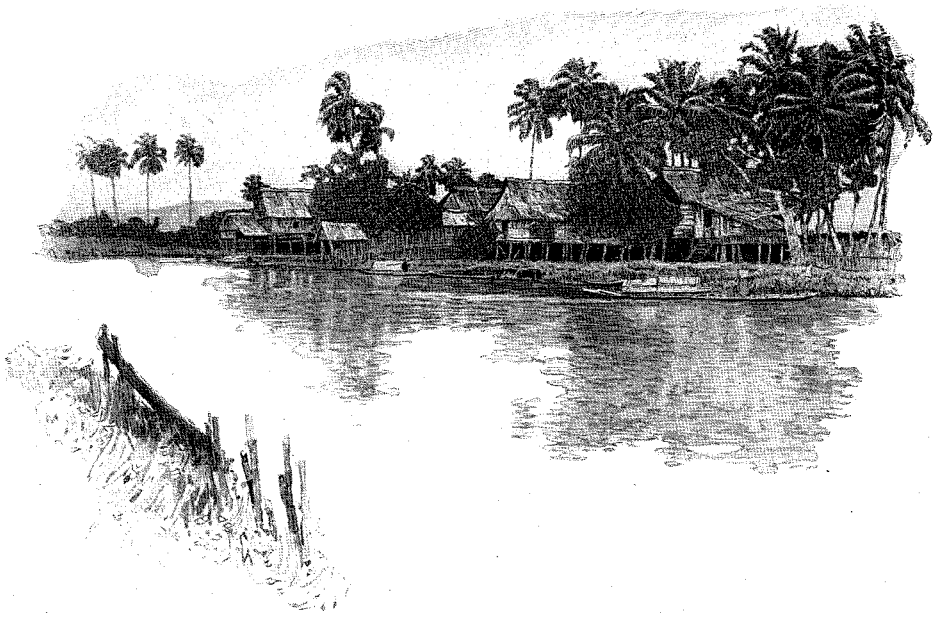

Typical Moro Huts on the Banks of the Rio Grande del Mindanao.

A MORO PRINCESS

By Harriet Arnold Febiger

WORD had been sent to us early in the morning that Dato Uto and his wife, known as the Princessa, would call upon us in state at about the hour of noon. Uto is one of the most powerful of the Moro Chiefs or Datos of the island of Mindanao, and is properly a Sultan, though he is called simply Dato. His is the very bluest of all the blue Moro blood in this great island. His slaves, in serving him, creep and crouch like dogs, and even the other and lesser Datos bow before him and murmur between their half-closed lips, "Dato, Dato." His title of Sultan of Mindanao, which he inherits from his father, has been handed down from father to son through many, many generations, and Dato Uto himself is now a very old man—how old he does not know. His acts of cruelty among his own people and his lawless depredations upon the other chiefs have made him, for years, the terror of this valley of the Rio Grande de Mindanao. There is another upstart, self-made Dato here named Piang, who is now more respected and feared. The sons of Uto are weak and the prestige of the House of Uto dies with him.

The visit of Dato Uto and his young wife to the Military Governor of Cottabato was attended with much ceremony. At mid-day we went to the bank of the river to watch the approach of the barge of state. As it first came into view, gliding slowly down and set, as it were, against the lovely dark green of the luxuriantly foliaged river-banks, we could only exclaim, "How beautiful!" The barge itself was gayly decorated with calico of all colors, made up into banners and frills, the latter extending to the tops of the masts and ruffling jabot-like. Most prominent of all was our own flag, for Uto calls it his flag now. As the boat approached we could see that the outriggers were canoes, one on either side of the boat, in each of which were twelve or fifteen Moro paddlers, strong men and able to paddle for hours without rest.

The Princessa's women came ashore

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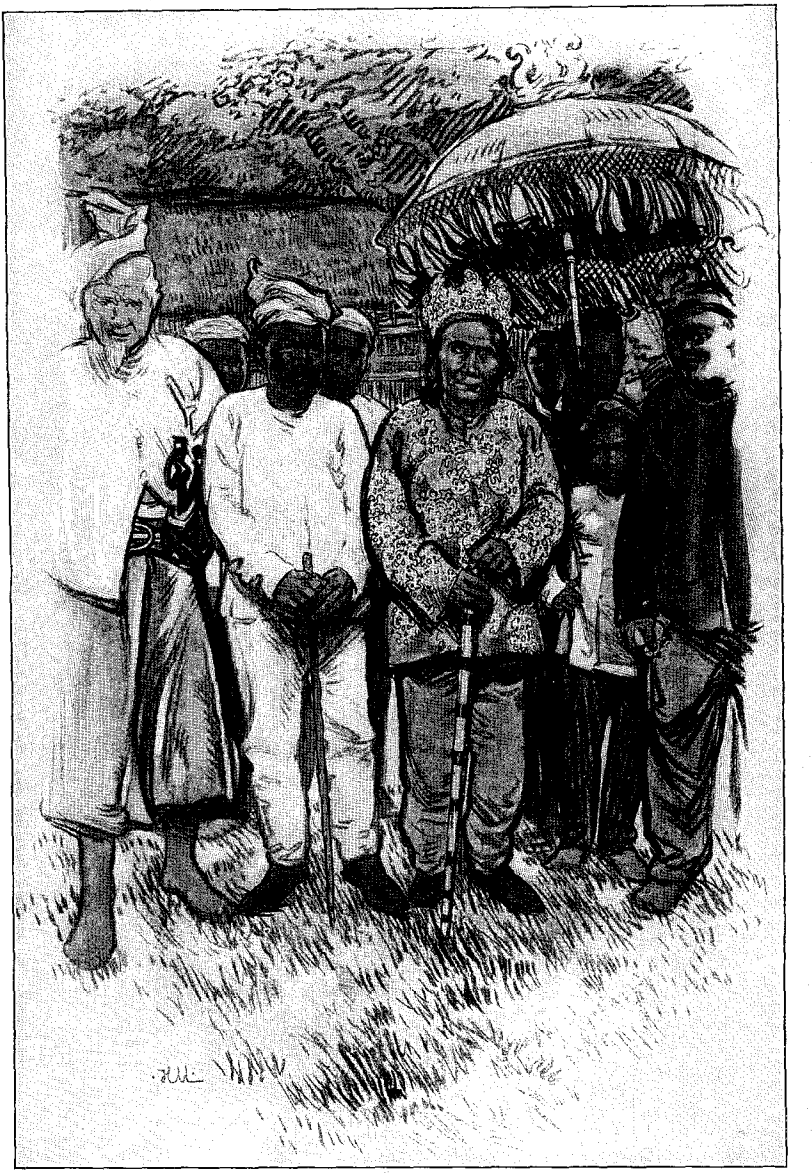

Dato Uto, Dato Balabaran and Attendants.

first, chanting over and over again a strange hymn in her praise. A thought of Cleopatra flashed into my mind. Two slaves lifted the Princessa in a chair from the barge to the landing-place, and thus, the centre of a group of her slaves and attendants, she was borne through the streets of the town to the residence of the Gobernador.

Uto, accompanied by the officers of the garrison and surrounded by his slaves and attendants, walked behind his wife. Slaves carried huge umbrellas, upon long, silver-covered staffs, over the heads of the Princessa and of the Dato. The umbrellas were covered with brocaded Chinese silk with heavy fringes around them, and were surmounted with elaborate designs in silver that looked like lyres. One of the attendants of Uto carried a circular shield of wood with a centre-piece and rim of wrought silver, and in the other hand a

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spear richly ornamented with silver ; another carried a huge frog of silver in which were the never-failing betel-nut and tobacco. Another follower in high office bore the royal criss, the handle being of gold.

The Princessa is not, it is said, of the purest Moro descent. Her skin is pale brown, her features are delicate, and her eyes are set in Chinese fashion. Her black hair was brushed very smoothly from her forehead and was just tied in a great knot at the back of her head, and was always half tumbling down. No pins were used in arranging it.

Her women numbered about fifty, and were of all ages and dressed in every variety of *malong*. There were several children also in the party. Close about her were several young women wearing colored silk handkerchiefs over one shoulder as a sort of badge. They carried nothing in their hands, and were the wives of low degree of Uto. Other young girls bore silver trays on which were most beautifully wrought boxes of silver. Each tray was crowded with the boxes, and they made one think of the Arabian Nights in their sumptuousness. Some of the girls held vases of silver of lovely designs.

Upon their arrival at the house of the Gobernador the chanting, which had continued while the procession moved through the town, ceased, and we were overcome by the sudden silence—and indeed we felt that we were in the presence of a great person. The crowd of followers and onlookers parted, and the slaves bore the chair upon which the Princessa was seated into the hall and up the staircase into the sala, where a sort of seat of honor had been arranged for her on a settee. Though she is quite unaccustomed to a seat of any elevation, yet we felt it was only proper to offer her our best, according to our customs. Her people, however, gathered closely about her and seated themselves on mats.

A slave laid a beautiful criss at her feet. A young girl, a relative of the Princessa, who had immediately preceded the chair in the procession, stood quite close to her, bearing in her hands a silver tray, on which stood, very coquettishly and with toes pointing outward, a pair of red slippers

Sea-going Vinta used by Mindanao Moros.

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Scene in Uto's Market.

with high heels of the variety known as *mules*. We were told that they had belonged to her grandmother. They were overlaid with gold, which was cut out in arabesque designs to show the red lining. The upturned toes bore little peaks of gold upon them. When the Princessa seated herself the tray with the slippers was laid at her feet. They might be called the slippers of state, and were merely emblems. She was wearing a tiny pair of black and gold ones. Her simple costume can be more easily described than that of most women. First there was a tight-fitting jacket of transparent pina cloth, opening in the front to the waist. There was no garment worn under this. The sleeves were really as tight as they could be and wrinkled very stylishly at the wrists. She wore one other garment —a *sarong*, or, as it is called in Moro, a *malong*. This was of purple silk embroidered delicately in gold. The *sarong* is worn throughout the Orient by both men and women, and is simply a very full skirt, but without gathering or band.

The men of Ceylon and the Filipino women of Mindanao wear it in the same fashion — thrown over the head and dropped to the waist like a skirt, then the fulness gathered into the hand in front and twisted into a knot, which is turned back into the belt to secure it. This garment or skirt is called by the Filipino women *patadion*, but by the Ceylon men *sarong*. This same *sarong* is worn by the Moro men and women of the Sulu Archipelago and of Mindanao, but in a variety of ways. The stuff is always native hand-woven cotton. I should call it a gayly plaided gingham. Sometimes the *sarong* is worn resting on one shoulder and falling down to the ground, unless caught up on one arm; again it almost entirely envelops the figure. The Princessa wore her *malong* just under her arms, and both hands were occupied in keeping it from falling off altogether.

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Drawn by Henry McCarter from photograph.

Dato Uto, the Princessa and Attendants.

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Dato Uto seated himself in a comfortable chair, his slaves standing about him. The attendant bearing the silver frog was conveniently at hand. He wore trousers of yellow satin embroidered "all over in spots," and a Chinese blouse of black satin embroidered in the same wonderful fashion. On his head was a silk turban of many colors. Through the interpreters polite expressions of greeting and many compliments were exchanged.

The Princessa turned to an attendant and opened one of the silver repoussé boxes on a tray. All of these lovely boxes were desecrated by the horrid habit of betel-nut chewing. One box was filled with fresh green leaves from what tree I do not know. Taking out a leaf, the Princessa smeared it with lime, using for the purpose a slender copper rod beaten a little flat at one end. Then, with a sharp, curiously shaped blade, she cut a piece from a betel nut, which has somewhat the appearance of a nutmeg. Placing this in the leaf, together with a piece of tobacco taken from another box, she now placed the delicious packet in her mouth as we should a bonbon. Her teeth are perfectly black, as are the teeth of all Moro women after marriage. It is said that they sacrifice the charm of their beauty by blackening their teeth in order to show their devotion to their husbands.

We were asked through the interpreters if we would like to see the dancing-girls. Two little girls of eight or ten years of age then took their places on a mat before us. Their *malongs* were fastened around their waists, leaving their hands free. There were silver bangles on their little wrists and ankles. On two fingers of each hand were silver sheaths covering and protecting their long nails. On their heads were elaborate head-dresses of nodding tinsel and artificial flowers. Two women seated themselves on a mat near them, one beating with her hand a brass tray, the other a sort of native drum. It was strange and interesting, and set one to dreaming.

These people called the American flag their flag. They are ignorant of all save what immediately surrounds them. In thought we were carried back to another age.

The little bare feet kept beating time as the girls danced around and around. Their shy looks and downcast eyes seemed to ask for sympathy. The arms and hands and the bodies themselves moved with unfaltering rhythm. The dancing over, we smiled our approval, but the little faces remained impassive and expressed no response.

We played on the piano, which seemed to delight them. One of the younger women, probably a musician according to Moro standards, was persuaded by the others to try and play on this strange musical instrument. After much hesitating, she gathered up her *malong* and seated herself on the bench, but drew her heels up on it also in true Oriental fashion! She very soon, cleverly enough, began beating out Moro music, striking a key with the whole length of the forefinger of one hand, and then striking a key with the forefinger of the other.

Trays of bonbons were then passed. They were taken very gravely, only the children tasting them. I noticed that many of the women tied the pieces up in their *malongs*, just as one often sees people tie coins up in the corner of their handkerchiefs.

Dato Uto and the Princessa then took their leave, expressing the hope that we would soon go up the river and visit them in their home. The procession formed as before, the chanting commenced, the great umbrellas were raised, and slowly and almost solemnly our new friends passed from our view.

Some time after, in going up the river to return the visit of Dato Uto and the Princessa, we took the precaution of having two vintas lashed together, otherwise we would scarcely have dared to move a hand or even laugh for fear of upsetting, as the Moro boats used on the Rio Grande del Mindanao are just huge tree-trunks hollowed out, and without outriggers. Natives clothed in tightest of jackets and shortest of breeches, with gay turbans on their heads, paddle strong and steadily, and when meeting another vinta give a succession of quick raps on the edge of the boat as a sort of salute. The head paddler now and again gives a whoop to force his men, who have become lazy, into a quicker pace. For a few minutes our vintas rush through the water and we

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are covered with spray. Then the paddlers fall back into the same slow, measured strokes as before.

The trip up the river was enchanting, and like a dream come true. Blue mountains in the distance and close at hand palm-trees, and at intervals clumps of bamboo, like gigantic plumes, bending and tossing in the breeze. Sky-blue swallows by hundreds fly close to the water, rise high into the air, and dart in and out of their nests in the clay banks of the river, the water being low now.

We made our landing at Uto's market, as it is market-day and crowded with natives, intending to walk on to Uto's house, which is very near. The natives had brought their produce for sale to the market in vintas, and there is very little change in the variety from year's end to year's end. You will always see straw sacks of native weave containing *pilai* or unhusked rice, sweet potatoes, bananas of many kinds, and long stalks of sugar-cane. Then there is the never-failing betel-nut and tobacco, with neat little bundles of a fresh green leaf which they chew with the betel-nut. There are also home-made rice-cakes fried in cocoanut-oil, which look tempting but are detestable. Live chickens and dried fish are in abundance.

A short walk brought us to Uto's house, which was in every way like all the other nipa-covered huts along the river. It was set on piles, and it was with much difficulty that we mounted the broad bamboo ladder, which was without a hand-rail. Here was one large apartment, in the centre of which was a thick mattress forming a bed which was piled with pillows. On this the Princessa was seated, but left it for a moment to come forward and greet us. Uto seated himself in a chair, old and richly carved, which had doubtless belonged in other days to some Spanish family.

His wife, while seated in Turkish fashion upon her couch, offered us cigarettes, which she smoked almost constantly. She was dressed in a tight jacket and a *sarong* of richest Chinese brocade. Her feet have the delicate look of an infant's. They scarcely ever bear her weight. With the exception of her visit to the river close by for her daily bath, her life is spent on that couch. She has been up the river, as Uto has a house there where they formerly spent a part of their time, but she has never been to the mouth of the river, which is only five miles distant, and so has never seen the sea.

Chests lined the sides of the room, and several of these were opened to show us the native garments woven by her slaves. Some of the *sarongs* were entirely of silk, lovely in coloring and design, and others were of one color and embroidered. We know, too, that one chest contained a quantity of gold, for the old Dato had one day asked one of our friends to come over and count it for him. A chest of gold! Does not that recall the nursery tales of our childhood? On the wall we saw the shield with the silver rim that Uto takes out on occasions of ceremony. Brass vessels of all sizes and shapes, some of them very old and of beautiful workmanship, are ranged about the sides of the room, and are a part of the wealth of these people, a man sometimes giving a hundred of these to the father of his bride-elect. Perhaps it was because we over-admired them that when we left one was presented to each of the women of our party!

A slave brought in a brass tray on which were many little dishes containing small portions of native cookery. This was passed to us, and we made a selection from bananas fried in cocoanut-oil, cocoanut dried in sugar, rice-cakes made into fanciful shapes and sugared, dried pumpkin. There were also little English biscuits that I recognized as having come from a tin, though the Mohammedans themselves do not eat food that has been prepared by Christians. For myself, I was very glad to take one.

The Princessa said very little, but maintained her position with wonderful ease and dignity. Dato Uto talked a little in Spanish, but only to say that he was growing very old and that he was very ill. He showed much attention to one of his children, a small boy of not more than five or six years, who smoked a long cigar as he stood by his father's chair.

The Princessa then ordered her slaves to beat on the brass, gong-like instruments so universally in use with all the natives of the Pacific islands. The music is monotonous, but the Moros never tire of it, and one can hear that constant beating

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almost all through the night in a Moro village. There is a number of these gongs, of different sizes and tones, in a set—six or seven, I think—and they rest on a sort of bamboo support, like a ladder, placed horizontally, at a convenient height for the hands of the performer as she stands before it. We were glad when the music ceased and the little dancing girls came out, though we at once felt sorry for them, as we were told that they were not sufficiently fed, and then only on special things that were thought to make their bones and muscles supple.

Uto's day of power and authority has already passed, and his actual days themselves are numbered, but the Princessa will probably live to see great and wonderful changes in the valley of the Rio Grande de Mindanao.

To us she complained that some of her slaves had run away. We shrugged our shoulders, but in our hearts rejoiced. The time has not yet come for us to force radical changes upon these people, but they are learning much, and the rising generation is absorbing new ideas through every pore.

One of Uto's sons, a man of past twenty, asked if he might attend the school in Cottabato. He came attended by a small slave, who carried his brass betel-nut box upon his shoulder. He made some progress in the First Reader, but gained much knowledge of civilization by mingling with the people of the town. He saw ice, he observed the telephone in use—even spoke in Moro through it, and was answered in Moro by a Dato far up the river where there was a sub-military station.

We left the Princessa and Uto with the usual expressions of farewell and our minds full of new and strange impressions.

EXPERIENCE

By Frank Dempster Sherman

When I set free my Golden-wing,
  Straight to the open fields he flew,
But never once I heard him sing
  The songs which in his cage he knew.

I followed him and left behind
  The narrow room where came to me
The dreams which I was wont to bind
  In sheaves of song and melody.

Alas! the happy dreams no more
  Would turn to music on my lute:
Gone was the joy I knew before,
  And liberty had made me mute.

So now my Golden-wing and I
  Come gladly back to cage and den
To hear the dreams go singing by
  And find life full of song again.

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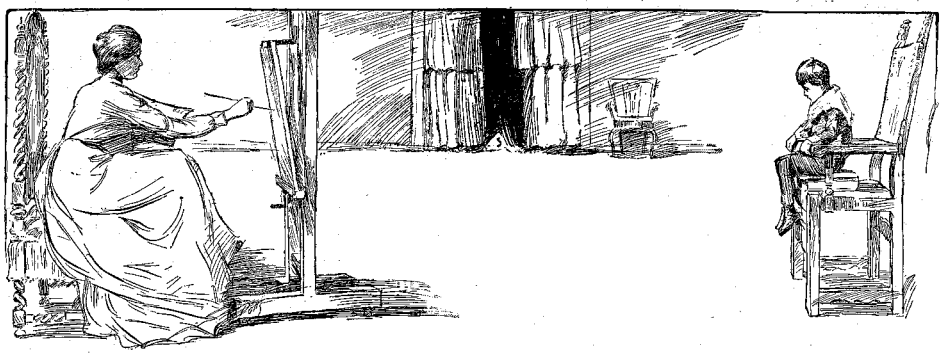

A REFORMED TRAVELLER

By Sydney Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

I SHALL never get married—never! I don't mind telling anyone else why, but I wouldn't like Uncle Jim to know, for it's because he's been what people call improved by marriage. I don't know that it was exactly a mistake for him to want to marry Aunt Millie in the first place, but there's been a mistake somewhere, and it seems to me it was in Aunt Millie's trying to make him different. I don't think he's really changed inside, and I don't believe he's improved, for that wouldn't be possible, but he's been cultivated just a little, by Aunt Millie, and I think she might have left him as Nature made him. It's like father and Billy's ears. Father said it would look absurd to have a fox-terrier with long ears, and after he clipped them I couldn't deny that Billy looked spruced up and more like other dogs, but he lost his puppy ways and got an anxious look, as if he must be sure not to do it again, and I wished he had been left alone. Then it was an experience, and experiences leave a mark on your soul, and if dogs haven't souls, Uncle Jim has.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for Aunt Millie's artistic tastes she wouldn't have tried to improve Uncle Jim, for, as mother says, she is a worshipper of the beautiful, and she likes to have everything about her as lovely as possible. When she paints anything her picture is always prettier than the real thing, and she can make even a turnip look good enough to eat. She has a wonderful knack of making you picturesque when she does what she calls a study of you, and when she did me in a velveteen coat and a lace collar everyone said it was exquisite and a perfect likeness—that is, everyone but me—I didn't like to. Of course, I didn't mind being dressed up to look like that, but it would have been a different thing if she had tried to make me over into that kind of a boy. Yet it was something quite as serious that happened to Uncle Jim, when Aunt Millie gave up painting pictures and devoted herself to him.

The married Uncle Jim seemed as happy as before, but in a different way. He laughed as often, I think, when he and Aunt Millie came to visit us at the end of their wedding-trip, but not so loudly, except once in a while when he would burst into a real loud laugh and then break off short with a sort of cough, as much as to say that he begged to apologize for being so boisterous, but really it was quite accidental, and he would see that it didn't happen again. Then he didn't tell so many funny stories, and when he did tell one, he looked frequently at Aunt Millie in a kind of anxious way and avoided the use of language that wasn't elegant, and I missed all the odd expressions that made his conversation so entertaining when he came back from his travels.

I didn't like him any the less, of course, than when he appeared so suddenly at Orchard Farm the year before, but he was certainly more interesting then. There

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It was the first time I had been allowed to go away from home alone.—Page 370.

were no creases in his trousers, his beard straggled, his boots were patched and dusty, and he was smudged like an engine-driver—no wonder, after travelling all the way from New Mexico on freight trains!—but it didn't matter a bit how he looked, he was so jolly. He had been away for years, it seemed—that's why I didn't know I had an Uncle Jim—collecting evidence to support his bill compelling railway companies to provide cushions and screens on their buffers for poor people who couldn't afford to travel in the ordinary way. I was delighted to hear he had collected all the evidence he wanted and that he was going to settle down in

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the next county as a farmer, which he would have done years before, mother said, if Grandfather Hayter hadn't been so determined to make a lawyer of him. It was during that visit we got to be such friends, and I felt in a short time as if I had been his nephew all his life; it was then, too, we had the long talks together, when I told him about Miss Darlington painting my picture, and how lovely she was, and he remembered they went to school together when he was a boy and just what she looked like then, and asked ever so many questions about her. That was the very beginning of their getting to know each other again, and Uncle Jim said afterward that if it hadn't been for me perhaps they mightn't have met for ever so long, and that I had something to do with Miss Darlington becoming Aunt Millie.

I shouted "Great—Scot!" and flung the hammer on the ground and stamped on it.—Page 373.

That must be why they wanted me to visit them almost as soon as they got into their house. I wanted awfully to go, but at first mother said it was out of the question; that Uncle Jim couldn't really want a small boy around when he was busy getting settled and fixing up the place, but I knew better; when he wrote that he needed my help and advice, he meant it, for he always means what he says. Besides, as it turned out, they needed me more than they knew, and if I hadn't gone poor Uncle Jim might have lost more happiness by being improved than he gained by being married, and Aunt Millie mightn't have realized what a mistake she was making in trying to cultivate him.

It isn't any use to ask your father when your mother stands firm, for he always says she knows best, but when she gives in and says she'll speak to your father, it's all settled. That's what happened when Uncle Jim's and Aunt Millie's second letter came. Mother smiled when she read it and said she supposed she'd have to let me go if they were so bent upon having me, so she went right to work to get my clothes ready. When father came in she spoke to him: she said Jim and Millie had written again to ask us to let Paul go for a little visit, and what did he think about it? Father said surely they didn't want to be bothered with him when their honeymoon was scarcely over, and mother replied, very well, it would be just as he said, and looked unusually meek; then father added hastily, no, no—she knew best; but she said she always deferred to his judgment, and perhaps, after all, Paul would be in the way. Then father said they ought to know best about that themselves, and if they didn't want him they wouldn't have written twice, and presently mother permitted herself to be overruled.

It was the first time I had been allowed to go away from home alone, and mother said with tears in her eyes that she couldn't have let me go anywhere else than to Uncle Jim's, but it was only for a week, and she hoped I would be a credit to her, and be sure not to ask too many questions or get in the way, and remember that I was a child, and children were expected

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I remembered how Uncle Jim said she looked like a doll when she was a little girl.—Page 373.

to go off and play by themselves instead of hanging around grown people all the time.

Well, I made up my mind to follow her directions pretty closely, but Uncle Jim and Aunt Millie didn't seem to want me to go off and play by myself. They were both on the station platform to meet me, and I took off my cap and held out my hand and said, "How do you do, Aunt Millie?"

Always before that, when Miss Darlington visited us at Orchard Farm, she had been very nice to me, but not too affectionate; this time, though, instead of shaking hands and asking me how I did, she

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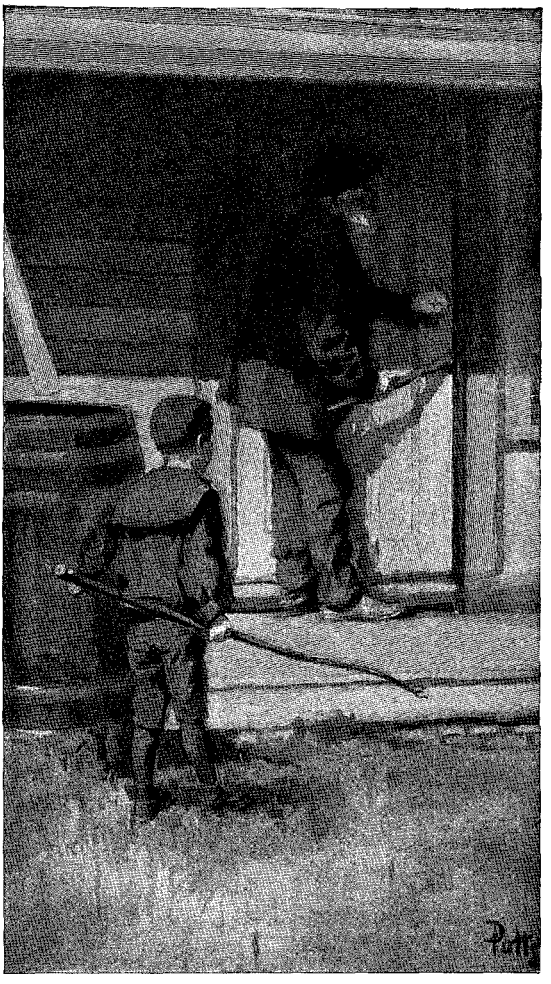
swooped down on me with wide-open arms, and hugged me ever so hard, and kissed me over and over again. Positively, I was ashamed, especially with Uncle Jim standing there, and as soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I wriggled a little and said, in a deep voice, "That's —all—right!" —the way Uncle Jim did when he came home from his travels and mother hugged him. She let me go then, and I got a chance to pull down my coat and straighten my collar, while she and Uncle Jim looked at each other in such an odd way; they were smiling about their mouths, but their eyes were shiny. I don't know why, for they were certainly glad to see me, but afterward when I got a chance to ask Uncle Jim, he said it was a way grown people had of trying to save time—you could save ever so much by doing all your crying at odd moments when you laughed. That's one of the awfully nice things about Uncle Jim; he invites your confidence, and you want to ask him things; then he never says, "Tut!" or "Never mind!" or "Run away and play!" and you can ask him ever so many questions about the same thing and find out why every time.



"Leave go that door," he shouted.—Page 374.

I know it isn't polite to ask too many personal questions, unless the person wants you to, but Uncle Jim always did; and then I am careful to avoid putting anyone in an embarrassing position, for mother has taught me that true delicacy consists in changing the subject when you see it is distasteful to the other person, though sometimes she forgets that herself when I am the other person. But then it isn't fair to criticise your elders, for you can't understand all the worries and responsibilities they have; all the same, you can't help noticing things.

But there isn't really any need of asking a great many questions about one thing, for you can change the subject and then put this and that and two and two together all by yourself. I noticed, for instance, that Aunt Millie didn't enjoy Uncle Jim's travels as a subject of conversation, for at tea the day I arrived I happened to ask if he was going to write a book about them like other great travellers, and he laughed very hard, but stopped short when he glanced at Aunt Millie, and looked as if he had swallowed a plumstone by mistake and hoped the consequences would not be fatal. After that I didn't talk to him about his travels except when we were alone.

It seems that after you're married you

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must, above everything, think before you speak. It isn't that you're exactly afraid of doing wrong, but you truly wish to please your wife. That's why Uncle Jim has almost given up using expressions, and I found it out without his knowing, of course. I was with him nearly all the time of my visit, except when I was asleep, and he forgot only twice. There were other times, though, when he nearly forgot; for example, the day I helped him to make chicken coops, when the hammer slipped off a nail and struck his thumb. He grabbed the thumb with his other hand and squeezed hard and shut his eyes and said between his teeth, "G-r-r-r—"

I knew what he wanted to say, and there wasn't a moment to lose if it was going to do him any good, so I shouted, "Great—Scot!" and flung the hammer on the ground and stamped on it. Uncle Jim's thumb felt better right away, for he began to laugh and said it was a sell on him, but he had to sit for ever so long with his thumb in a dipper of hot water, and we didn't get any more coops made that day. I sat beside him and we talked. He was quite solemn for a while, and he said he was very much obliged to me, but—then he cleared his throat and swallowed—he had heard that—that was a vulgar phrase and it would be well for me not to get into the habit of using it. Then he drew a very long breath with a groan at the end of it, as if his axe had got stuck in a tough knot of wood, and he looked so embarrassed that I hastened to change the subject. I said it was a fine day.

The next day was Sunday. Aunt Millie seemed sorrowful about not being able to go to church, especially on my account, as it was to be a children's service, but Uncle Jim's hand was too sore to drive the horses, so he said we'd make up by taking a quiet walk down to the river to commune with nature. I tried not to look too pleased, for I didn't want to tell Aunt Millie that I hate children's services and love to go for walks and think quiet thoughts on Sundays. Grown people's services are not so objectionable, for although the minister's voice is loud and long, he seems in earnest and quite sensible, and everyone isn't looking at you to see if you're attentive and pleased. But when he keeps on smiling and rubbing his hands together and leaning forward so far as he asks silly questions, like "What kind of a fish swallowed Jonah?" and telling you not to be afraid to speak up, he makes you think of the way the school-teacher speaks to you when the superintendent comes in to see him teach: and you don't like church or the minister or yourself, though the grown people say, how delightful, and what a gift he has for interesting children!

Well, that's why I was glad we couldn't go to church, and though Aunt Millie didn't look enthusiastic about the walk, she said I might go if I had a little Bible lesson first. I didn't mind that if it was going to please her, for she is so kind and so much in earnest, and while she read about John the Baptist so beautifully, I looked at her and thought what pretty waves she had in her hair, and what lovely soft gray eyes and curvy red lips, and I remembered how Uncle Jim said she looked like a doll when she was a little girl and wore a fluffy white dress and a big big blue sash and two long yellow braids of hair down her back, but all the time I knew that Uncle Jim was waiting to take me for a walk, and I began to wonder if we would see any fish, and at last when Aunt Millie finished the chapter and closed the Bible I was ready to run off.

I don't think I ever had such a nice Sunday walk. Uncle Jim was in such good spirits and told me lots of interesting things about the Indian village, which has neither Indians nor villages. It is only a great flat on the bank of the river where hundreds of years ago the Indians used to camp when they came down from the north, and Uncle Jim said that people still picked up flint arrow-heads and other relics when they were ploughing. I wanted awfully to find a flint arrow-head, and we looked very hard without seeing one, but when we were sitting beside the river I began to dig my heel into the ground and it struck something hard, which turned out to be a three-pronged spear. I thought it was an Indian relic, and danced for joy, but Uncle Jim said he was afraid it was only a modern fish-spear. He cleaned the rust off with a flat stone and sharp-

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ened the prongs with the file on his pocket-knife, and I was almost as much pleased as if it had belonged to an Indian. He described how fish were speared, and when I wished it had a handle he looked very thoughtful; then he said he guessed he might as well trim off that piece of hickory while we were resting. So he made a beautiful handle about ten feet long, and though it struck me that he wasn't getting much chance to commune with nature, he seemed so interested in fixing the spear that I didn't say anything to distract his attention.

Among all the true sayings that I've heard, I don't think anything is truer than that one thing leads to another. The spear was lying on the ground and we were peering over the bank into the water, when a big sucker sailed slowly toward us and began poking his snout among the pebbles in the shallows. At the same instant Uncle Jim and I both reached backward for the spear, then our eyes met and we both remembered the same thing at the same time, and we got a little red and dived into our pockets for handkerchiefs. Uncle Jim always trumpets loudly; and when the fish heard him it darted away.

I think we were both relieved when it was out of reach. Uncle Jim said in a very subdued tone that it was quite time to go home, and we started at once without looking into the river again. Afterward it seemed providential that we hadn't delayed a moment. We were both very thoughtful at first, for we felt how dreadful it would have been to go back and tell Aunt Millie that we had tried to spear a fish on Sunday, but after a while it seemed to me we had behaved nobly, and I asked Uncle Jim whether he thought you should resist temptation or flee from it. He laughed and said perhaps it was a good plan to resist it first and flee afterward.

When we got within sight of the house I was so eager to show Aunt Millie my spear that I raced ahead and got there before Uncle Jim had reached the gate. I ran around to the kitchen, for I knew Aunt Millie would be getting dinner, and just as I got to the corner of the house I saw a sight that made me jump. A great hulking tramp with a red bundle in one hand was standing at the door with his back to me; in the other hand he had a big stick that was poked in between the door and the frame to keep it from being quite closed, and I heard Aunt Millie call out from inside in a faint, frightened tone, "Go away—go—away!"

"Leave go that door," he shouted, prying on the stick, "or I'll——"

He didn't finish, for at that moment the prongs of the spear went through his trousers.

I think if I hadn't known that Uncle Jim was coming, I would have dropped the spear and run, so many things led to one another all at once. The stick and bundle fell to the flags, the door banged shut, and the tramp uttered the most blood-curdling roar while he clutched himself with both hands and tried to turn around, but I pushed a little harder and he flattened himself against the door and looked as if he was going to climb up the side of the house, then at last he got his head around far enough to see me and broke into the most awful language.

It is alarming to be given the choice of dropping that or being basted alive, and I couldn't help trembling a good deal, but I managed to jab harder and say he was a darn coward and let him try it, for I knew Uncle Jim was close at hand. The next moment there was a rush, and I saw Uncle Jim reach out and jerk the tramp backward and stand over him with his hands clenched; then the kitchen-door opened, and there stood Aunt Millie, her face pale and her hand pressed to her side. Uncle Jim's eyes seemed to flash fire when he saw her, then he raised his fist and said something between his teeth, and the tramp, who had grabbed his bundle and stick, would have gone over again if Aunt Millie hadn't called out, "Jim—*don't!*" The tramp half raised his stick with a sort of snarl, but he caught sight of me lowering my spear behind Uncle Jim, then he turned and ran for the gate.

Now in books I have been led to understand that the heroine, when rescued by the hero from the villain, falls into his arms and faints or utters sobs of gratitude as she snuggles closer, and I certainly expected something of the kind to happen; indeed, I was prepared to go up to the

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barn for a while, so that Uncle Jim would not feel more mortified by my presence. But Aunt Millie sank into a kitchen-chair, and when Uncle Jim tried to put his arms around her she shuddered and pushed him away with one hand, and then covered her face and burst into tears. Uncle Jim stood still for a moment, then he put out his hand and said, in a most pleading tone, "Millie?"

"Don't touch me," cried Aunt Millie, shrinking back, "go away!"

"*Millie?*" repeated Uncle Jim, in a strange, choking voice.

"You looked wicked," cried Aunt Millie, looking up at him with her face all wet and twisted, "you—you *swore!*—go away."

Perhaps if Uncle Jim and I had had more experience we would have known that Aunt Millie spoke that way because her nerves were unstrung, and what she really wanted was to be taken into his arms and comforted and told he was sorry and wouldn't do it again; and if Aunt Millie had known what a fright she was making of herself she wouldn't have carried on that way and said what she didn't mean. But by the time we all knew what we didn't know then, it was too late.

Uncle Jim turned without another word and walked out of the kitchen. I followed, but he motioned me back, with his brows all knotted up, and went on to the barn. Then I went into the kitchen, for it suddenly struck me that it would be a good chance to let Aunt Millie know what a mistake she was making in trying to improve Uncle Jim. I was indignant about that; besides, I thought she might have thanked me for spearing the tramp. But the thought of poor Uncle Jim's despairing look and the sight of Aunt Millie weeping as if her heart was broken almost made me cry too. Presently Aunt Millie sopped her eyes and looked up; her nose was dreadfully red.

"Paul," said she, with a sob, reaching out to take me in her arms.

I backed out of reach. I had no wish to be hugged and cried over in place of Uncle Jim. "Don't touch me," I said, as politely as I could—"keep away."

Aunt Millie forgot to cry; she stared at me, and then exclaimed, "*Paul!*"

"I'm wicked—*I* swore," I said, dodging her again. "I called him a darn coward—I'm as bad as Uncle Jim."

Aunt Millie had got out of the chair to catch me, but she sat down again suddenly, looking bewildered; then she began to laugh and stared at me harder, and wiped away more tears, and presently she let her arms hang down on each side of the chair, and I heard her say—it's one of the real things that sounds untrue, especially about Aunt Millie, though she said it under her breath—I heard her say, "I'll—be—*jiggered!*"

Well, when I heard her say that I knew she must have learned it from Uncle Jim, and when I began to tell her what I thought of the way she had been treating him she seemed to understand how necessary it was to express your feelings when anything unusual happened, and that it was better to have Uncle Jim like himself than to have him spruced up in his language and manners and get an anxious look like Billy. And I wound up by reminding her that she had once said that Nature was the one true artist.

She listened with great interest, then she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Paul!—where is your Uncle Jim?"

"Gone," I said, solemnly.

"*Gone!*" she exclaimed wildly, starting up.

"To the barn," I explained.

Then she told me to run up quickly and tell him that she wanted him right away, and I ran as fast as my legs could go. When I opened the little door, there was Uncle Jim sitting on a bushel measure with his face all drawn and a straw between his teeth, looking like a picture of a jailed pirate.

"Uncle Jim!" I shouted, popping my head inside. "Aunt Millie wants——"

At that moment Uncle Jim stood up and something dashed past me like a runaway horse, and into his arms; then I saw it was Aunt Millie, and that she was hugging and kissing him ever so hard. I turned and ran back to the house as fast as I could, though Uncle Jim was bearing up like a man.

After a while they both came back looking happy but foolish, and Uncle Jim was laughing while he helped Aunt Millie to corner me. She caught me in her arms

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and kissed me and asked if I knew what I was, and I said, "What?"

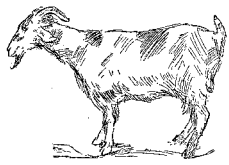
Then Uncle Jim and Aunt Millie both replied together, as if they had practised it: "Our—mascot."

"What's a mascot?" I asked.

"It's different things," said Aunt Millie, giving me another hug. "It's a—a *darling!*" Then she cried a little more, and laughed through her tears, while Uncle Jim trumpeted.

They didn't like to tell me what it was, and at first when I found out I was very much surprised, but I know Aunt Millie meant well, for she wrote to mother that I had taught her to see certain things in a true perspective, and I hope that means that Uncle Jim isn't going to be cultivated any more.

There's one thing certain—it's better than being called a lammie, or a little angel. I found out what it was when I got home. The Sixty-fifth Regiment has one. It's a *goat!*



THE NEW VINE

By Mildred Howells

BENEATH the trees, within a wood,
Once sprouted an abnormal thing:
A vine of independent mood
That quite refused to cling.

It rioted along the ground,
With green plumes flaunting in the air,
And when rebuked by all around
It did not seem to care.

"You should select," each sheltering tree
Advised in vain that shameless vine,
"Some worthy trunk your prop to be;
For vines were made to twine.

"In summer it might do to trail,
But when comes winter with its snow
This independence won't avail.
Your end, alas, we know."

But still the vine pursued its way
In spite of warnings, wind, and weather,
And still the critics day by day
Bewailed its wickedness together.

Years passed: full low the trees were laid
By winter storms. In green array
The vine still journeys undismayed,
For ground-pine grows that way.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"I AM going to ask you," writes a stranger to a deaf man, "to help me learn how to go on living notwithstanding I am deaf. How do you do it? Is it that somehow you have learned to take the thing merely as an inconvenience and not as a curse? Surely if there is any secret about it, you won't mind telling me!"

Surely not, surely not; but there is no secret. Deafness incontestably is a bad job and has its trials, especially for beginners. There is no denying or getting around the inconveniences of it, but still it ought not to be rated as a curse. It is only a curse to persons who knock under to it. To be deaf is to be partly dead, and to be even partly dead is a very grave inconvenience to folks whose errand is still to be run in this world and among the living. But one should by all means make inconveniences keep bounds and order. Govern them, restrict them, constrain them to docility and reasonable dimensions. Get service out of them even if that is possible. Don't let them sit in the saddle and hold the reins. A man may not go creditably through life asking odds of creation. The attitude of one who does that is the attitude for a deaf man to avoid. It should be his lookout that the inevitable inconveniences of his infirmity should fall as much as possible on himself and as little as possible on others. That is not heroism, nor even pride; it is sound policy. His affair if he is to go about in the world is to be as little of a kill-joy and as much of an acquisition as possible, to keep himself so balanced and so restricted, to show such aplomb and such consideration that his presence will cause no fairly well-mannered person discomfort or embarrassment. His part in the play may prove somewhat deficient in spoken lines and somewhat over-supplied with silent waiting, but there are fair possibilities of satisfaction in it provided it is acted out for all it is worth.

Deafness.

After all, the saddest thing that can happen to a man is to carry no burden. To be bent under too great a load is bad, to be crushed by it is lamentable, but even in that there are possibilities that are glorious. But to carry no load at all—there is nothing in that. No one seems to arrive at any goal really worth reaching in this world who does come to it heavy laden. The trouble with deafness is not so much that it is burdensome as that it seems such an unprofitable load. The weight that is strapped to the jockey's saddle is there for no more useful purpose than to make the race harder for the horse. That is pretty much how it is with deafness. It makes the race that much harder for the man. But sport is still sport. The race is still a race. Our handicaps are not of our own choosing. It is for us to go on with them and to see that they don't slacken our speed or shorten our distance any whit more than they must.

It is not wholly a deaf person's disadvantage that many forms of amusement have slight attractions for him. Provided he can get the amount of recreation that is necessary for his health, it does not greatly matter where he finds it. Any kind of game or sport that takes him into society and keeps him in sight of his fellows and even to a limited degree in touch with them is better than amusements that are solitary. If he plays solitaire let him play it in company, in sight at least of other human creatures. There is a constant force that drives him to seclusion, but to be a recluse is unwholesome. Seclusion tends to warp the spirit. A deaf man's policy is to keep his spirit as straight and supple as he can, and not to let bodily infirmity twist it out of shape. With one sense impaired he has four left, and there is a lot left in life to a man who has four senses in good order and perhaps partial use of the fifth. There is the smell faculty. Besides being useful and protective it is at times considerably cheering. The smell of the country in the spring, the smell of the land after a summer shower, the smell of the woods in the fall, gratefully excite and inspire the spirit. The smell of flowers and of salt water are very good. All the good natural smells help the deaf man to keep himself in conceit with Earth, though they don't make up to him for the loss of the sounds of nature, the singing of birds, the wind in the trees, the wash of the waves on the seashore. Smell is least among the senses, but

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it is an asset worth considering when one's proper total of assets is impaired.

Sight means almost the difference between helplessness and power. It means reading, work, the capacity to make one's living and to feed one's mind. One would say it meant everything were there not cases where life has been made profitable without either hearing or sight. It is the mind and not any sense or senses that is everything.

As for taste, it means that even a deaf man may take pleasure in his meals, and that is important, for meals are of such constant and frequent recurrence that it must be a serious misfortune not to find some pleasure in mere food. The sense of feeling is of course a good asset, though deaf people don't develop it in the degree that some blind people do. And there is sleep. Deaf people who are lucky enough not to have noises in their heads have an advantage as sleepers, and commonly profit by it, and a good sleeper has a third of all his time profitably disposed of.

Now the advantage of deafness, in so far as a detrimental thing can have an advantage, is that it favors concentration. The mind keeps going all the time, and provided it is directed by a strong will and supported by a sound body there may be a certain profit in that freedom from interruption which it gains by working in a silent world. They say that Mr. Thomas Edison, the inventor, is pretty deaf and minds it very little. If that is true it must be because his mind is constantly working to some definite purpose. Presumably it is never left to prey upon itself. It never rides. It is always driven and driven pretty hard. Of course it is an exceptional mind. But still the great problem for any deaf man is to govern what mind he has, and keep it as busy as possible in the most profitable employment it is fit for. If he can tire it out every day to fairly good purpose it won't tire him out by idle and harassing reflections. Work is the great palliation of his infirmity, and his work has got to be of a rather exceptional sort, for deafness shuts him off from very many of the ordinary occupations. Persons whose deafness comes to them so early in life as to determine their choice of work have a great advantage over those who follow a calling in which hearing is essential. That was one trouble with Beethoven. He had risked all he had in music. When his deafness came it brought inaction and despair.

But for most persons perpetual work in waking hours doesn't do, and the deaf man who tries it is apt to come to grief. His nerves wear out, he grows sad and irritable, his powers of mind sag, and he tends to become a grief to himself and bad company for even the kindest of his fellows. He must have some little fun every day and some human society if he is to get on as well as he ought. Lucky indeed for him if he has folks about him, folks who take trouble for him, supplement him, eat with him, talk with him, who share indeed the weight of his infirmity, from whom he does ask odds, but gives service back and gratitude, and trusts finally to love to make all odds even. Some human company is almost indispensable, but not too much, for a considerable measure of solitude is restful to a deaf man and good for him. Reading must be his greatest recreation; that takes him out of his environment and out of himself and gives him new thoughts, but he also needs, even more than hearing people, the solace of domestic life. Babies are good company for him, for they rarely say anything that is essential to hear. Games are good for him—golf, billiards, cards, any game that is distracting and recreative, and keeps him in touch, however imperfectly, with human beings. He will do well, *she* will do especially well, to take due interest in personal appearance. Hearing people take a vast interest in clothes. Deaf people may deck themselves out with even more propriety, for, inasmuch as their social performance is bound to be defective, it behooves them to make their social appearance as attractive as they may.

The ingenuity of man has contrived a variety of instruments by the use of which deaf people may hear better. There are hearing horns, great and small, fan-shaped things by which an attentive mind can gather sounds through the teeth; tubes through which persons not deaf to an egregious excess may get the conversation of a single person with certainty and ease. They are all unsightly, inconvenient, and objectionable, but any of them that really helps hearing is far better than unmitigated deafness. Hearing persons, as a rule, don't like to talk loud. Many of them can't talk loud—their voices don't carry. Moreover, loud talking is a nuisance in company, rasps throats and nerves, and curries most of the bloom off the conversational peach. It pays a deaf person

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who is deaf enough, to use any hearing instrument that will help him. The fact that he has it and hangs it out is itself very useful, because it advertises his infirmity. If one is deaf it is far better to be known to be deaf, for a recognized defect in hearing excites much less prejudice than a suspected defect in sense. There is a sufficient number of people who can talk into tubes so as to be heard and without embarrassment, and can say good things. These persons are the salt of the deaf man's earth, so much so that he is in danger of cultivating their society with too much zeal. He runs to intimacies. That is a natural result of his condition. Affection makes an atmosphere that is restful and healing. Everyone profits by such an atmosphere, but deaf people especially, because they are more subject to irritation than the common run of people who hear better. A lot of things tend to make them cross. What we hear, provided we hear normally, constantly qualifies the conclusions that we base on the testimony of our eyes alone. To see disputes and not know the rights of them, and to have to sit passive without taking a hand, is irritating; to get angry and use bad words which are based on misapprehension and are not justified is mortifying; to see the pool troubled and not be able to get in is trying to the philosophy. But philosophy should be the deaf man's strong point. He should be absolutely good-humored—as no deaf man ever is—and absolutely patient and resolute in refusing to be irritated by anything he can't help. Finding himself defective in all these important requirements he must still aspire and endeavor daily toward a better command of them.

He ought to be pious-minded. There is nothing in deafness that can hinder him from knowing just as much about his Maker as anyone else does, or from profiting as fully as anyone else by his knowledge. There are people—a good many of them—from whose minds the thought of God, the sense of His presence, His power, His will, is seldom absent. There is solace, strength, and companionship in that condition. I would not have a deaf man sit down under the conclusion that it is God's will that he should be deaf, for I doubt if it is; but he may assure himself that his deafness accords somehow with God's justice, and that it is God's will that being deaf he should make the best of it and should still be sane and sweet and stout-hearted. There are lots of bunkers in the big links of life. Deafness is only one of them and is far from being the worst. It is for theologians to settle who put them there, and we may guess if we like that it was the Adversary. But we all agree—theologians and every one—that, being in a bunker, one's duty is to work out.

A deaf man who really wants to be good has it in his favor that there are a number of sinful or inexpedient things that he cannot do to advantage. Politics is full of dangerous solicitations, but he can hardly be a leader in politics, so he is quit of most of the risks of it. He cannot play poker to good advantage, though he can buy stocks; he cannot flirt, unless, indeed, he is a resolute adventurer and learns to read the lips; he is so badly handicapped in general society that there is little chance that his head will be turned by social success or his energies wasted in a chase after it. He has even a greater incentive to be temperate than most men have, for carousals are dull sport to a deaf man. To be sure peculation and avarice are open to him, and perhaps avarice is as good a sin as he can take up with if he must cultivate any, for a decent share of riches may help his case a good deal and it is interesting to hoard and make heirs respectful. But it is unwise of him to be much of a sinner, because he is so much exposed to his own society and will be so much inconvenienced by having to associate with an unworthy person whom he cannot respect. He had better be good. He may be virtuous and still not happy—whatever the copy-books declare—but certainly, being deaf, he has a great deal better chance to be happy by sticking close to virtue than by trying to be successfully wicked.

The Force of Metaphor.

I HEARD the question brought up, the other day: "Why is it that a description of a painting, couched in terms of music, or of a musical composition, couched in visual terms, is so much more vivid and forceful than a description expressed in terms of the particular art with which it has specially to do?" Why, for instance, do such expressions as "an orchestra of colors," or "a flower-bed of tones," appeal so awakeningly to the imagination?

As there was no discussion, and consequently no answer found, I have had to think the matter out for myself.

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Of the truth of the statement there can hardly be a doubt. The only question is: Why is it true? Evidently the expressions quoted above come under the general head of metaphor; but why should a metaphor be so keenly expressive, so superior in pointedness to a bare statement of fact? A first answer might be that metaphors put things in a picturesque way, present quasi-sensible images to our mind's eye; and this, according to Schopenhauer, is the essence of poetry. The downright Schopenhauer, though considerably lacking the specialized sense for any particular fine art, possessed a general artistic sensitiveness that was singularly acute, and accompanied by a rare clarity of insight into the *modus operandi* of what may be called artistic ways and means. He saw clearly that the point of art's shaft was, where possible, a direct appeal to the physical senses, a nervous shock; and, where this was impossible, the "sensualizing" (*Versinnlichung*) of an idea or concert. In poetry, which is the art of verbal expression carried to its highest pitch of acuteness, this sensualizing of an idea is no more nor less than what we commonly call picturesqueness. Schopenhauer gives several examples of poetic picturesqueness, together with their prosaic antithesis. One is the phrase, "Truth dwells at the bottom of a well, and most people try to keep her there." Here is an expression which has a certain picturesqueness; but how much more vivid an image it presents to the mind's eye when put thus: "Truth dwells at the bottom of a well, and there is always someone ready to rap her over the knuckles when she tries to climb out."

The picturesqueness, the sensualizing power of metaphor is indubitable; yet I do not think this the whole explanation of its peculiar forcefulness. For note how metaphors gradually lose, not their picturesqueness, which is inalienable and indestructible, but their force, by becoming trite and worn-out. It seems as if a metaphor must have a certain freshness to be poetically effectual. See how Shakspere, when bewrayed into using a well-known simile, the common property of poetasters, takes pains to furbish it up and give it an element of novelty by carrying out the image farther than his predecessors had done before him. A fine example of this is Troilus's account of Cressida's hand, which begins with the tritest commonplace: "Her hand, in whose comparison all whites are ink." Save for the beauty of diction, this might have been said by anybody—from Homer to Tupper. But Shakspere could not let the trite thing stand so; that shabby old simile of "ink" suggested to him something to complete the image, not only carrying it to the most vivid point of picturesqueness, but, so to speak, renewing its youth. Accordingly he wrote: "Her hand, in whose comparison all whites are ink, *writing their own reproach!*" Now the triteness is gone, the metaphor has regained all its pungency.

To my mind, this property metaphors have of wearing out with hard usage is significant: it hints that mere picturesqueness is not enough, but that there must also be a certain freshness, to make the imagery tell. Looking into the matter carefully, we can hardly fail to see that, although the sensualization of an idea is in itself intrinsically poetic, it falls short of its aim where there is nothing to call attention to it. In other words, it is not enough to paint a picture—you must somehow get people to look at it. Your image must be not only apposite, but startling; it must compel the attention.

Something of this startling quality all fine metaphors distinctly have; the very essence of metaphor—the expression of one idea in terms of another—is itself attention-catching; it gives the mind a shock. And this shock is to be recognized as the exact counterpart of the purely sensual shock the visual and auditory arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music—give to the nerves of sight or hearing; it is the correlative of that sensual appeal which is the point of art's arrow. The poetic image can give us no such nervous shock, for what we call its picturesqueness is only at second hand, merely recalling, but not actually renewing, some real appeal to the senses in our past experience, or else suggesting to our imagination some such possible appeal. So, as the mental picture can give us no sensual shock, our physical senses lying beyond its reach, it has to apply the stimulus where it can—that is, to our mind itself. And this stimulating, concussive quality of a metaphor, arousing the attention to the mental image it presents, endures until the time when long habituation has so blunted our perception as to render it immune to its attack. Then the metaphor, though it has lost no whit of its original picturesqueness, becomes stale and foisonless.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Fig. 1.

AMERICAN POTTERY—SECOND PAPER

FOUR months ago in these columns* there was discussion of the American potteries made by Robertson, of Dedham; Miss McLaughlin, of Cincinnati; The Low Tile Company, of Chelsea; Artus van Briggle, of Colorado Springs; The Grueby Faïence Company, of Boston. Now in noticing first the Merrimac Pottery, of Newburyport, Mass., it must be noted that grave and subdued color is combined in them with very simple forms. The photograph cannot do justice to such wares, because there is an interest in the actual piece of potting apart from its form taken by itself. In Fig. 1 the large pot with six handles is ten and a half inches high, and is of a dull yellow, streaked and spotted, especially near the lips, with a rather bright red. The small piece with two handles is entirely rough, the heat of the furnace having been insufficient to vitrify the glaze. In the pitcher the glaze has parted, giving a very agreeable unexpectedness to what would otherwise be a smooth gray jug. Obviously such ware is more valuable for what it promises than for what it is; but even at its present stage of development there is room for very refined curvature in the form.

Fig. 2 is a row of plain jars by Charles Volkmar, of Corona, L. I., but soon to remove his plant to New Jersey. This pottery is attractive because of its thoroughness in a technical way: the pieces are thin and light, and seem hard; they are well glazed, and then, the forms are subtile and delicate, and have been considered with great care. The central piece in Fig. 2 is about twelve inches high, the bottle a little higher. Nearly all these pieces are of uniform color throughout, but many are streaked and speckled and there are very many different hues employed, ranging from dark slate gray through subdued blues and violets to vivid yellow and creamy white. A very few pieces have been shown which are elaborately decorated in color—or at least in painting in a sort of monochrome. Thus in Fig. 3, the large vase, fourteen inches high, has been painted with foreground landscape in iron-brown, and then glazed over with bluish-green in such a way as to modify very agreeably the somewhat harsh original color. The smaller vase, with a suggestion of tree form and rippled water, all in relief, is in darker green and has the disk of the moon and the moonlight on the waves in white or the palest yellowish white.

In considering this large vase with the landscape painting on its opposite faces one is led to recall the dicta of thirty years ago,

* See the Field of Art, November, 1902.

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Fig. 2.

when those of us who were trying hard to re-create decorative art (which needed re-creating) found the conditions to be nearly these —Conventional scroll and spot designs, such as were easy to the Oriental artist, were not to be had from the Western workman; conventionalized leafage, either in the Persian or in the Sino-Japanese taste was outside of the scope alike of the Western artist and Western workman of training; the applying to the piece all similar decorative elements, even if copied accurately, was also out of the reach of the decorators employed upon (for instance) ceramic ware. The conclusion drawn by some very competent thinkers on the subject, artists of practised skill who had tried for months together what they and their immediate subordinates could do in the painting of vases and dishes was then, as follows: that the only chance for the Western man was to paint pictures on his ware. Pictures? Yes, but not necessarily such pictures as are given on oblongs of canvas or drawing-paper. The cast shadow may be excluded, even as indeed it is excluded from Illumination, from Mosaic, from very much of the best Mural Painting, and from the designing of ornamental windows: as an almost necessary consequence, the scene will be rendered with but little difference in planes, nearly flat, never more than fifty yards or so of depth; if a landscape with much less; with a positive screen behind the figures, if it is a figure composition. Within these limits anything is possible, and indeed paintings on Faïence were produced about 1872 in which much of domestic and patriotic sentiment was conveyed: and it was not thought a bad experience to have to work your sentiment into this comparatively flat and altogether decorative design.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 represents ware made by the pupils of the Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, of Tulane University, New Orleans. A serious attempt is made in the art department of this college to teach the adaptation of natural forms to decorative purpose. The herbage and flowers of the neighborhood are utilized; thus the tall jar, twelve and a half inches high, is adorned with the as yet unopened shoots of the horsetail, *Equisetum*. The characteristic look of the larger pieces is peculiar and not pleasing to all persons, as the surface is streaked and spotted with pale gray in a way that suggests inadequate technical treatment, the patterns being very dark blue, or in the light gray relieved on dark blue; the darker color itself being applied in the same streaky way seen partly in the middle vase—that very well formed "ginger-jar" seen in Fig. 4. The smaller pieces are sometimes in solid color and very effective; or, as in one of the pieces shown in Fig. 4, decorated with a second and partial glazing:

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with "splash glaze," as the awkward nomenclature has it.

The Brush Guild, of New York, is understood to be a kind of development from the classes conducted by George DeForest Brush, an artist of power and celebrity. The pieces of ceramic art classed as belonging to this guild, which have come up for notice, are the work of Mrs. and Miss Perkins, of New York. They are all in black ware with a certain look of being suggested by the black Etruscan pottery which the museums show us, that of which a single vase or jar is called *bucchero nero*, even in English—even in French, the language which admits few foreign technical names. Two or three very skilfully modelled figurines in this ware, pieces of purely artistic purpose, have also been shown. The pieces shown in Fig. 5 are not large, the highest being nine and a half inches, measured vertically, but there are much larger ones offered for sale.

Fig. 4.

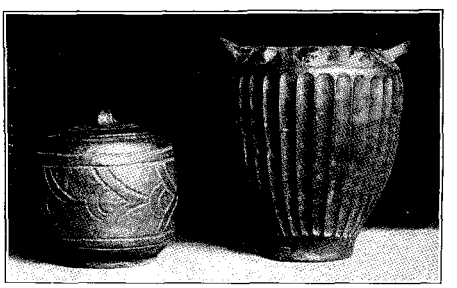

Fig. 5.

The Rookwood Pottery Company, which has been in active operation for more than twenty years and has made decorative wares on a very large scale, exceeding in this respect all other establishments on the Western continent, has shown also this unusual spirit of continuity—that it has maintained almost unchanged its original system of decorative design. Other experiments have been tried. Pieces have been shown, and sold, in New York which were valuable for their graceful form and for the curious dark and brilliant glaze, which might be called lustrous but that the term "lustre" has a separate and special meaning in ceramics, and which was called "tiger-eye," with a not remote allusion to the semi-precious stone bearing that name. Again, there are a few pieces in which, while a flower or sprig of flowers is indicated, it is not drawn sharply or colored distinctly—made into a portrait-like rendering of the plant form. There was also at one time a tendency to paint human heads, and rather grotesque ones in certain cases, upon the rounded bodies of the Rookwood vases: but this might be looked upon as a natural development from the adopted motive of decoration. This motive was the free use of natural plant forms, closely studied from nature in form and in characteristics of growth: while the natural color was disregarded wholly and replaced by such hues as might seem best to adorn the piece. When first attention was called to the Rookwood ware, it had in every instance a very brilliant glaze: and collectors of ceramics said to one another that they did not care to extend their purchases in this direction because of that insufferable gloss and shine. This was, however, much more noticeable in the darker pieces; if one were wise, fifteen years ago, he would select the palest pieces that were then to be had, and would not have been much worried by the vitreous look of the surface. Table ware was made in these lighter colors: one remembers Rookwood dinner-sets in which the plates, of unusual outline, and the bowls and dishes of exquisite form, were of different grays, warm browns and buffs, passing into one another in an irregular fashion. The flowers painted on such

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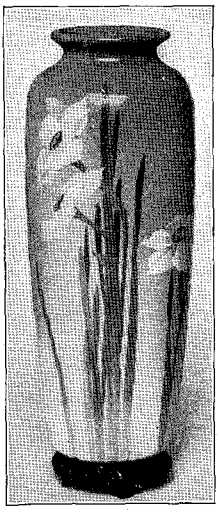

Fig. 6.

pieces were generally white, or nearly so. On the darker wares, however, various warm shades of brownish character with yellow and dull orange were freely used.

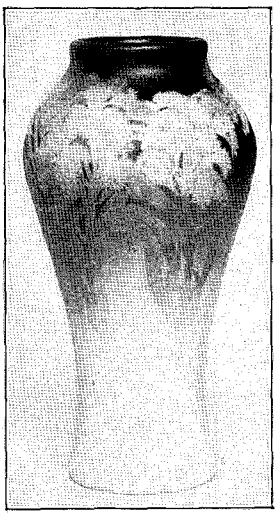

Fig. 7.

Figs. 6, 7 and 8 are Rookwood vases of a later period, dating from about 1899; and Fig. 9 shows three jars of a still more recent season. If one visits the emporium in New York one sees a much greater variety of hues and tints than was in use even five years ago; the colors passing from a very cool buff to a deep warm brown in general effect and, by way of exception, pieces that can only be called green or blue, though it is not implied that color-effects, in the strict sense of the word, are reached in any of these: the blue, if it be really a blue, is not a vigorous color appealing to the eye of one who loves chromatic effects in ceramic ware: it is merely another version of the same discourse in neutral tints, which is what the Rookwood designers have to say to us.

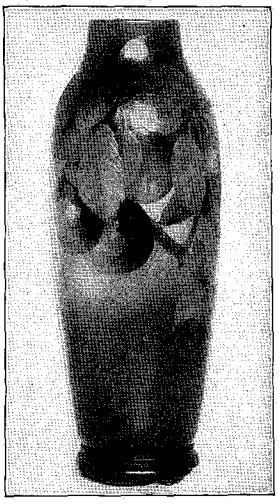

Fig. 8.

R. S.

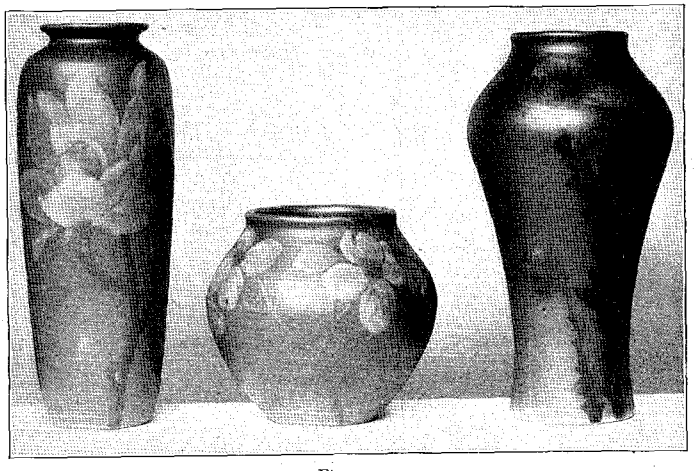

Fig. 9.

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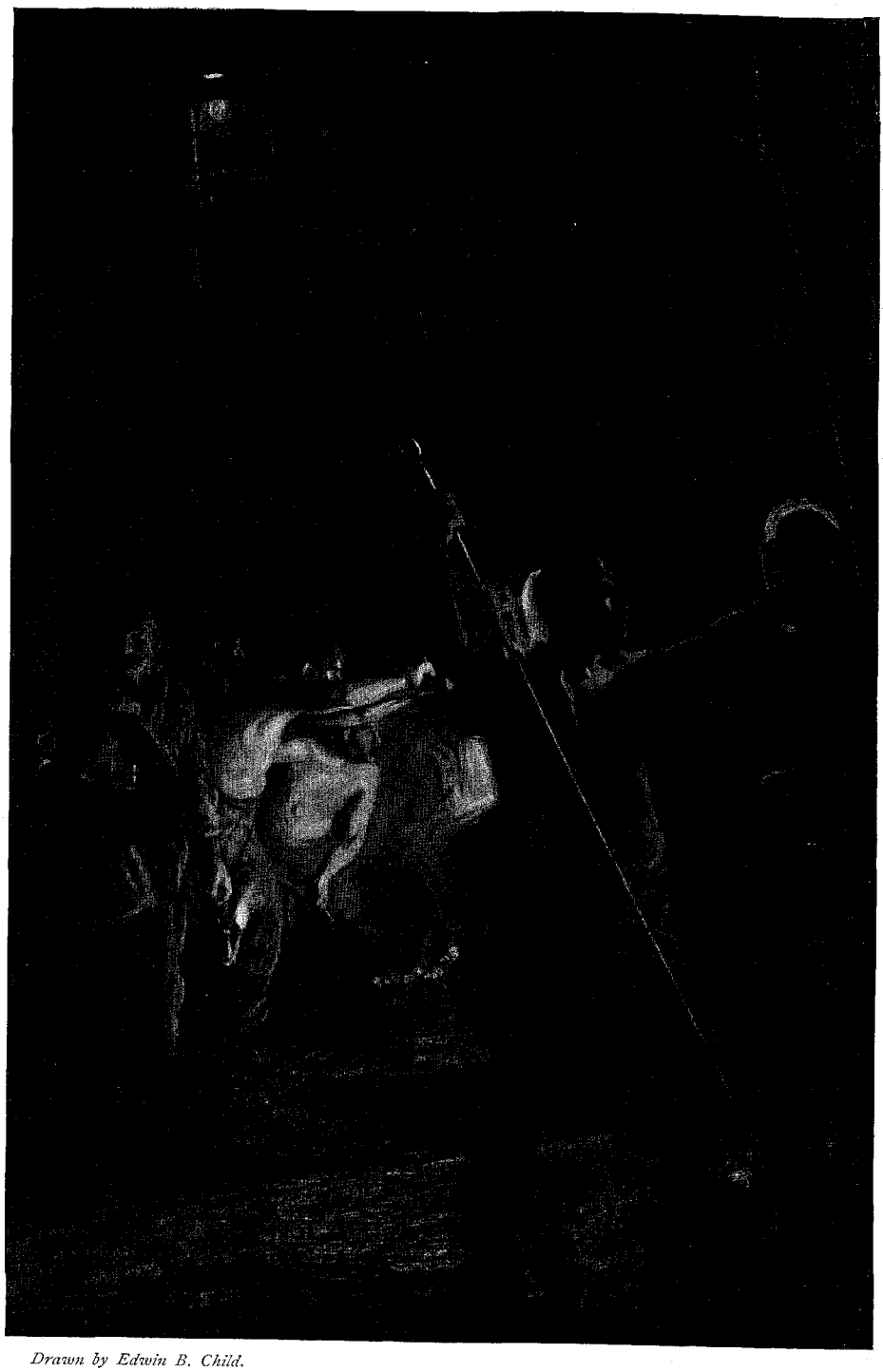

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

STOOPING OVER THEIR SHOVELS AND TUGGING AT THEIR SLICES IN THE ATTITUDE OF MARBLE DISC-THROWERS.

—"Below the Water-Line," page 390.

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